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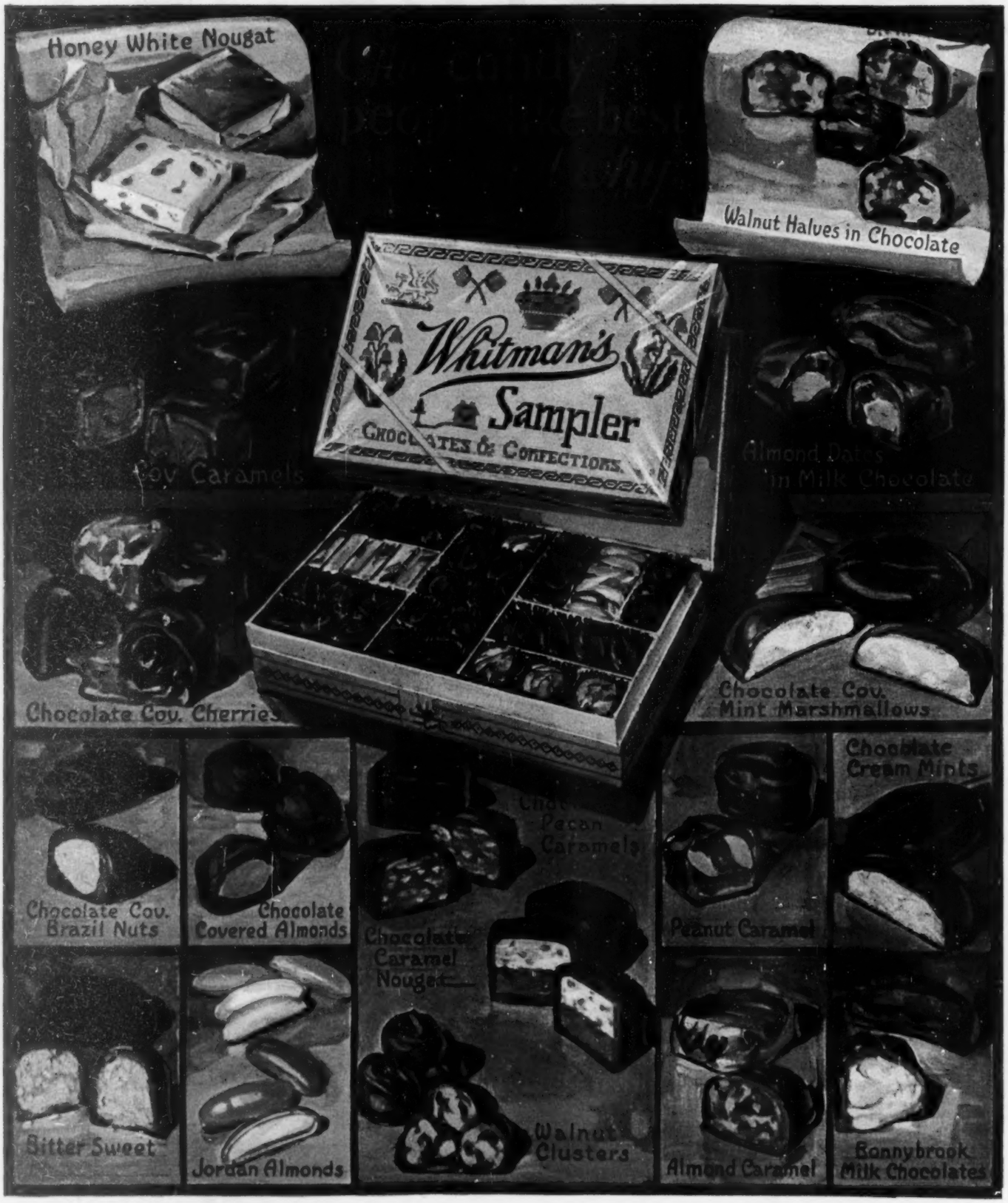

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GUNMAN

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"There'll be Plenty of Trouble About it, and More to Come Later"

ANTONIO SCARVAK was in a troubled mood. As a married man he strove diligently toward household equanimity. But there were times, such as the present, when he found it difficult to reconcile household routine with economic necessity. He very much loved his wife, in the manner of the husband who has outgrown the days of his honeymoon. Success had come to Antonio, and children to his wife. But time had convinced him that the loyal and the fair thing to do was to stick by her and indulge such of her feminine whims as wou'd not interfere with his own larger affairs. Rose looked up to him; and her adulation pleased the husband and was the woman's strongest safeguard. When the patient and unintelligent wife complained about the nocturnal absences of her husband, he stilled her protests with a diamond bracelet, or a sable coat, or a new limousine, or perhaps a square-cut diamond for her somewhat fat finger. In this manner, when they went to church of a Sunday morning, Mrs. Scarvak found docile delight in her own grandeur. And, except for that brief period of worship, Antonio found the full degree of liberty for which his extensive business affairs called.

But now Antonio appeared troubled. His wife insisted upon the purchase of a particular house. And while Antonio might, and would, easily have indulged this new foible, there was one very decided barrier. This lay in the house itself.

"I ask little enough, Tony," the wife complained. "Five kids I've borne you, and even now, when you're rich, I still wash their faces and ears in the morning. And looka here," she added hastily; "take a look at that. There ain't none of those on you."

She held forth, palm upward, her pudgy right hand, and Antonio dutifully gazed upon a white blister.

"Know where I got that?" the wife demanded triumphantly. "I got it off a flatiron. How many women with a rich husband would be riding around a hot kitchen on the business end of a flatiron?"

She was gloating somewhat, and made it clear that none understood her self-sacrifice and motherliness more than she.

"Yeah?" Antonio remarked dubiously. "I never asked you to wrestle flatirons. That's the trouble with women. They ain't got no business sense. They can't organize. Where do you suppose we'd be," he demanded pompously, "if I went around driving my own trucks?"

This was his stock argument. Long since, he had discovered that the devious ways of business left Rosy in a daze. Invariably, when discord arose, Antonio took this tack. But today there was an answer forthcoming.

"Is there any difference," Rosy demanded, "between one of your devilish noisy trucks and one of your own kids? What did Father Kovic say about our kids only last Sunday? Didn't he come down the aisle and put a blessing on 'em, and tell me they looked like angels off Christmas cards?"

"Don't take him too seriously," Antonio grunted.

"Yeah?" the wife demanded, her palm still extended as though displaying in the blister a medal of honor. "You didn't hear him saying it about other kids, did you? You bet you didn't! Ours is the best-dressed kids in town, and the reason is that I make half their clothes myself; and always I wash the clothes, and iron 'em, too, so they'll be just right."

Antonio slipped his arm about his wife's buxom shoulders and consolingly patted her. "Sure thing, Rosy," he said complacently. "I know all about that. Don't you think I'm proud of them kids too? You're the best mother in the world—yeah, and the best wife, too," he added hastily. "Now, you run along, 'cause I've got to ——"

"I won't run along," Rosy pouted. "If I'm such a fine wife, and you're so proud of the kids, we got a right to live in a big, private house. If I bear 'em, feed 'em and bring 'em up in the church, the least you can do is give 'em the fine home they ought to have as children of a rich man."

"But you don't savvy," Antonio cut in angrily. "Honest, Rosy, an idea would knock you unconscious! If you got two in the same day you'd have to buy a wig! I'll give you a house if you want it so bad. But I can't give you this one."

"Why not?" the woman insisted angrily. "If that's the house I want, why can't you give it to me? It don't make much difference to you where we live, 'cause you're never home anyway. This house is in a fine neighborhood. Nice people live around it. The kids would have plenty of room to play, and the garage is big enough for all three cars."

She stepped across the room and from the desk lifted a photograph of the house in question. "Look at it," she insisted. "Ain't it a peach? Look at them hedges, that red tile roof, the nice, winding driveway. Look at that big, wide front porch. And over here on the south side, where it don't show so much in this picture, there's a greenhouse built. They call it a conservatory and the sun streams in there all day long, Tony. Flowers grow there and it's quiet."

She paused a moment from the force of her own emotions. "The kids could play there," she went on, "and I wouldn't have to be worryin' every minute they was going to be run over by a truck."

"I admit all that," Antonio retorted sharply, "but I still tell you, you don't know what you're talkin' about. I seen the house yesterday, and if it was a good buy for us there wouldn't be no argument. It ain't a good buy. . . . I'll give you a house," he promised—"a swell house. But it's got to be the right kind. What would I do with neighbors two hundred feet away from me? Where would I fit living on a wide, lighted street in the residential section?

"Can't you imagine the squawk that would go up the minute we moved in there? All our neighbors would look down on us because we ain't been to college. And another thing, Rosy: Can you tell me what I want to be doin', sittin' in a glass room?" Antonio seized upon this as a conclusive argument.

He paused a moment that its force might penetrate. Then, by way of summary, he said:

"What I mean is, you ain't got no sense. Just about the time we got settled there, some of these muscle boys would light in that hedge some night and pump me full of lead. Business is business, and you don't understand it."

"You put bullet-proof glass in the cars," she pointed out. "I don't see why you couldn't in the conservatory."

"Now listen, Rosy," Antonio complained with rapidly failing patience. "You can sit around kitchens burnin' yourself with flatirons all you please, and I'll never come in and tell you how to do it. All right. You lay off my racket. I'll run that. If you're hipped on this idea of a house, I'll see that you get one. But I got to be the baby to pick it out. Understand? I got to know how the cellar's built; I got to have a garage with three stories that looks like two. I don't want a house with any open porch like that; and the first floor has got to be at least nine feet above the gound. In my business them things is necessary. Another thing," he added positively. "I ain't goin' to live in any house I can't put a wall around. And how far would a guy get putting a stone wall around this bird cage you picked out? If you built the wall as high as I got to have it, the kids would have to be pigeons to get in an' out."

Obviously these facts were insurmountable. Rosy recognized the futility of further argument. But with an acumen far ahead of her intelligence, she said, "All right then, Tony. Mebbe we would get a better job if we built it ourselves. I'll call up one of these architects and have him come to see you, so you won't be bothered much."

Antonio heaved a sigh of defeat. He raised both palms in a helpless gesture and said, "Now listen here, Rosy; you lay off. How can I talk to an architect that ain't in the know? You like to sport the furs and the diamonds, but you don't stop to think where they come from. If I depended on you, we'd be back eatin' sausage and bread inside thirty days. You just screw out of here and leave it to Tony. I'll get my own architect and I'll buy some land out where we've got room enough to see who's comin' to call long before they get there."

"But you'll do it, Tony, huh?" Rosy exacted. "It's all set now? You'll do it right away? Even Castagara says we ought to have a big house and live swell."

"I'll do it," Tony grunted. "I'll get in touch with Castagara this afternoon. Mebbe there'll be a foreclosure comin' off on some good land, or mebbe we can chisel some guy out of a house we can remodel. You got to be smart about these things. Now screw, kid. We'll get you a house as soon as I can fix things up."

Rosy turned and left the room. But after she had passed through the door, she thought better of it and came back to Antonio. Her plump arms slipped around his neck and she kissed his cheek.

"That-a-boy, Tony," she crooned. "After all, money ain't everything. We need home life for the kids, and for ourselves too. When we get the house, I'll fix it up so swell that even you won't know a better place to go!"

"Yeah," Antonio grunted. "I'll talk with Castagara. Now screw, kid. I got a lot of work to do."

When she had gone Tony closed the door after her and returned thoughtfully to his littered desk. From among the pile of papers there he retrieved a French telephone. As he hooked the instrument against his ear he sank into a deep leather chair and kicked his feet upward onto the desk. His voice was desultory when he gave the number to the operator, and there lingered in it a languid note as he spoke over the wire.

"That you, Angelo?" he asked. "This is Tony. Listen, kid. It's all set on the house. She went for it plenty. That's the funny part about a woman. I thought this here was home to her and she was in love with all her neighbors." He laughed thoughtfully. "On the level, Angelo," he concluded, "she couldn't wait to get out of this place. The only trouble I had was steerin' her away from that hatbox you got her started on."

Angelo Castagara, whose fame as a lawyer rested solidly upon his various defenses of the criminal element, chuckled gayly. "Okay, Tony," he responded. "I'm glad it worked out so smoothly. Leave it to me and I'll see to it that everybody thinks your wife has forced you into this house business."

"Yeah," Tony answered, "it would be better that way. These guys that are strictly on the muscle might think in big numbers if it gets noised around that I'm doin' the millionaire gag."

"Leave it to me," Angelo answered confidently. "By the way," he added practically, "that joint out on Betzer

"Know Where I Get That? I Got it Off a Flatiron. How Many Women With a Rich Husband Would be Riding Around a Hot Kitchen on the Business End of a Flatiron?"

Hill is the one we want. It's built just right for us. It won't cost a dime over sixty thousand to remodel it, and I can fix it so that one contractor won't know what the other is doing."

"Okay, kid," Tony agreed. "You handle everything. When you get the bottom price, I'll pay cash for the joint. You better see Ploviki and get the assessed valuation cut in two. Then you can start a little commotion about the mortgage and we might get it through the bank at a foreclosure price."

"You're telling me?" Castagara laughed.

"I don't flatter myself," Antonio answered. "I was just thinkin' out loud, Angelo. I leave everything to you."

"I'll hold up my end," Castagara promised. "And by the way," he continued, "I won't be able to get those two trucks back from the Government. They've seized 'em under the liquor-transporting law and they aren't worth waiting for if we have to bid them in at auction. The Government's got to make a showing now and then, and I guess I did a little too well last time."

"Yeah," Tony snapped impatiently, "let 'em go. We'll have to be buyin' some more trucks anyway, so you'd better form a corporation an' buy half a dozen on the installment plan. Then we'll let the corporation go into bankruptcy, and you and I can buy back the trucks at less'n the repossessed price after we've used 'em two months free. If we place an order for six at once, we can talk some finance company into a low down payment too."

"Sure," Angelo agreed complacently. "I didn't want to worry you, Tony, about trucks, but I thought I'd better mention it before we went ahead."

"Righto," Antonio agreed. "Hop to it, Angelo."

"Tell Rosy to keep her mouth shut about the house," Angelo advised. "This is the best hunch we've had, Tony. We can work a whole lot better if we're off by ourselves a little bit. In addition to that, you can live like a king."

"Okay," Antonio responded. "Do your stuff, kid. But we want to be sure we're right before we start rebuildin' any houses."

After a moment he slipped the telephone on its rack, opened the center drawer of the desk, shoved aside an automatic pistol which lay ready to his hand there and selected from a box a fat cigar. Ruminatively he lit the cigar and then for a long time sat motionless, thinking. Fragrant wisps of smoke writhed about his cheeks and his ears and drifted listlessly into oblivion.

In this manner Antonio Scarvak, king of the bootleggers and racketeers, embarked upon a new home life.

II

THE house on Betzer Hill was open. Antonio, with his wife and children, had taken possession. While Rosy had looked to certain decorative schemes, Antonio had seen to it that various more practical features had been perfected. The house sprawled comfortably under a bright red tile roof, which marked the first concession to Rosy, but much of the natural rustic beauty of the grounds had been destroyed by certain grading operations. The lawns fell sharply away from the foundation of the house and then, abruptly, assumed a less acute angle as they spread off toward the hedges and high, rough stone wall. Though this feature might have grated upon the sensibilities of the landscape artist, its intrinsic value far outweighed any æsthetic loss. Replace the new-laid sod with the rocks and the dirt of trenches, and the unsightly grading would appear as a battlement.

Inside the house the result achieved was even more practical, for it permitted of a deep cellar lined with heavy stone. This compartment was as soundproof and as impregnable as a modern vault. The entrance to it, in fact, was actually equipped with a time lock to which Antonio himself, and he alone, held the combination.

There was still another compartment underground, the existence of which was known to but three or four men. The pudgy Rosy herself and the five noisy children remained in ignorance of this inner sanctum of gangland. For it was in this compartment that Antonio arranged his armory. No less than eleven machine guns were stored there as permanent equipment. Fifteen sawed-off shotguns and innumerable automatic pistols, tear bombs and hand grenades lay in readiness. Both clips and disks of machine-gun ammunition were plentiful.

During the rebuilding of the house Angelo Castagara had remonstrated with Tony regarding this room.

"You can store this junk somewhere else," the lawyer insisted. "It's all evidence, Tony—bad evidence."

But Antonio was insistent.

"You look after the business end," he told the attorney, "and take care of the boys after they get jammed up. I'll look to the rest of it. I want the junk here, see? This is strictly a muscle racket, Angie, and it won't do the boys no harm to let 'em know I'm ready. What's more," he added significantly, "the one way to stop killin's is to be ready to kill back. We never get jammed up till some mug gets full of snow and pulls a rod. Just as soon as the house is finished up we'll have a meetin' in that room, and they can see for themselves how far they'll get with any rough stuff!"

Castagara nodded understandingly. "That's our one weakness," he agreed. "The boys will overstep themselves. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. No more can you expect that mob to stand prosperity."

So the room had been built. A secret door led through the stone foundations and out under a portion of the acute lawn angle so jarring to the landscape artist. The door was cleverly fitted and concealed, and the existence of the room was a profound and well-guarded secret.

All these things Antonio had planned. Already he had reached that stage where he was more than satisfied with the monthly revenues of his illegal traffic. There was no room in his ambitions for increased income with commensurate responsibilities. But already he had learned that unless he continuously increased he must inevitably decrease. Unless he kept his liquor runners prosperous and contented, discord would palsy his organization. And to keep them prosperous he must drive out competition. Therein lay the source of warfare.

(Continued on Page 129)

"You Can Store This Junk Somewhere Else," the Lawyer Insisted. "It's All Evidence, Tony—Bad Evidence"

FARM RELIEF SO FAR

By Garet Garrett

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

JUNE, 1929, the Congress passed a law in benefit of American agriculture. Named the "Agricultural Marketing Act," with the intent, as defined in the preamble, "to establish a Federal Farm Board to promote the effective merchandising of agricultural commodities in interstate and foreign commerce and to place agriculture on a basis of economic equality with other industries," it presented to the common regard a kind of benign physiognomy. The necessity was political. All the premises were experimental.

At the first meeting of the Federal Farm Board members, President Hoover said to them: "I invest you with responsibility, authority and resources such as never before have been conferred by our Government in assistance to any industry." That was very strong notice, yet it passed as a statement of relative fact. Its significance was lost in a sense of relief. One more political giraffe had been led away. One more board had been created to absorb a national distraction—namely, in this case, the farm problem.

We had long been used to the spectacle of Congress, itself at an impasse, delegating original powers of government to boards and commissions. Somehow, it had worked. If, in this instance, the powers were greater than had ever been delegated to a board before, that was, perhaps, necessary from the magnitude and complexity of the situation to be acted upon. The farm problem was not solved. But the problem of how to solve it—that was solved. A board with a mandate to find the solution and $500,000,000 free in its hand. What more could agriculture reasonably expect; especially since it had no perfect or unanimous solution of its own? A scientific approach at last. Fact-finding, research, modern business principles to be laid upon agriculture. These were the innocent reactions. But even among those who knew the extreme possibilities of the law and were fearful of them, there was, perhaps, not one who could have imagined that ten months later such paragraphs would be appearing in the daily grain-market reports as the following, from the New York Times of April fifteenth:

Chicago—The wheat market showed relative steadiness early today, only to break three cents from the top later, because of selling attributed to local professionals and Eastern longs. . . . On today's break, the buying of May wheat by houses that usually act for the Government gave the trade the impression that the Federal Farm Board was taking back the grain it sold on the recent bulge.

Or this, from the New York Times of April seventeenth:

Chicago—In some quarters it is contended that the Government is long more May wheat than at any other time since it started to trade in futures, and that it has obtained a large amount of cash grain. With spring wheat seeding about completed and indications of a substantial reduction of acreage, it would not surprise some operators if the Federal Farm Board made an effort to advance prices.

Again:

Chicago—More rains over the Southwest and a disappointing export demand sent wheat prices about two cents under local and commission-house figures. The Government bought May on scale orders. . . . Trade gossip said the Government has exchanged considerable of its May wheat holdings for cash grain at terminal and other points of late, but liberal deliveries to the Government are expected on May first, both here and at other markets, and it would not be surprising if government holdings reached close to 50,000,000 bushels of cash grain after that date.

Uncle Sam in the Wheat Pit

THE Government with 50,000,000 bushels of wheat on its hands!

Is the Chicago wheat pit hexing itself with wild inventions? Not at all. In the company of professional speculators, the Government is buying and selling futures in the wheat pit. The Government's speculative position in the market, how much money it will bet out of the United States Treasury against all comers on the future price of wheat and what it will do with a cash-grain corpse when the wheat itself is delivered to it on future contracts, are suddenly as natural matters with which wheat-pit speculators are obliged to concern themselves by rumor, gossip and deduction.

Surprise, if any, is from not knowing what the law is. The Agricultural Marketing Act of benign physiognomy authorizes the Federal Farm Board to speculate in wheat. For this purpose it sets up a dummy corporation to be its creature. This dummy has no mind, no responsibility, no capital—nothing whatever to lose. When the Federal Farm Board says for it to do so, it borrows money from the Government and casts it into the wheat pit. It buys not the wheat but the options or futures—meaning the contract to receive wheat at a future date. This it does, of course, to support the price of wheat in the pit. If the price rises, it may sell out in the pit at a profit; if the price falls, it may either sell out in the pit at a loss or actually receive the grain and have that on its hands to sell. The law provides that if the dummy loses the Government's money it need not repay the loan. That is to say, the loss is charged to the United States Treasury and there is the end of it. If, by luck, there is a profit, the dummy may keep it. All the Government can get back in that case is the loan at a low rate of interest.

To all this activity the Federal Farm Board denies the name of speculation. The dummy is called a stabilization corporation. Therefore, its operations in the wheat pit are stabilizing operations, tending to stabilize the price. But that is what professional speculators have always said of their own operations—that they tend to stabilize the price, and that such is the true function of speculation.

The Government is neither miller nor warehouseman. It has no use for actual grain. When the Federal Farm Board, through its dummy, enters the wheat pit against professional speculators and begins dealing in futures, it is speculating in the price, with intent to influence it. Otherwise what it does is without meaning or point; and otherwise the law would not, as it does, discuss the consequences of profit and loss. To stand much on a change of name, calling it stabilization instead of speculation, is puerile apology for the Federal Farm Board, for its acts, for the law itself. It is better to take the fact in its bald character and look then to the theory and intent of the amazing transactions now taking place in the name of farm relief.

A Janus-Faced Law

WHEAT is only the most vivid episode. The Federal Farm Board is equally authorized to speculate in other agricultural commodities and to employ government money in ways direct and indirect to affect prices. Almost unawares, we have entered a road of original episodes. No one knows the way of it or the end of it. The undertaking is to improve the relative economic status of agriculture by government intervention. Mark the word "relative." In relation to what is the economic status of the agricultural part of the population to be improved? Why, in relation to the economic status of the urban and industrial part, on the ground that the disparity between them has become chronic. The law begins with a declaration of policy, which is "to place agriculture on a basis of economic equality with other industries." By act of legislation.

Radical departures do often take place in dimness and haste. The most adventurous piece of economic legislation in our history was enacted at a time when the public mind was inert from sheer weariness. The controversy over farm relief had reduced it to a state of complaisance. Everybody was willing that something should be tried. Only the extremists in Congress were alert. They seized the opportunity to load the law with strange and extraordinary powers, partly, no doubt, in a spirit of sabotage. If the law was rejected for that reason, so much the better, for then the agitation could go on; if, on the other hand, the law was accepted in spite of what they had done to it, they would have their hands on the Treasury door knob.

Those who deeply disliked the extreme features of the act were, nevertheless, persuaded that they had either to reject it as a whole or witness the shipwreck of a plan for farm relief, otherwise sound, for which the country had been anxiously waiting. This or nothing; and nothing, after all that had been promised, would be a political disaster. Moreover, they said, the Federal Farm Board was invested with powers of discretion. A sound Federal Farm Board would work only that part of the law that was sound and necessary to move the benign intention; the unsound part it need not work at all, or, if ever, then only to meet an unforeseen emergency.

The total result was a law in conflict with itself—a law with two heads facing opposite ways, each with its own intention. One was the intention to assist agriculture to help itself. That may be called the Hoover idea. The other was the intention to crash the United States Treasury for the farmer. This may be called the radical farm-bloc idea.

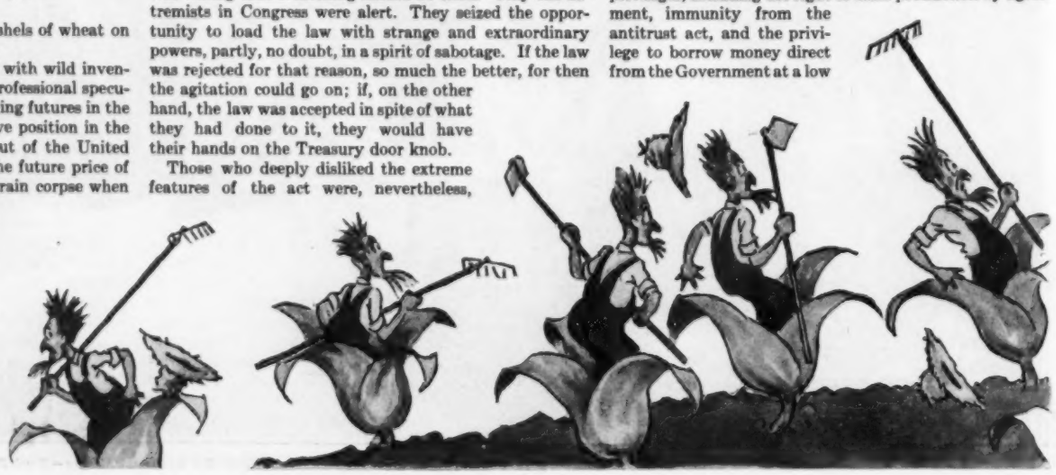
It is, first of all, necessary to understand this conflict and see it in the law. Then what did astonishingly proceed from the law and the reasons in case thereof can be set forth in a fair light.

The Hoover Idea

UNDER the Hoover idea—which is very simple—agriculture needs, first, to rationalize production instead of letting it run wild, and then to market its products in an orderly, systematic manner. To these ends, three means—namely, organization, capital and farmer-owned physical facilities. Organization is the first term. There is no way to rationalize production or to bring order and system into marketing without organization on a very large scale. For many reasons, agriculture had never been able to organize itself. The time had come for the Federal Government to take it by the hand and patiently lead it through association to a state of self-government.

Thus President Hoover, in his first words to the Federal Farm Board: "Your fundamental purpose must be to determine the fact and to find solution to a multitude of agricultural problems; among them to more nearly adjust production to need; to create permanent business institutions for marketing, which, owned and controlled by the farmers, shall be so wisely devised and soundly founded and well managed that they, by effecting economies and giving such stability, will grow in strength over the years to come. Through these efforts we may establish to the farmer an equal opportunity in our economic system with other industry."

He was thinking of agriculture as it might lie entirely under a system of coöperative associations, like the trade associations of industry, only with more legal rights and privileges, including the right to limit production by agreement, immunity from the antitrust act, and the privilege to borrow money direct from the Government at a low



rate of interest; each association to own its physical facilities, such as terminals, clearing houses, storage plants and selling agencies, and to be free of government interference when, in time, it could take control of its own affairs and go alone. All as it was contemplated in the act, down to the details of a vast pyramidal structure like this:

First, at the top of the pyramid, the Federal Farm Board with a revolving fund of half a billion dollars to be loaned and reloaned downward to the base.

Next, below the Federal Farm Board, a system of executive coöperatives representing agriculture by regions or commodities—one for wheat, one for cotton, one for tobacco, one for livestock, one for dairy products, and so on.

Beneath each one of these executive national associations any necessary number of local or unit coöperative associations, drawing aid and benefit to the soil from the Federal Farm Board at the top.

The Farm-Bloc Plan

LOANS by the Federal Farm Board from the $500,000,000 revolving fund run not to individual farmers direct but, in the first instance, to the executive or national associations and through these to the local coöperatives; and these loans—all repayable—may be for such purposes as to buy, lease and build physical facilities for handling, storing or processing agricultural commodities; to promote coöperative organization, to assist effective merchandising in any way, and to enable coöperatives to lend to their members more money on their crops than they can borrow at a bank.

This scheme undoubtedly would work, provided the farmer embraced it. Otherwise not. Unless a very large majority of farmers were willing, as individuals, to impose upon themselves the restraints and discipline of coöperative effort, the Federal Farm Board, under all this part of the law, would still be powerless to change the economic status of agriculture. And that was what the extreme protagonists of farm relief were thinking.

Now comes the radical farm-bloc idea. It is Section 9, under the heading, Stabilization Corporations. Those who are extreme-minded about farm relief have a cold eye for coöperation or for anything that tends to limit the farmer's historic freedom of action, which includes the right to produce as he sees fit. From their point of view, the demerit of the law up to this point was that Federal aid was confined to coöperative associations, and, moreover, to coöperative associations of a certain character—namely, such as would undertake not to do more business with nonmembers than with members. Well, then, suppose a majority of farmers were unwilling to bind their individual freedom in responsibilities of association. How was government aid to reach such as these?

But What is Consumer Distress?

SO THEY wrote into the act that wonderful dummy device named the "stabilization corporation." Paragraph B, of Section 9, reads: "Any stabilization corporation . . . for the purpose of controlling any surplus in the commodity . . . may prepare, purchase, handle, store, process and merchandise, otherwise than for the account of its stockholders or members, any quantity of the agricultural commodity or its food products." Note the phrase: "Otherwise than for the account of its stockholders or members." This aid shall not be confined to coöperative associations. It is wide open to agriculture, coöperative or noncoöperative. All limitations are off. Under Section 9, the Federal Farm Board, through a stabilization corporation, may buy any quantity of an agricultural commodity. It may engage in the packing business, or the milling business, run a canning factory, or manufacture jellies. It may make a corner in an agricultural commodity, with government money. Literally so.

As if they had foreseen the possibility of a corner, with the Government torn between farmers on the one hand, and food buyers on the other, the authors of Section 9 wrote into it this aspiration of restraint: "Any stabilization corporation receiving loans under this subdivision for surplus-control operations shall exert every effort to avoid losses and to secure profits, but shall not withhold any commodity from the domestic market if the prices have become unduly enhanced, resulting in distress to domestic consumers."

But no way is suggested, no authority is set up, to determine what would be undue enhancement or what would constitute consumer distress. Nor is there anything in the law about what should be done in the event, not impossible, that after having got the money from the Government to make a corner in an agricultural commodity, and having made it, the dummy stabilization corporation came alive with a farmer mind of its own and defied the Federal Farm Board's ideas of what would be undue enhancement or what would constitute consumer distress.

The Millstone Around Farming's Neck

AND for all these Section 9 purposes—specifically, to buy and withhold agricultural commodities until the price is enhanced to a point just this side of consumer distress—the Government directly provides the money.

The Federal Farm Board's official interpretation of Section 9 is set forth in Circular No. 1, entitled, Questions and Answers. Question 30 asks for the board's thoughts on stabilization. The answer is that the board thinks of stabilization in two terms: First, there is normal stabilization, and everything the board does should tend in a cumulative manner to produce stability in agriculture. The second term is different. The board says: "The second form of stabilization might be termed extraordinary or emergency operations, whereby, because of a large surplus of any commodity, the operation would consist of buying and taking off the market some considerable part of the tonnage, so as to relieve the pressure in the hope there would be a more favorable opportunity of disposing of it. This second, or emergency class of operation would, of course, be carried out strictly under the provisions of the Agricultural Marketing Act, with money advanced by the board, and if the final result of such operation shows a loss or deficit, such loss will be borne by the revolving fund." By the Government, that is to say.

Surplus is the millstone, the price breaker, the evil measure. Agriculture has never been able to control the surplus, for the simple reason that it has never been able to rationalize production. Well, neither is the law able to touch production. The Federal Farm Board with all its powers cannot act upon production—that is to say, upon surplus at the source—save by exhortation. One of its duties is to exhort farmers to cease from producing excessively. Theoretically it may withhold loans and other benefits from those who do in a willful manner produce an excess of any commodity. Actually, nevertheless, a surplus in being is a fact in itself and creates an emergency on which

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THE SPIRIT OF TENNIS

By HELEN WILLS

FIFTY years—slightly more—of tennis have brought the game from a garden pastime, played gently with floating balls, to a high-speed, high-tension, international sport. Some of the best players travel thousands of miles a year to take part in tournaments; some champions relinquish business, even the ties of home, to follow the flying ball. This is not a plea for champions to go to work, but rather an attempt to discover why tennis holds such fascination for those who play in big tournaments. The more proficient a player becomes, the more interested. And when he reaches the stage of being able to compete in the most important tournaments at home, and then in foreign countries, he finds the charm of the game well-nigh irresistible.

P. & A. PHOTO.

Miss Wills in Action

Why is this? To the uninitiated, the main object in tennis appears to be the hitting of a ball over the net and within certain boundaries. He might ask, "Doesn't this become monotonous?"

Well, hardly! And yet, that is the first thing that one must do—put the ball over the net and inside the lines. One could have the most elegant strokes, the most beautiful footwork, most charming court manner and Lenglen-like balance, and yet fail to get the ball over the net.

Tennis is never monotonous, even though it is based upon the simple idea of putting a little white ball in the right place over and over again. It is here that its charm lies. Tennis is a game that gives a most marvelous variety of balls, shots, strokes, situations, tactics, opponents and feeling. Added to this is the pleasure that a player who has reached a certain degree of proficiency experiences in being able to play the game well. And, we must add, the pleasure of winning a match, when one is fortunate enough, either through good playing, well-chosen strategy or long endurance—to come out ahead of an opponent. The competitive spirit is always present, and the player enjoys the idea of trying to win, whether in a game at his home club or in a match in the championships. The competitive spirit is usually keener, however, in a tournament match than in an everyday game. In my own play at home I know that I am always experimenting and trying out new shots, while in a tournament I try to concentrate closely and use strokes which I know and of which I am more certain. When one enters a tournament, it is with the idea of doing as well as possible and gaining as many points as one can by using the best tennis that one can produce.

Exercising the Royal Prerogative

AFTER following a great many big championships a player becomes even more fascinated. Wimbledon, Forest Hills, Longwood, Germantown are names that bring up pictures, incidents, colorful games, memories of great players. I only wish that I could have seen the Dohertys, Larned, Wilding, Brookes and McLoughlin. They were all great figures of the court, and around them, in the language of the game, there have grown up stories and a romantic glamour that time brings to people great in their field. Think of what will be told to the next generation of tennis players by the old-timers who saw Mademoiselle Lenglen play! Always a picturesque figure, there will hang upon her name the words "never defeated," and the story of the power and perfection of her tennis will grow with each succeeding year.

The Dohertys—brothers, but not twins—left their impression upon the game through their flawless style and brilliant technic. One was very tall, the other short and slight, and the story is that one could not find anywhere else such an example of gentlemanly grace and beauty upon the courts. Certainly they were handsome, as one can see from the photographs hanging on the walls of the clubhouse at Wimbledon. The Doherty reign was at the time of England's greatness in tennis.

Then the scene of supremacy shifted, and Australia sent forth some brilliant players. There was Anthony Wilding, whom I never saw, because I belong to a later generation in the tennis world. But older tennis players who knew him say that he played magnificently and was the idol of every lady who saw him on the court—a fair-haired, sunburned young giant, who seems to have led a most interesting and colorful life, and was one to enjoy to the fullest the entertaining tennis of his time. He went everywhere—the Riviera, Austria, Germany, England, and to the United States. One story is told of his taking part in a tournament which was being held at a fashionable resort where members of a certain royal family had their summer palace. The finals were on—Wilding versus some excellent player; and they were engaged in a long and exciting rally. At this crucial moment, without warning, across the court by the net walked, most dignified and straight, mamma, auntie and son of the royal family, the royal prerogative being, perhaps, that they could go where they wished to go; but to walk into the midst of a rally of Wilding balls, without warning, was like stepping onto a battlefield with bullets whizzing. Fortunately, the royal visitors were unharmed and play was stopped until they reached their chairs on the opposite side of the court.

Royalty very often attends the tennis matches nowadays, but never under such unusual circumstances. The King of Spain is a tennis enthusiast and frequently comes to Wimbledon, where his entrance is a quiet one and sometimes unobserved by the spectators, and rarely by the players on the court. However, it is customary to stop the game for a moment on the center court if the players are aware of a royal visitor. The entrance of the King and Queen of England to the royal box at Wimbledon is always known, even if the players are deeply engaged in the game, because all onlookers rise to their feet and remain standing until the royal spectators are seated. The rustle and sudden movement never fail to warn the most absorbed player on the court that he must stop his game for a moment. It is true, however, that, for the first time, it gives one a very unusual feeling when play is suspended so suddenly.

Several years ago, during my first game on the center court at Wimbledon, a member of the royal family entered the royal box. My opponent was at the other end of the court, so that she was facing the box, but I could not see what was happening. Being new to Wimbledon, I was much surprised to see her stop playing suddenly, the umpire rise in his chair and the audience stand up in a body. So I turned about, unknowingly doing the proper thing at the moment—as everyone faces the box when royalty enters.

Another royal follower of the game is the King of Sweden, who plays exceedingly well for his age—no singles, only doubles. In the south of France he is democratically known in tennis circles as "Mr. G."

But to go back to Anthony Wilding, who came to England to school, as a boy from Australia, by way of a sailing vessel round the Horn. His father thought this might give him time to do a little extra studying for his exams. This handsome youth, who played tennis, loved machinery and was brave enough to fly in the wabbly airplanes of the day, was killed in France in the World War.

When Tennis Lost to Business

HIS doubles partner, Brookes, who was the wisest and most logical man upon the tennis court, was also one of Australia's great players and made the six months' trip to Wimbledon from Australia upon several occasions. It takes fully this length of time for these far-away players to do the tennis season abroad. I never saw Brookes at his best tennis, but did see a match that he played at Wimbledon when he returned many years after his last triumph. Although not young, and having to make strategy do the work that muscle would do for a younger man, he defeated Francis Hunter in a splendid encounter. I remember so distinctly, under Brookes' cap, the shaded eyes which seemed to possess the ultimate knowledge of tennis.

Brookes still takes an interest in the game and, though not playing in tournaments, has much to do with tennis in Australia.

I have an interesting little story to tell of Maurice McLoughlin. He lives in Los Angeles, and is called the Comet, the mystery of the tennis world. You hear about him: "He was wonderful, unbeatable, marvelous, and then suddenly his game disappeared. For a time he flashed in the tennis skies and then suddenly dimmed." He and I were talking of tennis players and the stories which grow up about them and their games. He laughed. "Why, yes," he said; "take me for an example—the mystery of tennis! Where did my game go? That was no mystery. I had to go into business. When I was a kid I had time to play every day, but there came the time when I had to work. No man can be a champion tennis player if he has business to attend to. To be in topnotch form and in perfect training you must play all the time." And so there is no mystery about McLoughlin's disappearance from the

tennis firmament. He plays golf now and then, and quite well, and pursues his more serious work just as if he hadn't been the greatest tennis sensation that ever happened in this country, and a most popular one wherever he played. People used to like his quiet manner and his pleasant personality, and this he has not lost, even though his tennis is of the past.

One of his great friends is John McCormack, the singer, and the story goes that McCormack, after watching him play a fine match, said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Maurie, you must teach me to play tennis like you do." To which McLoughlin replied, "I will, if you can teach me to sing like you do."

As to the great women tennis players of the past, there is the supreme Mademoiselle Lenglen, and there are Mrs. Lambert Chambers, Mrs. George Wightman and Mrs. Tom Bundy. We can hardly call Mrs. Franklin Mallory of the past, for, although her long run of championships has been broken, she is winning important matches right along. Witness her defeat of Miss Betty Nuthall last August in as pretty a match as has been seen at Forest Hills.

Mrs. Mallory has a love for tennis, and an enthusiasm unequaled. And she is a player who has never defaulted, never had an alibi, and never has refused to play because of weather conditions; and champions have many chances to assert themselves in this way. She is a real sport of the tennis court.

But you probably haven't heard of Lottie Dod. She was long before our time; in fact, she was one of the earliest of good women players. She played like a man, the accounts ran, and could volley with great speed while the rest of the lady players were tripping daintily around on the base line. She beat everyone, and so consistently that it must have become monotonous, because one day she suddenly laid down her racket, took up golf, and never appeared on the tennis court again.

A Killer of the Court

IT SEEMS unfortunate to speak of Mademoiselle Lenglen as being of the past. She is far from that in years, but she is that to the tennis world, for she will never play again in competition. She is really the great modern, for the women's game has not yet advanced beyond the point to which she brought it. Her strokes, her footwork, her strategy, her concentration and her grace we need not describe, for they have been talked of so often. It suffices to say that in all these she was as nearly perfect as is humanly possible. In speed of foot she has had no equal; in speed of ball, yes. Several women players, among them Señorita Lili de Alvarez, have had swifter balls, but they have not had the glorious combination of all the other things that went to make Suzanne the player she was. If the señorita had as great steadiness as Suzanne, she would be a most wonderful player. At the moment, among the women players who are seen in the tournaments, Señorita de Alvarez has the greatest grace and beauty in motion.

Another thing not generally attributed to Mademoiselle Lenglen is her ability for match play. Contrary to belief, Mademoiselle Lenglen was remarkably well suited to tournament competition. This I have seen not only in the many matches that I have watched but also in the games which I played with her. She had concentration, unshakable poise and balance, and patience beyond belief. She was willing to exchange the ball countless times, manipulating it here and there until she could make the point. She did not often kill the ball outright, but gained her point, as it were, by a series of strategic moves. Very often, not extremely good players appeared to be doing quite well against her, until the final score of 6–0, 6–0 was called. Mademoiselle Lenglen was not, to the naked eye, a "killer"—a word newspapermen use to designate one who hits the ball hard and finishes it—but the results were the same, and the opponent usually felt very much "killed" afterward.

The term "killer," which appears in sporting news from time to time, has been incorrectly used in regard to tennis. First of all, it is not an attractive word. The casual reader would take "killer" to mean a player who wins all his matches 6–0, 6–0. Taking it for granted that the term "killer" applies to the player who wins the point outright through speed and daring, we go on to discover that it is practically impossible for the very-hard-hitting player to win a match 6–0, 6–0 against even fair opposition. The reason for this is that a player with a very fast game, whose balls carry a great deal of speed, cannot avoid errors. The minute speed is introduced there is a chance for more mistakes. The margin of safety is immediately reduced. Mademoiselle Lenglen chose to have 6–0, 6–0 scores, so she kept her balls within a certain limit of speed, where she had control at all times and small chance of error. At the same time, it was necessary for her to have fine tactics and strategy. The player who chooses to play the very fast game and win his points outright must accept more errors—balls out and in the net. He cannot avoid them; hence the idea that a killer is one who wins 6–0, 6–0 matches is an illusion. He simply can't do it.

P. & A. PHOTO.

Suzanne Lenglen

What Well-Dressed Players Will Wear

TO MADAMOISELLE LENGLEN we owe the present attractive styles in dress on the court—her plaited skirt, short, but never too short, her bare arms, unhampered by even caps of sleeves. Her bandeau, wound smoothly around sleek head, has been adopted with good effect, but never quite duplicated. To try to copy a Suzanne bandeau, and then have fuzzy hair sticking out all around the face, is to lose the effect; and to wear skirts above the knees on the tennis court is to look like a gawky chicken still in the pin-feather stage. Also, the idea that trousers might be practical for women tennis players is absurd. Women players with their short skirts are probably more comfortable, and certainly have more freedom, than men players. The stockingless vogue for tennis is here, I hope, to stay. It is most comfortable and sensible. There can be no real prejudice against this new custom while there are such practical costumes on the beaches.

Suzanne Lenglen also introduced the ensemble effect in color for the tennis costume. Her beautifully colored sweaters exactly matched her headbands. She made it the style to be color-conscious on the court. It is true that certain colors look better on a green grass court and others upon the clay courts. On turf, a jumper of pink, rose, red, white or delicate shades of orange is most effective. Greens are dangerous to wear. I have seen the tired turf at Wimbledon, at the end of two weeks' play, take on a ghastly hue of yellowish green in contrast to a fresh, bright green sweater worn by a contender. If blue is chosen for grass-court play, it should never be of a pale tone, for against the lawn it appears weak and washed out.

The lovely, new, creamish-pink courts at the championship Stade in Paris make a background for almost any color. One pleasing jumper last year just matched the court. Any brilliant, gay color is charming on clay courts—yellows, light greens, brilliant blues are especially good. The long-established color for the tennis dress is white, with white or flesh-toned stockings, or no stockings, and white shoes. A number of years ago an American lady player appeared at Wimbledon in black stockings, with black, matching tie—the shirtwaist-and-skirt era—and it has not yet been forgotten! It was

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Eileen Bennett

Mrs. Mallory

PHOTOS, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Helen Wills

DARK TEARS

By KATHARINE BRUSH

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

A SIGN on a post at the right-hand side of the turnpike said, YOU ARE NOW ENTERING RENWOOD, OHIO. Nothing else told you. This was still open country, and in the passing panorama of little thickets interspersed with fields and filling stations and the painted bungalows that squat along a paved highway, there was no change. Somewhat beyond the first sign, another, larger sign appeared. ONLY 3 MORE MILES, this promised, TO THE BON MARCHÉ—RENWOOD'S GREATEST DEPARTMENT STORE. COR. MARKET & HIGH STREETS, RENWOOD. And there was a weather-beaten but impressive picture of a square three-story building being besieged by droves of shoppers. FOLLOW THE CROWD! the sign advised.

The girl in the long, aluminum-hooded limousine leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur through the open window. Georg', she called him.

"Pull over and stop," she said. "We won't go any further."

George touched his cap with a finger tip and manipulated the wheel and the brakes. The limousine came to rest at the edge of the road, half on the cement, half on the saffron summer dust that bordered it. George shut off the quiet motor. It was very still then for an instant—country still. There was a rooster crowing far off down the road—only that, and a radio going in a bungalow's parlor.

"This is far enough," the girl said again. "It's three miles from here in —— Go up to that house, will you, George, and ask 'em to let you use their phone. I want a taxi to come out here for me."

George opened the door at his hip and stepped to the ground in his black puttees. He was prompt, but puzzled. He latched the door again, without sound, and gazed into the tonneau window.

"You want a taxi, miss?" he asked, to make sure.

"Yeah," said the girl noncommittally. "You and the car are going to stay here."

George looked blank, but nodded.

"You don't need to say who's calling," the girl added. "Just say a lady. Tell 'em to come out the turnpike, to the city line."

George touched his cap, and turning, assured himself that no traffic was nigh. Part way across the road he had an afterthought. He turned back.

"What kind of taxi, miss?"

"They've only got one kind." The girl half smiled. "Say, where do you think you are, George? This isn't Cleveland!"

George also smiled, touching his cap again, and again turning. He was a middle-aged man with iron-gray hair, a round red face, Irish blue eyes. He was slightly bow-legged. The girl in the limousine watched his black puttees ascend the sloping path to the bungalow, the ankles seeming to click at every step. His approach, she saw, caused a sensation in the household. Window curtains moved, the radio stopped suddenly. In the yard cut by the path, half a dozen hens fled for their lives, and the usual collie barked and the usual tow-headed children stood gawking.

George knocked—the girl could hear his knock, in the rural quiet—and a woman in a boudoir cap and a brilliant apron of cerise rubber, with green rubber trimming, came and opened the screen door. She listened a moment, then held the door open wider. George, cap in hand, wiped his shoes assiduously on what must be a mat, and vanished inside.

He was gone for some time. In the limousine the girl sat back in her corner but did not relax. There was a sort of motionless restlessness in her attitude, a tension expressed by rigidity rather than movement. Only her right foot moved. It was a small foot made smaller by a short-vamp shoe with the highest possible heel, and with a thin buckled strap that encircled the ankle. The ankle was conspicuously shapely and slender, and clad in a chiffon stocking of the sort that accentuates its misty sheerness by means of a very black heel reënforcement, shaped like a fleur-de-lis, and a black seam. The girl's right knee was crossed over her left. She swung this characteristic foot, and twisted it, and kicked with it, absent-mindedly, unaware that she did.

She was quite young. Even the old and hardening things she had done to her face, to her eyes, to her hair, could not contradict that. She was not more than twenty-four or five, even here in the sunshine. She might have been twenty-two or twenty-one. In a flamboyant, lithographic way, she was beautiful. She had dark red hair, of a varnish color. She had long eyes, brown and bright as an animal's in their thickened lashes, and she had a gorgeous, artful, crimson mouth—a magazine-cover mouth. The shape of her face was slightly foreign, having high cheek bones and the long eyes. The skin of it was white as a gardenia petal white-washed.

She wore gardenias. A fragrant string of four of them, with a bow of Nile-green ribbon, was pinned to the scruff of the neck of one of the pair of silver-fox skins—they were real, not pointed, she would have told you—lying over her shoulders. Her costume was entirely black and white—sensationally so, though she had selected it this morning, when she dressed for this expedition, as being the most conservative and appropriate thing she had. Her frock was black georgette crêpe, with big, oddly cut white cuffs and collar, and a very small white breast pocket monogrammed M. M. in black. Her hat was the hat of the moment—snug, of felt, and off the forehead, with a loose, abbreviated veil.

She had brought a coat along, but she did not need it, and George, the chauffeur, had hung it over the rod that held the robe. He had folded it expertly, with the figured-silk lining showing. There was a label in the lining. "Madame Dash" it said, upside down, "Euclid Avenue, Cleveland." Other belongings lay on the seat within reach of their owner. These included an immense suède hand bag with a square shell handle; a pair of white gauntlet gloves that had been carried, but not worn; two motion-picture magazines that looked unread, unopened; and a box of chocolates, still in its ribbons and its isinglass.

The limousine, like the passenger, was gaudy, extravagant. It was an enormous car, half aluminum hood, half covered tonneau, with the driver's seat in the J-shaped space between. Except for the hood, it was painted tan, with tan upholstery and silver trimmings. It had all the trimmings, ornamental and convenient. A cornucopia for flowers, a hidden, fitted vanity box, a clock, a speaking

"He Slammed the Door in My Face and Locked it—I Heard Him Lock it, Like I Was a Burglar"

tube, an electric lighter, smokers' things—these there were in the tonneau. Far ahead, on the radiator, a silver figurine leaned to the wind. There were initials on the doors, but they were not the girl's initials. They were those of Mr. Joe Bianca, of Cleveland, alias The Dude, with whom she lived.

The tonneau clock said 12:21, and the clock on the dashboard said 12:05. Cleveland was seventy-odd miles and a little less than two hours to the rear. Just beyond the limousine, across the ditch and over a low stone wall, stood the Bon Marché sign, on six wooden legs. The girl kept looking at it. ONLY 3 MORE MILES —— She looked at Renwood's Greatest Department Store, as illustrated, and she thought how big and grand and citified it had seemed to her once—this three-story building, now little and funny. It had had an elevator, she remembered. Only two other buildings in all Renwood had had elevators. People weren't used to them, and many had preferred the stairs; and children had cried because they were scared to death in the elevator, or else because they loved it and wanted to ride some more.

She remembered well. Once, for a while, one summer, when she was—sixteen, maybe, or fifteen—she had clerked in the Bon Marché. She had sold needles and pins, and thread and elastic, and darners and bobbins. Notions, these things were called. The notion counter was on the first floor. She remembered the ribbons at the ribbon counter opposite, and a certain faded green plaid dress that What-was-her-name, the ribbon clerk, had worn. And she remembered, too, so distinctly that she thought she heard it again, the hum of the store—a hum of voices consulting, and voices gossiping, and little wooden carriers of cash going to the balcony and returning on the network of wires overhead.

She had worked there only a week or two. Then the proprietor, Mr. Wilson, had found out that she wasn't a church member. He had not found out about her and his young son Jimmy—or Tommy? One of those names. He had not needed to. The fact that she wasn't a church member was enough. All his clerks must be church members. Mr. Wilson was aggressively pious, and this was his rule.

Marilee Mark—Mary Marek she had been in those days—had said, "Well, I'll join. I don't mind." She had meant it, but it had somehow only made Mr. Wilson mad. He had said that she was flippant and sacrilegious, and that God would punish her. He had dismissed her anyway, and paid her two dollars and fifty cents less than was due her—as punishment, doubtless. Mr. Wilson helped God when he could.

She recalled this incident briefly and indifferently in passing and made no mental comment upon it at all. She forgot it again. She reached for her suède hand bag and conveyed it to her lap. Her hands became noticeable. Though she wore several pieces of jewelry—a diamond bar pin, a choker necklace of pearls with an emerald clasp, and two wide diamond bracelets—her fingers were bare. She had soft, small, cared-for hands, pretty hands, adorned only by nails like ten rubies.

She opened the bag and fished from its rattling depths a cigarette case, with a lighter to match. She lit a cigarette, and, replacing the lighter and the case, encountered a folded paper that her finger tips recognized. She brought it forth and unfolded it and regarded it soberly. It was the check she had made out this morning, in her grammar-school handwriting:

> Pay to the Order of Peter Marek, $2000. Two thousand, no 100ths dollars. MARILEE MARK.

This was an admission fee.

Marilee, born Mary, hoped two thousand dollars was enough.

She folded the check again and slid it into an inner pocket of the hand bag, beside a pocket comb. She shut the bag, leaving it in her lap. She wondered what was keeping George and, wondering, eyed the bungalow and the three tow-headed children, whom the sight of the lady smoking had emboldened to mockery and fits of giggles.

"Have your fun," thought Marilee, somewhat annoyed.

She blew smoke ostentatiously—she was not above defying the smallest and least worthy critics. She put her head back against the cushion and smoked and speculated idly as to whose kids these little hicks might be. The bungalow was new—all these bungalows along this road were new since she was here. Were their owners people from Renwood, people she had known, or had they come to settle here from somewhere else? It was funny to think that if she had been good instead of bad she might be living now in one of these shacks beside this highway; she might be somebody's wife in a boudoir cap and a frilled rubber apron, she might have barefooted, dirty-faced brats like these jeering in the front yard. It was funny to think of; and yet, in a way, today it wasn't ——

She stirred, restless. Where was George? Why didn't he come?

He came a moment later, waddling rapidly down the path. She smiled again, a little, when she saw him. "It's about time!" she called across the road. Her tone was casual, not rebuking. She liked this gray-haired Irishman, thought of him as a friend and an equal, and treated him as one when she was alone in the limousine. When The Dude was with her, of course, it was different. The Dude was a bootleg king, very rich and very autocratic. He kept servants in their places. He expected her to do the same.

George arrived at the side of the car. He was volubly apologetic, explaining the delay. The telephone line had been busy until just now.

"This here's a party line, miss, an' a couple of ladies was talkin' an' talkin' ——"

"I'll bet," said Marilee dryly. "They do that in this town. Well, but you got the number?"

"I did, miss. The taxi'll be right out."

She nodded. "Fine."

It would be ten minutes or more, she knew, but she became suddenly hurriedly active, as if she had not a second of time left. She straightened up and threw her cigarette away through the window; and from a case attached to the upholstery at her side she pulled a sizable leather-backed mirror. She lifted her veil, turned it up out of the way and studied her reflection briefly. She opened her hand bag again. She must get some of this make-up off.

She removed what she could with a handkerchief. Her mouth became pale pink and not as full as it had seemed, and the mask of powder, rubbed away, revealed a tinge of color in her skin. She moistened the handkerchief and

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She Sat Huddled Down, With Her Arms Folded and Her Chin Buried in Fur, Watching the Road From Under Her Eyelashes

THE AGREEABLE FINISH

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ANDERSON

I HATE some stories," said Mr. Van Eck. "It's why I don't read much, or go to shows when Lupus an' Mary haul me down to New York. I'm always runnin' into the yarn about the poor hero whose wife comes back to him when he's redeemed himself by makin' good in a war, or givin' up cigars or liquor or whatever laid him out. I dunno it's any agreeable finish to have a woman quit you when you're bein' a brainless fool and come back when she knows she'll be comfortable with you."

"Don't you believe in women as a reward of merit?" asked Mrs. Plaster, from her car on the driveway.

"No'm. I believe in 'em as steady company. Handin' a lady to a gent at the end of a play or a book like she was a lollypop for a good Sunday scholar is pretty sickly. You was an actress, and a good one. How many times did they hand you over to some yap when he'd paid the mortgage on the old homestead and led the boys in blue through shot and shell?"

"Oh, my dear sir, I even was resurrected once after being drowned in an African jungle. My lover and I met in a lot of sleazy clouds, just outside heaven. We were Arabs or Abyssinians. . . . Do pet Brainless. He's adoring you."

Mr. Van Eck considered Brainless and rolled a cigarette. The police dog's head lay on his right knee and Brainless flapped his tail on the grass. He had been chased out of the attic, where Carolus was cleaning things, and more lately spanked for collecting eight sardine tins in Mary's best rose plot.

"He's not been a good pup today. You're a dumb brute, Brainless. . . . Another piece of goods I despise is this yarn about the poor lady—some nice woman that folks respect—who had a fine di'mond ring or some pearls in a necklace which she always says is just paste. Then she dies an' it turns out the ring or the pearls is real, and folks wriggle their ears and say, 'Well, well!' I never run into that idea but it gives me the sour creeps. 'Cause it could happen she'd got this thing honest without knowin' it was real joolry. The Smart Ellicks always tell the story to show that she prob'ly was a hard lot. So it finishes up like hittin' on shot in a partridge."

Lupus sat up on the turf and stared at pop. He seemed almost sore about this. A Van Eck never showed much in his face, but Lupus heard a funny ring in pop's drawl. Mary was looking at her father-in-law and had stopped the motion of the hammock up in the limestone porch.

"That is the completely sordid finish, isn't it?" said Mrs. Plaster. "And it really is easy for a—an honorable woman to put herself in that position while she's quite alive."

She then screamed slightly as Carolus threw several pairs of old shoes through the trap in the slate roof of the red brick house. Brainless hurried, yelping, to look at these interesting things when they bounced on the warm lawn.

"Seen that happen, ma'am?"

"It happened to me in old Sally Land's company. We were just leaving San Francisco when I bought a pendant in a shop, from a raw clerk, and bragged on the train that it had only cost six dollars. Meanwhile a frantic jeweler was having me pursued with a bill for two thousand dollars' worth of sapphires. But my reputation was melting every time a girl looked at those stones. I'm honestly no judge of jewels. Several accomplished swine have sold me fake pearls. . . . What time is it? These boys are to pick Vera and me up at my rented palace at six."

Lupus found his watch in his riding breeches. It was only five o'clock. The stout lady who had been the slim and wonderful Ella Vincent before the war smiled and lay back in her car.

"Hello! Oh, Central, Wake Up. Please! . . . Hello! . . . Give Me Foster & Holland. . . . No, I Don't Know the Number! . . . Please Hurry. Oh, Please Hurry! . . . Hello!"

"I can be entertained for half an hour yet. . . . So the paste-jewel plot gives you the creeps, Mr. Van Eck? Why? Some personal association?"

"Yes'm," he said, tranquilly purring. "In this town too."

Mary altered Henricus Abram Van Eck in her white lap and brushed some red hair from her eyes, saying, "Rain-in-the-Face, you're in form today. . . . The old chief is the best story-teller in the tribe, Mrs. Plaster, when he starts. . . . No, Henricus A, there's not an eruption! It's just your efficient half brother—the tall person who helps give you baths—cleaning heirlooms out of the attic. Don't be scared! That's just an ancient gridiron. Didn't it make a nice noise on the drive and scare the dog? Say dog, angel lamb."

"Hoss," said Henricus.

"Tell the story," Mrs. Plaster urged. "Was there ever a scandal in Couveris?"

The dark old man smiled and spat at a parading rooster. Lupus admired his father greatly just then, because he seemed old and wisdom itself, turning a twig of apple wood in his amber hand. He did not look old, most days. The long Van Eck face was unlined and nobody in the family bulged at the waist, even faintly. Pop's hair was black as the baby's over there. But he looked so wise.

"A young feller married a gal, before Lupus here or Mary got born. He fetched her home to his dad, and folks admired her prodigious. She was a gal from a big town. Pretty as daybreak. She dressed elegant—I don't mean showy nor fancy. Her aunt had raised her mostly abroad—her and her cousin—a boy her own age. They was like brother and sister. He was handsomer 'n Lupus and redder-headed than you, Mary."

"Enter the villain," said Mary.

"No such thing, Red. The gal's husband had to go West when they was married six months. His dumb dad had bought some cattle land in Wyoming or somewheres. He went out to tend to it. There was somethin' wrong—trouble with cowboys or what not—and he stayed on and on. In the meanwhile her cousin was passin' through. He'd been 'pointed attachy to the ambassador in China or Japan or somewhere. So he stopped off between two trains and she drove him 'round and the women had a look at him ——"

"Oh, the inevitable ladies on the porches? The fatal chorus of virtuous bystanders," said Mrs. Plaster.

"Yes'm. There was the men on the hitchin' rails and horse blocks too. He says, 'Here's a funny bracelet I fetched from Paris.' There was red stones—glass rubies—in it the size of your finger nail. She stuck it on and drove him down to the train, and he kissed her good-by, like he always had, but folks saw this that didn't know he always had. An' then she was walkin' round one day with a couple of women, and they went in the joolry store—I forgit why—to see about a watch bein' set right or some dingus. And the jooler spotted this bracelet and near fainted, it excited him so. 'Why,' she says, 'it's just glass rubies.' But she had to let him look. He kep' sayin' that the rubies was real, and she kep' laughing and saying no, it was just some nonsense her cousin fetched her from Paris."

Mr. Van Eck spat. He went idly on, "Then her husband out in Wyoming, or wherever he was, kep' gettin' letters sayin' she was so lonely. He got worried. His pa was dumber than Brainless here, and didn't notice nothin' nor hear nothin'. But the women quit callin' on her. The dirt had started. This feller got home 'bout two days before his son was born. An' nobody came to see the baby. The poor gal couldn't understand it. He couldn't understand it. His friends all seemed glad to see him and he stood drinks for everybody. But the women didn't come 'round."

"Very effective," said Mrs. Plaster.

"Awful effective. Then there was a nice woman that called one afternoon. She wasn't nobody but a schoolteacher's wife, but she was a human bein'. This feller squired her down to the gate and put her in her buggy, and she busted loose and told him what was what. So he went down in the carriage house and limbered up a rawhide whip of his grandpop's and rove a slug of lead on the tip of it. It stretched ten feet ——"

"I warn you," said Mrs. Plaster, "that blood must not flow! I faint easily! I saw a man use a rawhide whip when I was a girl in Terre Haute."

"He rode his hoss down to town," the voice drowsed on, "and went in a big saloon which was kind of a club for all the nice men in town. They'd drop in before supper and stand around. Wasn't three phones in the place in '89. If you was wanting a feller at five o'clock, you looked him up in Lacy's saloon. So this man says hello to the crowd and leaned on the bar. The bartender had a white jacket hung on a peg in the wall. He seen that, so he slings out the whip slow and cut the jacket to ribbons with it. It took him a couple of minutes. Everybody looked at him. Fin'ly some feller says, 'What's the whip for?' He says, 'Nothin'! But all of you gentlemen'll fetch your women out to call at the house tomorrow afternoon before six o'clock.' Then he gave the bartender five dollars. They was all out with their wives to call, except a feller that had busted his leg the next mornin', and his wife come. But it was an agreeable tea party."

"And did his wife ever wear the ruby bracelet again?" asked Mary.

"Why, yes, Red. Her cousin come back from Japan or China. They gave a big party for him and he stayed a month, and folks liked him. People forgit, Mary. After this lady died, he asked one of her friends who started the story, but she'd forgotten it. Had to look up her di'ry to remember there'd been any story. Folks forgit. I'm sixty-three. I seen a man in the paddock at Saratoga last week that ladies wouldn't have spoke to in 1900. He was there with his daughters an' wife. Time's charity, daughter, and a good thing too. Most folks die happy."

He sat silent and straight, turning the apple twig on his worn gray trousers. The woman in the car smiled gravely at him. The dog sat up and stared, his brow wrinkled, feeling this silence of the creatures in clothes.

"I came here to stop ten minutes," said Mrs. Plaster, "and I've baked in the sun two hours. Now, good people, you must do me a favor. It's funny the talk turned to jewelry. Here. There's a safe in the little study where you were showing me pictures of all the famous horses? Good! I won't lug this thing to the mountains over a week-end, chaperoning a lot of kids, and the bank's closed downtown already. And I daren't leave it in a rented house with a lot of rented servants. Vera's taken a liking to one of the housemaids and showed it to her Sunday. Put it in the safe, like a lamb, Mr. Van Eck. I'll come for it when I stagger home Monday. My uncle gave it to me—poor saint! It was his fancy of what a millionaire should give a devoted niece. When my girl marries I'll have the best stones selected and made into something decent. It is loathsomely ugly, Mrs. Lupus. Don't attribute it to me. It was poor Uncle Sim's idea of luxury. I'm going now, and you might pray for me. These boys pick us up at six. I'll be jolted to death for a hundred miles up the mountains, and my soul warns me that I'll be doing most of the cooking. And I hope it's a nice dance tonight."

Mr. Van Eck rose quickly and did his little bow from the hips which followed any lady out of the red brick house or the great stable yard.

"It's a weddin', ma'am."

"Then I hope it's a pretty bride. Think of me in an Adirondack lodge, chaperoning four puppies from Princeton and three girls of unusual vitality. So long."

She drove down the gravel and under the lindens into the highroad. Brainless chased the green car for fifty feet, shrieking barks at it, then coursed back and rushed at Mr. Van Eck's left leg—a wooden peg below the knee. Mary raised a hand to her mouth and Lupus dropped the red velvet jewel case. Nobody was supposed ever to notice that Mr. Van Eck was incomplete. He never mentioned the fighting below San Juan Hill in 1898. Once Lupus had opened a packing box with an unknown label and had found a new wooden peg gleaming with fresh varnish. He nailed the case from Albany shut again and left it in his father's gray bedroom. And now this foolish dog was romping with the unmentionable.

"Brainless," Mary said feebly, "come here, sir!"

The light cane rose and fell quietly. Brainless yelped once and scuttled off into the garden. Lupus stopped grinding his ear with a fist and breathed comfortably.

"Henricus has been awful good for an hour, Red," said Mr. Van Eck, his face unaltered.

"I think he likes looking at Mrs. Plaster, Montezuma. You see, there's absolutely nobody in the family who's fat. No Van Eck would ever think of being overweight, and I'm naturally a skeleton, and he finds Mrs. Plaster novel. . . . Don't you, lamb?"

"Tom Chase Saw Those Diamonds and So Did One of the Hired Men. He Came Up With Eggs Just After You Started Downtown"

"Dog!" said Henricus Abram.

"No, the lady, darling papoose. The object in the car, dear. That was a lady."

"Hoss?"

"Oh, you're a Van Eck, my son! Livestock comes first! Horses and cows and dogs and ——"

"Tel'phone," said Henricus, rubbing his black head on his mother's chin.

"Say, it is ringin'! What about that, pop? It's a smart kid!"

"I used to say things like that about you, Lupus boy," said his father dreamily, "and look how you turned out. Pick up them rubies or whatever they are. You're near walkin' on 'em, you dumb an'mal."

The telephone was ringing behind the screened door into the living room. Lupus picked up the red case and it opened in his hand as he ran up the white stone steps of the porch. Mary squealed and Henricus made a little soft noise. Something slid clicking down the treads. Mr. Van Eck slowly whistled and slowly lifted something fiery on his cane.

"Why," said Mary, "there's a yard of them, father!"

"A yard easy, Red. Call it forty inches."

The screen door opened. Tom Chase stuck his head from the living room and said informally, "Drug store's on the phone, Lupus."

Lupus trotted past the paper hanger, grinned at his son Pieter Lupus, sulking in a basket lined with rosy pillows, and so came grinning to the telephone.

A little gang of memories ran around in his brain. Pop ought to have said "I" all through that story, unless he was mistaken.

"It's like this," said old Sims down on Sachem Street: "We can't deliver a thing this evenin', Lupus. Your boy phoned for some shavin' soap. They got both our delivery kids helpin' at the hotel. You've got twenty hired men out there. Can't you ——"

"I'll drive in, Sims. Hold on! Say, wasn't Lacy's saloon on the corner opp'site you?"

"Yeh. But you can't remember Lacy's, Lupus. It burned in '97."

"An' I can't remember that far back? Say, Sims, I was born in 1889! Carolus is twenty-one! I'm forty years old."

"Nonsense, Lupus! . . . Why, so you must be. You make me feel like I'd ought to have found my finish ten years back."

"Hope it'll be an agreeable finish when it comes, Sims. Thanks for callin' up. You're good for ten years yet. S'long." He then lit a cigarette and thought for thirty seconds about dying. People did it finally. It would be nice to think of passing out with a comfortable grin. But the paper hanger was looking at him.

"Want somethin', Tommy?"

"No. I'm through in the hall. I'll get started on the pantry tomorrow. . . . Dad used to be a bartender at Lacy's s'loon you was speakin' of."

"Was he? Hey, he had a silver weddin' other day, didn't he? It was in the paper."

"Yeh," replied the paper hanger, "an' gave mamma a di'mond ring. We ain't heard nothin' to meals but what di'monds cost, since. . . . Say, if those di'monds out there is real, they cost a heap!"

"Dunno if they're real, Tommy. They're Mrs. Plaster's—the lady rented the Shuttleworth place. It was her uncle that made a fortune with this stove polish—Plaster's Clean Black. She was tellin' about it, other day. The polish didn't start to sell 'til he was old an' near dead. Dirt poor 'til he was eighty, an' then so rich it busted his digestion down on him. She's a lot of fun," Lupus reported, "an' used to be a swell actress. She —— Well, you are a sight, Caro!"

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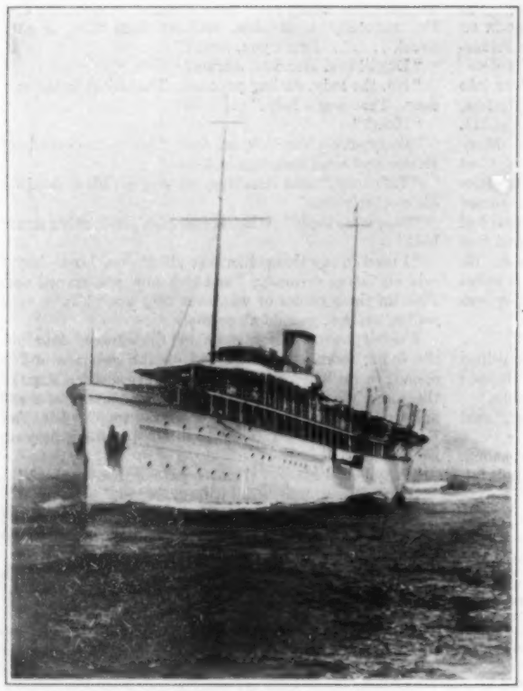
THE TOY DE LUXE

By William S. Dutton



The "Tacarona," Now the "Alder," Owned by W. B. Thompson

A MIDWESTERN millionaire recently called at the offices of a leading firm of yacht designers in New York City. He looked approvingly over the pictures of famous yachts displayed on the walls.

"I'm in the market for one of those playthings," he said, "and cost is no object."

"It daren't be," smiled the firm's president. "You're going in for the most expensive plaything in the world today."

"The toy de luxe, eh?" said the millionaire. "Well, I've got the money and I'm no piker. I've worked hard for forty-two years. Now I'm going to enjoy myself a bit. My wife and I want to see the world from the deck of our own boat."

"About what have you planned to spend?" asked the designer.

"I want a yacht," replied the visitor, "that will make people sit up and take notice. The fact is, I want the biggest power-driven yacht afloat. I know it's going to come high, but whatever the bill is I'll pay it without a whimper. I've figured high."

The designer nodded politely. He was aware that his caller was a rich man, but he also suspected that he knew nothing of the cost of large yachts.

"Did you know," he asked, "that J. P. Morgan's latest yacht is 343 feet in length over all, and that Harrison Williams is reported to be having a new yacht built in Germany that will be at least 500 feet?"

"Then beat the Williams yacht," directed the other coolly. "I want the biggest yacht or none. I want power, speed, the best that money can buy. I'll spend anything up to $150,000."

The yacht designer shook his head. "I'm afraid you're not in the market for a yacht."

"What do you mean?" snorted his visitor.

"The sum that you've named," said the designer, "wouldn't buy much more than the owner's launch on such a yacht as you've specified."

A Test for Yacht Owners

THE Midwesterner's jaw dropped. He stared in unbelief. "Are you serious?" he gasped at length.

"Entirely so," was the even reply. "The new Morgan yacht cost upward of $2,500,000. The Williams yacht will probably cost in excess of $5,000,000. Any designer will verify the facts."

The rich man got up slowly. He looked a trifle sick. "Why, my whole fortune," he said, "is only a little more than $5,000,000! You're right. I'm too poor to buy a yacht!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," said the designer. "We can build you a fast, really luxurious little boat for $150,000 or less. It would be capable of running rings around the big fellows in speed. Of course if you're planning on a world cruise ——"

"I think," said the other, "that my wife and I shall make that cruise on a regular steamship."

They did.

A growing company of astonished rich men have come to similar decisions upon learning the figures on the price tag of the "most expensive plaything in the world."

The Living Room of the "Camargo"

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF JOHN H. WELLS, INC.

An Airplane View of the "Acania," Built for F. S. Wheeler

Once a guest on the elder Morgan's great yacht, the Corsair, now the Oceanographer of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, asked the financier the cost of maintaining it. The guest added that he was thinking of buying a yacht for himself.

"Don't," was Morgan's terse advice. "Anyone who must ask what it costs to run a yacht has no business owning one."

This reply, passed down through the years, has become the favorite answer of your big-time yachtsman to all inquiries touching upon costs. The ability to repeat it to the novitiate aboard with the proper sang-froid and nonchalance is one of the compensations—and tests—of big-yacht ownership today.

The possessor of a large steam or Diesel driven yacht—and by "large" is meant a boat that can boast no less than 100 feet between its stem and stern—is as shy of cost figures as a dyspeptic is of cold boiled lobster. He has got to be. All the joy goes out of cruising the briny deep in a private yacht if the owner's scrutiny of his monthly bills is more than casual. It is dangerous to mental comfort even to total up the pay roll of one's crew or to wax overly curious about the upkeep of the larder.

President Hoover took one look into the cost books of the presidential yacht Mayflower, and today the White House is without a yacht for the first time in thirty years. The Mayflower and its crew of nine officers and 148 men were costing the Government $300,000 yearly. Before that sum even the man who had fed Belgium quailed, and so, too, apparently did the public.

The famous boat, built in 1896 for Ogden Goelet and used by Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge, was ordered sold at public auction. It was seaworthy and shipshape. Only a few years ago it was overhauled and reëquipped. Here was a 327-foot yacht, capable of years of future service, to be had at a bargain price. The Navy appraised her at $100,000—less than a twentieth of her replacement cost—and rum runners alone were barred from bidding.

Two bidders appeared at the first auction, none at the second, and three showed up at the third, on April 8, 1930. The high bid was $60,000, filed by a group of Easton, Pennsylvania, sportsmen who requested the privilege of paying on the installment plan. The low bid was $17,017, put in by patriotic New Yorkers who wished to present the yacht to Mayor Jimmy Walker—they had no intention of shouldering the support themselves.

So passed the toy of five Presidents. "Too expensive," was the verdict of the chief executive of the world's richest nation. As this is written, the Mayflower lies silent and deserted at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, in the basin reserved for unwanted ships. She may be scrapped.

And yet, in the shipyards of the Atlantic coast where fine yachts are built, and along the Kiel Canal in Germany, the automatic riveting hammers are chattering this spring the golden tune of a record-breaking business. Big yachts, medium-size yachts, and little yachts more costly than jewels in platinum settings are slipping down the launching ways in numbers unprecedented, as our Harun-al-Rashids of finance and industry betake themselves with whipping flags to the sea.

Lloyd's Register in 1903 listed less than 240 privately owned, American, power-driven yachts that measured 100 feet or more in over-all length. The number of such yachts listed for 1930 is in excess of 800, despite what was practically a suspension of building during and following the war. Regardless of how our merchant marine has fared, the American yacht fleet today rules in the ocean lanes. The finest and largest private yachts of the world are flying the Stars and Stripes. Eighteen of the twenty largest private yachts in commission are American owned.

Each year we are taking in increasing numbers to the water—an infallible sign of growing wealth. We have about 750 registered yacht clubs. More than 1,400,000 power craft of every size and variety and degree of costliness under the sun are churning up the surfaces of our lakes, streams and coastways, to say nothing of an enormous host of sailboats. And the order of the day is more power, more luxury and greater size.

There was a time when the owner of a sixty-five-foot boat could well afford to tilt his chin and feel like a somebody when he hove her to in the home club's yacht basin.

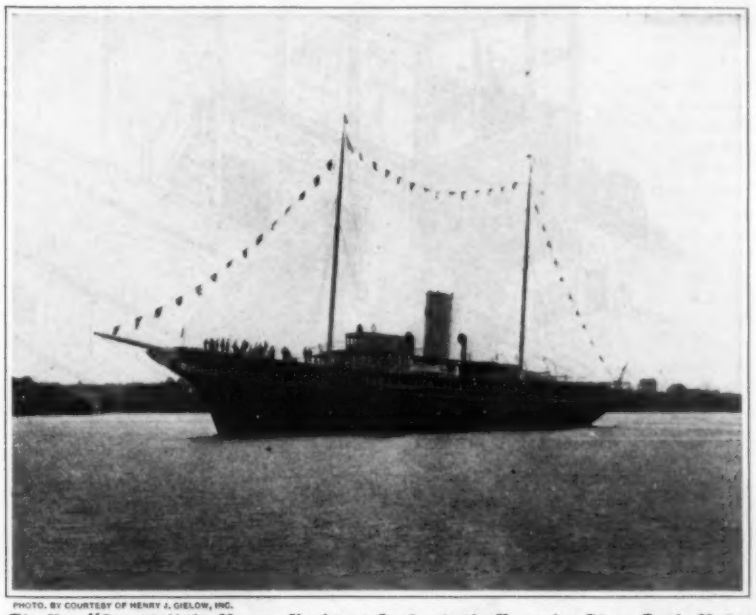


PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF HENRY J. GIELOW, INC.

The New "Corsair," the Morgan Yacht, at Anchor in the Kennebec River, Bath, Maine

No more. That is another one of the good old days that are gone forever. Nowadays the members on a swanky club's front veranda merely yawn at mention of anything under 100 feet. It takes a 200-footer to make a real impression.

No less than twenty American private yachts now measure more than 220 feet in length, and three exceed 300 feet. More than half of these haughty superyachts have been built within the past few years to replace boats that their owners had decided were too small.

Last year, Julius Forstmann, New York textile manufacturer, brought the Orion home from Germany. It is a sleek white queen of luxury that is 330 feet long—twenty feet longer than Mrs. E. B. Taylor's Iolanda, launched in 1908. The Forstmann boat was the largest yacht ever built at Kiel. It took that distinction from Vincent Astor's Nourmahal. It was also the largest of the fine yacht fleet, until this spring.

The Sport of Kings and Millionaires

THEN, in April, the new 343-foot Corsair splashed her black hull into the Kennebec River at Bath, Maine, the fourth of the name to fly the red-and-white quarter-moon-and-star flag of the Morgans. And now, gossip says, is coming the new 500-foot Warrior of Harrison Williams, destined to be the mightiest toy of all, provided that a master of rival millions doesn't order a mightier one.

Mr. Williams, who lives in New York, is a Midas of the public-utility field. He was host to the Prince of Wales when the latter was in America. He backed the Sargasso Sea trip of his scientific friend William Beebe, and contributed to the expenses of the Putnam expedition to Greenland. He already owns one of the world's large yachts, also named the Warrior, and he is amply able to support the largest yacht.

The new Warrior is being built at Kiel. The work is shrouded in secrecy. The report is, however, that the big yacht's engines will develop 30,000 horse power and give her a speed equal to that of the Europa. She will have her own swimming pool and carry a hydroplane for quick communication with land. Her dining saloon will seat 100 guests. She will carry a crew of 130 men. The new Warrior will be, in fact, a privately owned ocean liner. The largest of the President ships of the United States Lines is only 535 feet in length.

In the past it has been customary to draw a line between yachts owned by individuals and those maintained by governments for their rulers. Yachts like the giant iron-hull Mahroussa of the King of Egypt, the Victoria & Albert of the British Admiralty, and the royal Savoia of Italy, were deemed to be beyond the reach of all but kings. Even the Mayflower, with the presidential flag at its peak, had to bow in size to the glittering Maha Chakri of His Majesty, the King of Siam, and it would have looked puny if moored beside the 478-foot Mahroussa.

The Lounge Deck of the "Camargo," Owned by Julius Fleischmann

Now American millions have erased the royal line. When his new yacht is done, Mr. Williams will step beyond every king. Mr. Morgan also has invaded the once exclusively royal company, and Mr. Forstmann is close behind him. Even the designers are beginning to gasp at the pace of the race for supremacy in yachtdom. One New York yacht architect confessed to me, when on the subject of costs, that thought of the new Warrior left him just a bit dizzy. He went on:

"Its fuel cost alone will exceed $60,000 a year for average operation, which is the income of a millionaire. Wages and salaries of crew will be in the neighborhood of $200,000 yearly. These two items together represent considerably less than one-half of a big yacht's upkeep bill. Food, entertainment, repairs, replacements, insurance, interest on the investment, overhauling and refitting—all must be figured in. Operation of the yacht will more than eat up the earnings of $10,000,000 at 6 per cent. A man with an income of $1,000,000 a year couldn't afford it, if his other expenses were in keeping."

"Well, what's your kick?" I asked. "It all means more work for you chaps in the yacht business."

"I'm not so sure of that," he said. "These big yachts cost so much money that the ordinary rich man is frightened out of his wits. He rides in a luxurious automobile and owns one of the best houses in town. It's against his pride to play second fiddle when it comes to owning a yacht, and often he stays away from the party entirely. Some who might otherwise become customers get an idea that all yachts run into tremendous figures, which they don't.

"Most people know very little about a yacht, except that it is an expensive proposition. They can't see where all the money goes. You can buy the finest motor car for about $20,000, and a couple of hundred thousand dollars will build you a pretty fine mansion. The natural guess is that a yacht should cost somewhere between the two. After all, you argue, it's only a pleasure boat.

"A yacht is really a mansion put afloat. It must be powered, lighted, ventilated, provided with all the complicated equipment of navigation, made seaworthy in all weather, safe against every emergency. It must carry its own fire department and police force, maintain its own telephone plant and water system. It must be an independent, self-constituted community capable of providing its owner, guests and crew with all the comforts, necessities and security to which they are accustomed on land. That costs money.

"Of course, if you are willing to go to sea in a cottage instead of in a mansion, the cost will come down considerably. You might be able to worry along with two baths instead of eight or ten. You might eliminate the telephone, cut down the speed and dispense with a few guest rooms. You could do this and still be the owner of a real yacht.

"My own company builds boats to order for $75,000 and up. At this time it is mostly up. The man who, a few years ago, was satisfied with a boat of seventy-five feet, now buys a 100-footer if he can; and it's becoming fashionable to go as far beyond 100 feet as one's bank balance will permit. The popular sizes in big boats range from 100 feet to 140 feet. Small, fast, highly powered express cruisers for use in commuting are also popular with wealthy men, especially around New York and Detroit. Men like Walter P. Chrysler, Thomas W. Lamont, Jeremiah Milbank and Byram Shore are regular fast-boat commuters. Chrysler spent $150,000 for his Frolic III."

A New Waist for the Sialia

"THE owners of the largest boats, as a rule, keep well within their means in buying a yacht. To men like Morgan, Forstmann, Williams, George F. Baker, Jr., Fred J. Fisher and dozens of others, a yacht is but a detail in the year's affairs. These men buy large boats because they want world transportation with a maximum of comfort. Their yacht is frequently their business office and, as such, it more than pays its way. More than one big yacht owner has paid for his boat through a single business deal transacted aboard, out of reach of all interruptions. The average yachtsman will tell you that his yacht represents one of his profitable investments."

Suppose we pay the yacht market a visit and see what we can get for our money. If you want a yacht in a hurry, used ones are usually for sale. Prices range from comparatively modest sums up to $1,000,000 or $2,000,000. The dealer's commission on the sale is 7 per cent. Depreciation in big yachts is slow, however. The new Corsair, of Morgan, was built to last 100 years.

William Boyce Thompson, copper magnate of Yonkers, New York, last year bought the Savarona from Mrs. Richard M. Cadwalader, Jr., of Philadelphia, for $1,800,000. He paid only 10 per cent less than the 294-foot yacht had cost, new, in 1926, but he got a toy in which even the door knobs are plated with gold. Renamed the Alder, this is now the fourth largest of American yachts. Its resale represents a typical transaction in the de luxe class.

The most unusual resale in recent years was that of Henry Ford's Sialia, now the property of Archie M. Andrews, New York capitalist. The original Sialia was 202 feet long. Mr. Ford decided one day that that wasn't quite long enough. Forthwith he summoned a yacht expert.

"I want this yacht lengthened," said Mr. Ford. "I'd like it cut in two and a piece set in."

For a moment the expert doubted that he had heard aright, but Mr. Ford quickly disabused him. He had given the problem critical study as an engineer. It was his conclusion that it was entirely practicable to sever the big

(Continued on Page 146)

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF SALES MANAGER
April 18, 1928.

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS,
MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

DEAR BOTTS: We have just received your letter of April fourth describing the sale of an Earthworm tractor to a man in Venice. This letter, in connection with former ones covering your first month's work in Europe, indicates that you have completely failed to grasp the real significance of your mission.

We sent you over there to see if you could open up a European market important enough to justify us in establishing European branches—or possibly even a European factory.

We wanted you to get after people who might become large users of tractors, or to place machines in communities where there might be a chance for future sales.

And what have you been doing? You sold two machines to an American on the boat, and you sold several more to an American contractor who happened to be in France—all of which accomplished nothing in the way of introducing Earthworm tractors to the Europeans. Then you wasted many precious days constructing a makeshift cable railroad so that you could get a tractor in and out of an inaccessible hillside vineyard in the Alps. Any schoolboy would have realized that a cable car which would carry a tractor would also carry a mule; and yet you were surprised when the owner of the vineyard accepted the railroad and thanked you—an alleged tractor salesman—because you had shown him how he could use mules to much better advantage in his work than tractors.

All this was bad enough, but your latest report from Venice is the last straw. You go to the one city on earth which is totally unfitted for tractors. With the help of your wife and by the use of a certain amount of cheap cleverness, you unload one of your machines on a poor, simple-minded restaurant keeper who has no earthly use for it except a few days' work in cleaning some rubbish out of his little garden. And the worst of it is that you actually seem proud of this feat.

Of course, the selling of a tractor in Venice is a rather unusual stunt. It would also be an unusual stunt to sell a pair of snowshoes to a South Sea Islander. But the sale would be worthless from the point of view of building up a steady business. And anyone with any sense whatever should realize that the tractor you have placed in Venice is absolutely no good so far as future sales are concerned.

You should sell tractors to prominent farmers in prosperous agricultural regions where the neighbors will have an opportunity to observe them at work and be influenced to buy machines of their own. You should find prospects who really need tractors and who may become big users. Get after the people who are building and grading roads. Get after the people who have heavy hauling to do. See if you can't find some big lumber operators who ought to motorize their operations. But for heaven's sake lay off of these freak sales. And stay away from places like Venice.

Very truly yours,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
Sales Manager.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR

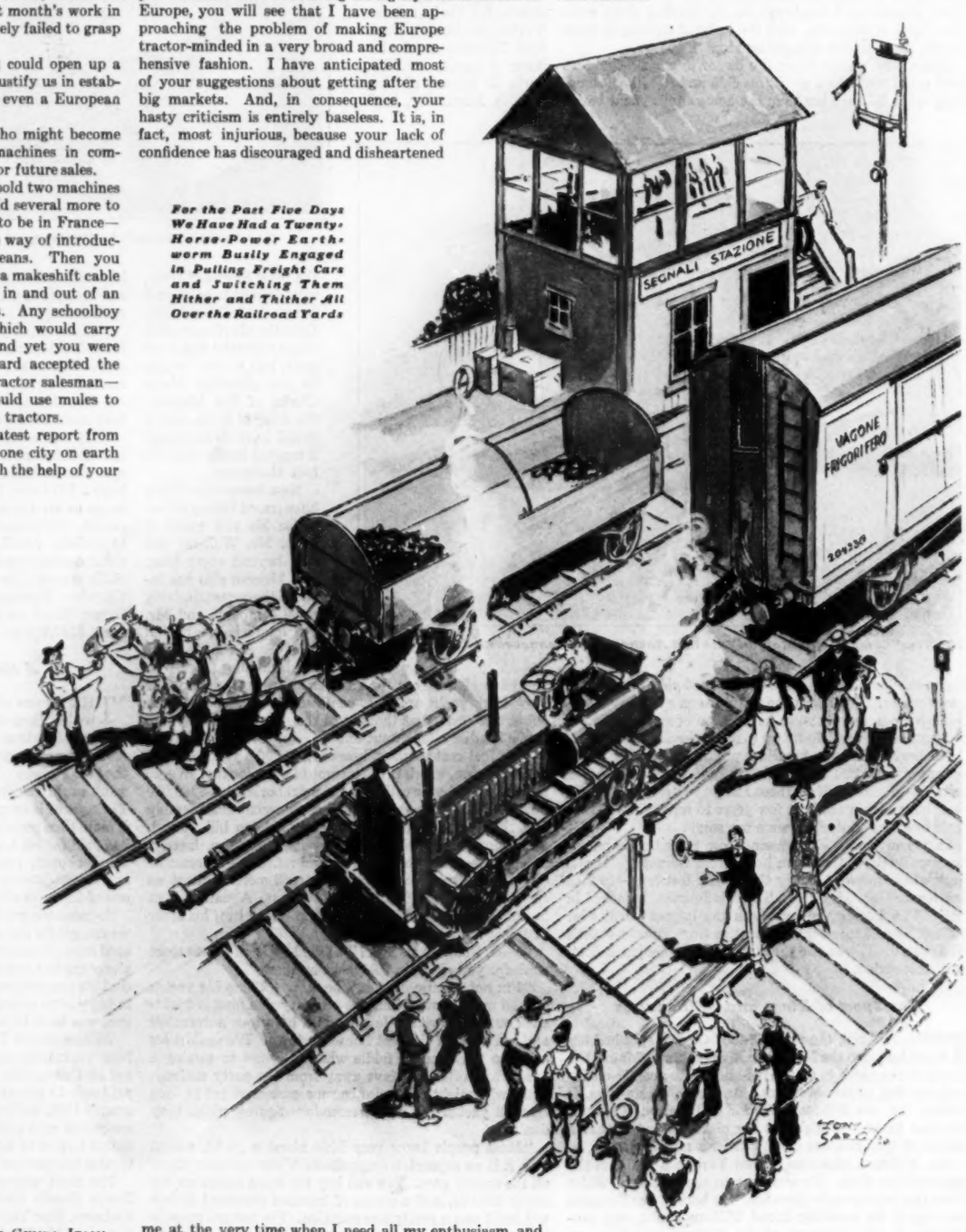
GRAND HOTEL MIRAMARE & DE LA VILLE, GENOA, ITALY,
Wednesday Morning, May 9, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON, SALES MANAGER,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: This will acknowledge your letter of April eighteenth, in which you see fit to make some rather ill-advised comments on my report of April fourth from Venice and in which you speak slightingly of my entire first month's work in Europe. I am very sorry indeed that you have assumed this attitude of petty fault-finding and narrow-minded querulousness. When I tell you all that I have been doing during my second month in Europe, you will see that I have been approaching the problem of making Europe tractor-minded in a very broad and comprehensive fashion. I have anticipated most of your suggestions about getting after the big markets. And, in consequence, your hasty criticism is entirely baseless. It is, in fact, most injurious, because your lack of confidence has discouraged and disheartened me at the very time when I need all my enthusiasm and self-assurance to carry things along.

I am now engaged in some very important sales negotiations, in the course of which I have met with some very annoying difficulties. If, in addition to these difficulties, I am to be burdened with the task of explaining and justifying myself to an unsympathetic and hostile sales manager at home, it will be more than even my courageous nature can stand.

I will not attempt to waste my time in answering your criticisms. I will merely request that from now on you do not cramp my style, and thus injure the Earthworm Tractor Company's future in Europe, by repeating them. Particularly, I would ask that in the future we regard this matter of the tractor in Venice as a closed incident. Having now stated my position, I will pass on to more important matters.

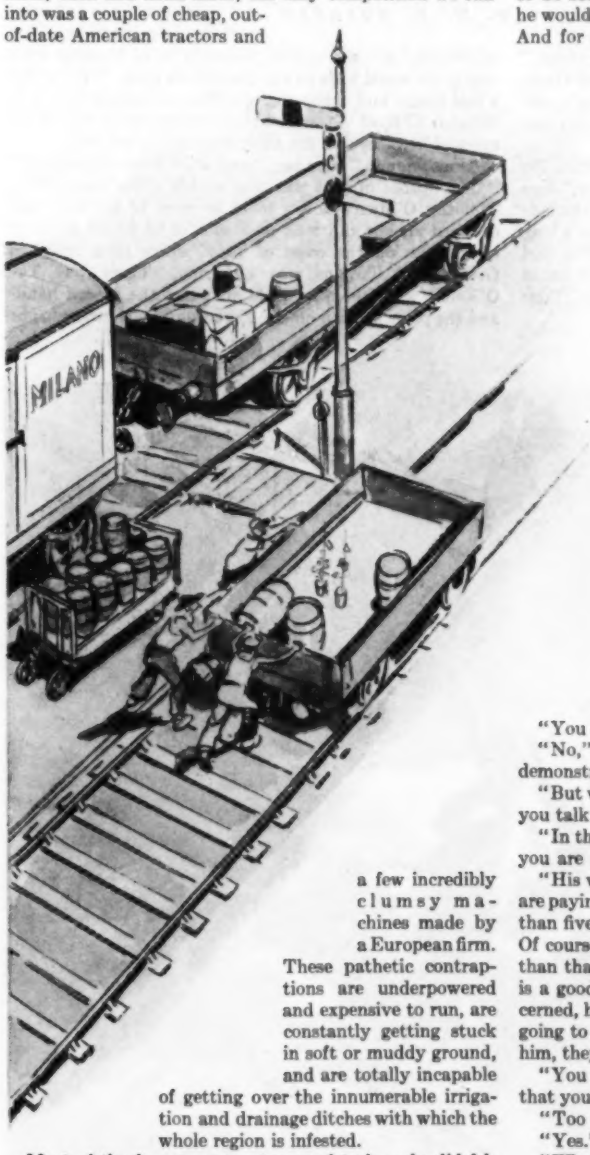


For the Past Five Days We Have Had a Twenty-Horse-Power Earthworm Busily Engaged in Pulling Freight Cars and Switching Them Hither and Thither All Over the Railroad Yards

After leaving Venice, Gadget and I went directly to Milan. We had one of our tractors shipped up from Genoa, and we proceeded to show the farmers on the fertile plains of Lombardy what we could do. We got along very well, and I was continually impressed with my good fortune in having a wife as competent and efficient as Gadget. Owing to her knowledge of the Italian language, she was able to

handle practically all of the talking, while I handled the tractor. We visited Pavia, Lodi, Novara and Monza. We even got up as far as Como. Gadget gave talks before various agricultural associations and groups of farmers, and we put on demonstrations of plowing, cultivating, stump pulling, and other things.

We found that Lombardy is practically virgin territory for motorizing farming. Aside from the horses, mules, asses, oxen and hand labor, the only competition we ran into was a couple of cheap, out-of-date American tractors and



a few incredibly clumsy machines made by a European firm. These pathetic contraptions are underpowered and expensive to run, are constantly getting stuck in soft or muddy ground, and are totally incapable of getting over the innumerable irrigation and drainage ditches with which the whole region is infested.

Most of the farmers we met seemed to be splendid fellows—intelligent, friendly, and very much interested in our beautiful Earthworm tractor. They were all greatly surprised and delighted at its tremendous power and at the efficient way we drove along through mudholes, across ditches, and over seemingly impassable obstacles.

Unfortunately, however, labor and draft animals are fairly cheap over here. And the price of the tractor—on account of the freight and the heavy Italian duty—is pretty high. Consequently, the advantages of the tractor are not so apparent as in America, where labor is high and where machinery is cheap.

Everybody admired the Earthworm, but nobody wanted to be hurried into buying. So, after a dozen or more highly successful demonstrations, we decided to let the farmers of Lombardy think the matter over for a while. We will return later and get after them again. In the meantime we are in Genoa, carrying on a campaign by which I hope to sell a large number of tractors to the Ferrovie dello Stato, or Italian railroad system, which, over here, is run by the government.

My idea is simple but magnificent. The railroad cars in Italy—as well as in the rest of Europe—are much smaller and lighter than our American cars. They are, in fact, so light that it is not necessary to use a big locomotive in switching them around; in the railroad yards and terminals all over the country horses and even gangs of men do this work. Obviously it should be done by Earthworm tractors. When this idea first hit me I made inquiries and found that at Genoa there are many piers with a tremendous network of railroad tracks running all over them. Consequently, there is a lot of switching of cars.

Exactly a week ago Gadget and I came down here, where, as you know, we have several tractors in storage. We got in touch with a bozo called Signor Galbi, who seems to be some sort of an official of the railroad. He told us he would be very glad to have us put on a demonstration. And for the past five days we have had a twenty-horsepower Earthworm busily engaged in pulling freight cars and switching them hither and thither all over the railroad yards and a half dozen different piers. I have hired a young Italian to do the driving, and we have handled the work quickly, smoothly, and much more economically than it has ever been done before. Everything would be most encouraging except for some very curious difficulties which have suddenly arisen.

Yesterday afternoon Signor Galbi called Gadget and me into his office. "Your tractor," he said, "has been doing a very good job. It has been switching cars most efficiently." [Note: This was, of course, spoken in Italian. I am giving you an English translation so you will have a better chance to understand it.]

"We certainly are glad to hear you say that, *signor*," said Gadget, also speaking in Italian, "and now I suppose you will want to buy a dozen or more. We have the order blanks right here, and if you want we can sign you up right away."

"Not so fast," said Signor Galbi. "What I was starting to say is this: Your tractor has done very good work, but there have been so many criticisms of the machine and of your methods that I feel that I must ask you to stop."

"You mean you don't want to buy any tractors?"

"No," said Signor Galbi. "And I don't want you to demonstrate any more."

"But what's the matter? Just what are these criticisms you talk about?"

"In the first place, you are causing trouble by the wages you are paying the man who is operating your tractor."

"His wages are perfectly fair," protested Gadget. "We are paying him one hundred lire a day. This is a little more than five dollars, and is just what we would pay at home. Of course there are many tractor operators who get more than that, but they are experienced men. This bozo here is a good guy, but as far as Earthworm tractors are concerned, he is a beginner. One hundred lire a day is all he is going to get. And if anybody says we are trying to skin him, they don't know what they are talking about."

"You do not understand," said Signor Galbi. "It is not that you pay too little; it is that you pay too much."

"Too much?"

"Yes."

"What harm could that do?"

"It established a precedent," said Signor Galbi. "And it causes discontent among the other workmen. Your mechanic has been boasting of his wages—which are just about four or five times bigger than they ought to be. Twenty or twenty-five lire a day would be plenty. If you go on paying these high wages, the workmen will get the idea that the job is worth that much. And if I bought any tractors and hired operators, I would have to pay the same exorbitant amount or else be accused of unfairness. And the thing would spread. Other workmen on other jobs would decide they ought to have more too."

"I see," said Gadget. "You are afraid everybody would strike for higher pay."

"No, they would not do that. Under the Fascist régime it is against the law for workmen to strike. But they would be dissatisfied. They would become inefficient. And instead of keeping their minds on their work, they would be thinking about their imaginary grievances. They would start appealing to the government for a higher wage scale, and they would make trouble everywhere."

"It seems to me," said Gadget, "that you are exaggerating this thing. Maybe we have paid our man too much. But you can't make me believe we have disorganized the labor situation of the whole port of Genoa."

"Fortunately," said Signor Galbi, "you have done very little harm as yet. But you have started something which may grow to alarming proportions if it is not stopped. There is nothing that demoralizes the working classes so fast as raising wages. You give them a little and they demand much more. They are never satisfied. Our only salvation is strict and severe discipline at all times. If we once let the insidious idea of higher pay get started, it will spread with great rapidity and soon poison the minds of the entire laboring class."

"Well, well," said Gadget. "This is most interesting. I wouldn't go so far as to say you have convinced me, *signor*. But we might as well play with you on your own terms. We will cut our operator's wages to twenty-five lire. If he doesn't like it, we will fire him and let you hire us somebody else at the reduced rate. And we will continue the demonstration until you are absolutely convinced that these tractors are what you need."

"No," said Signor Galbi, "I am afraid I shall have to ask you to stop—for the present at the least. There is another matter. Your tractors are too efficient: If we used them we wouldn't need so many men. Some of the people who now handle the switching of the cars would lose their jobs."

"That is something of a problem," admitted Gadget. "Naturally you wouldn't want to throw a lot of men out of work."

"They wouldn't exactly be thrown out of work," said Signor Galbi. "Under the Fascist regulations, employers are not allowed to lay off their employes. We would have to find them new jobs somewhere—that is the bad part of it."

"Why is that so bad? Aren't there plenty of other jobs on a big railroad system?"

"Yes, but it would make so much extra work for us in the executive part of the business. Shifting men and reorganizing the work is always troublesome. The men are satisfied with things as they are. I am satisfied. Why change? Why stir things up?" Signor Galbi leaned back in his easy-chair and sighed. *(Continued on Page 69)*

He Introduced Us to a Very Large, Pompous Man

Helen

O'MEARA AT TROY

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IT'S a queer thing, as many singers as the Irish have had," Terence O'Meara said to his father, "that they have never produced a very great singer, such as Shakspere or Dante."

His father gave him a glare of contempt.

"Don't ye ever give utterance to such ignorant words annywhere ye might be overheard by a real scholar," said the senior O'Meara. "The greatest poet of all time—famed, noted and renowned the wide world over wherever poetry is read—was an Irishman. Homer, he is called."

"Homer?" Terence's tone was incredulous.

"Homer he is called nowadays," said Mr. O'Meara solemnly, "but there shouldn't be anny letther H at the beginning of it—that H was put there by the English, like as not, for they're always putting H's where they shouldn't be and laving thim off where they should be. This name Homer is a diginirate corruption of the name O'Meara—he had the same name as me own, who am discinded from him. A great warrior he was, too, though he says nothing about that in his songs, being a modest man, as all us O'Mearas have ever been."

Mr. O'Meara loved to dwell upon the ancient glories of Ireland, although he had been born in America and had never even seen the green island of his ancestors. He had spent most of his life in Brooklyn, where he had been a prosperous building contractor for many years. His sons had found they could stimulate him into strange narration by pretending to underrate Irish prowess, and that was what Terence was at now. After a little more goading, the old gentleman jumped into his tale.

II

THE history books don't tell ye where the Greeks came from—said Mr. O'Meara to his son—but I can tell ye. For the story has been handed down in the O'Meara family from father to son for thousands of years. They originated as sicond-string Irishmen, thim Greeks did.

In all the old mythologies, as ye would know yoursilf if ye were not uneducated because of your indolence towards learning, there is always the story of some green and golden island far in the western seas that is the land of the blest. And thim stories was not fables entirely; thim stories was legends that had truth in thim, and the land of heroes they had reference to was Ireland.

In the young days of her early glory there came a time whin Erin found hersilf terrible thronged with surplus population, and the kings and chiefs says there must be either more emigration or less propagation. So they put wan of these referindums up to the peasantry, and the peasantry voted as wan man to increase emigration and not diminish propagation. A couple of millions of the lower classes emigrated to the mainland of Europe, and afther wandering hither and yon for a thousand years, went down over the hills and streams and took possission of the islands and peninsulas of Greece. They was the inferiors of the betther classes in Ireland, but at that they was the superiors of annywan else they met.

And that's how the Greeks got started. Somewhat changed they was in their migrations, by contact with thim Scythians and bohunks and other furriners; but the memories of the heroes of ancient Ireland was still in thim, faded and dim afther manny centuries, and they carried with thim the story they was discinded from the gods. The warriors and sages and minstrels left behind in Ireland was pagan deities to their minds. Thim Trojans was a similar people. Indade, wan of thim Trojans in particular comes to me mind who called himsilf Æneas; he wasn't nothing but wan of the Innis boys who'd forgot his right name.

Wan day the High King of all Ireland—Timothy O'Meara was his name, the same as me own—was thinking how the country was being overrun by peace and prosperity to a disgraceful extint, whin wan of the O'Neills says to him:

"Tim, Your Majisty, you're not giving us anny of your songs these days."

"There's no great deeds anny more to be singing about," says King Timothy. "Thim Scots and Britons and Gauls has been subjugated and civilized and dicimated ag'in and ag'in by me and you lads, till there's occasion for nayther song nor slaughter left in thim."

"Seaumas O'Kelly passed through yesterday with the tale of a ruckus down around some place called Troy," says The O'Neill. "I thought I might get a gang of the lads together and go see what 'tis all about. It has been a long time," says this O'Neill, looking at his fist, "since The Red Hand of Ireland has had anny action. Maybe ye would like to be coming along with the rest of us lads, Your Majisty."

"Come along with ye, O'Neill?" says King Tim, getting off his throne and hitching his sword near to his hand. "If ye go, 'twill be under the King's command, and 'tis well ye know that, O'Neill. Or if ye doubt it, O'Neill, do ye and that Red Hand of yours step out on the front lawn and I'll convince ye."

For at that day and date, if ye was going to be a king in Ireland 'twas a continual necessity to be showing anny wan in the world wide ye was the betther man. Were ye not a real leader and chieftain, soon there was another king in Ireland. O'Neill of the Red Hand looked King Tim in the eye and kept his own fist away from his sword hilt.

"Fair enough," says he; "and whin do we be sailing?"

The upshot of that was that within a few weeks King Timothy O'Meara and a score or more of his best men dropped anchor and took possission of an island seven or eight miles off the coast of Troy, where thim so-called Greeks and Trojans was bickering. There was The O'Keefe, with his blue shield that had the golden hands and the prancing lion on it; there was The Hennessy, The McCarty, The O'Dwyer, The O'Toole; there was Seaumas O'Kelly, whose jaw was ever like blue steel with the beard under the skin, and the anger of his eyes in battle was like the thrust of spears; there was The O'Reilly and The

O'Rourke; there was The O'Neill, with the two red beasts and the three red stars above the green sea with the white fish in it; there was The Hickey and The Caroll, The O'Donnell and The Rooney; The O'Brien with his motto, *Lambh laidir an nachtar;* The Ryan was there and The O'Sullivan and The Cavanagh; The O'Connel flaunting his shamrocks and his deer and the cry of *C'eall agus neart;* The Regan came along, and The Nolan; there was Duffy with his golden lion against the green; there was Keogh with the wild boar for his crest, and wan of the mightiest of the Murphys with his legend: To Conquer or to Die! Men and mottoes known, noted and feared wheriver the yells of battle and the ring of steel resounded. Bright green was Tim's twenty-oared ship, which he had named The Shamrock, and she had a sharp bronze beak; and all thim heroes' shields along the gunnels made her the gay sight going through the wather.

"Now thin, me lads," says Tim, whin the anchor was down, "there's the war over there in front of us. Which side is it your notion we should be coming in on?"

"Which side would be the most Irish?" says Duffy.

"Which side would be needing us the most?" says O'Neill.

"Arrah, the side that would be needing us the most," says Murphy, says he, "would not be the side that was the most Irish."

"There's logic in that, Murphy," King Tim says, "and it makes the choice difficult."

"Which side is in the right, and which is in the wrong?" says O'Rourke.

"Now don't ye be codding us," says O'Donnell. "'Tis not nicessary there should be anny right or wrong to it; 'tis just a war."

"Mesilf," says McCarty, "I'm always for the under dog."

"How could we be for the under dog?" says Hickey. "The instant we join wan side or the other, that instant will it cease to be the under dog."

"Well, lads," says King Timothy O'Meara, "I've brought ye down here for the frolic, and ye'd betther be making up your minds—here's a war will be going to waste right forninst us, and us not in it."

"Did but wan side or the other insult us," says Cavanagh, "the choice would be aisy."

"They're both afther insulting us," says O'Brien, "by ignoring us—here's a war going on, and we've not been asked in by annybody."

"But both sides has aquelly insulted us that way," objicted Regan, "and that laves us where we was."

"Seaumas O'Kelly," says King Tim, "what is this war all about, annyhow? Ye've been in these parts before, and ye should know."

"Some quane or other," says O'Kelly. "Some wan stole her away from some wan, and so the trouble started. But don't ye lads be underrating this war, nayther. There's wan of me own distant relations in it is a divil with edged tools; O'Kelly is his right name, but it's been corrupted to Achilles. And there's a fella by the name of O'Day—Odysseus they are afther calling him in these ignorant parts—is a strong man of his hands and a crafty fella for strategy. There isn't annything the matther with this war excipt these Trojans and Greeks is superstitious beyond all belief. Ivery now and thin they'll get to fightin' like divils, and the rumor will start as wan of the pagan deities they believe in has joined on wan side or the other, and with that they'll scuttle away like hares."

King Timothy

"Such superstitions is beyond the comprehinsion of me mind," says O'Sullivan.

"Ye must remimber that these people is not altogether enlightened people," says O'Kelly. "The learning they brought away from Erin ages ago is diluted and contaminated by Asiatic communications."

"'Twould be great sport," says O'Reilly, "for us lads to pretind we was some of thim deities oursilves!"

King Timothy O'Meara was doubtful about this. It somewhat appealed to the mirth of his amusement, but 'twas not entirely a dignified procedure, to his mind. The wise prophets of Erin had foretold that there wasn't going to be anny religion in the world worth the trouble of an Irishman's attintion for a couple of thousand years yet, and the Irish was soberly waiting for its appearance and kaping thimsilves free of all manner of heathen foolishness in the meantime. But the more he thought of it, the more it struck him that O'Reilly's suggestion might hilp cure these people of their terrible superstitious belief in thim pagan deities of Olympus, who niver existed annywheres—the lads might pretind to be deities, and wallop them about a bit in that character, and thin get thim together and lesson thim in the foolishness of such ignorance.

"Well, well, boys," says Tim, considering, "so ye do not let the sport diginerate into mere horse play, I have no objections to a little fun of that nature, for a week or two annyhow."

Down the Slope the Irish Cut Their Way, and Through the Blazing Town, With Helen in Their Midst

III

BUT 'twas all too aisy, that jest, and it worked all too well. There worked with it the ancient, age-long memories of thim Greeks and Trojans. O'Kelly or O'Brien or wan of the others would come ashore from their island in a small boat and disembark in wan of the numerous coves screened by sand dunes, and suddenly appear in the midst of a combat, and thim pagan Greeks and Trojans would cry out 'twas a heathen deity in their midst. The appearance and bearing of the heroes from Erin, their superior craft and courage, made thim just like the tales of the gods had been going the rounds for centuries. They'd say, the Greeks or the Trojans would, that Zeus, the chief heathen, had joined the battle, or maybe Ares, the god of war, or Phœbus O'Pollo, and whole troops and squadrons would flee from wan Irishman.

Tim's lads would sit around their own camp fire at night and shake dice to see who would be on which side the next day; and Tim used to call that the council of Olympus, and put it all down in that poem he wrote about the fracas, which he called The Iliad. Now and thin contintions broke out amongst Tim's lads.

"That Hector," Duffy would say to O'Kelly, "could wallop ye to a fare-ye-well, Seaumas, was he not firmly convinced ye are an Olympian. Ye have nothing on him at all, at all, excipt for his superstitions."

"Ye lie, Duffy," would be the natural answer of blue-jawed O'Kelly; and Tim would have great ado to prevint the sudden death of wan or the other. Within a week there was a score of rows like that started.

And the war itsilf, beneath the city walls and along the plain, got to be less and less of a war between human Greeks and Trojans and more of an affair where, if the so-called

(Continued on Page 91)

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.
The Kaiser

PHOTO, BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.
T. P. O'Connor

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.
Lord Northcliffe

PHOTO, BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.
Bernard Baruch

PHOTO, BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.
Lord Rothermere

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.
Lloyd George

THEY TOLD BARRON

Notes of an American Pepys in

THIS article reveals Mr. Barron's wide contacts in foreign capitals. In 1921 he went abroad determined to contribute his mite to the war settlement by promoting the acceptance of German tax-free bonds on reparations account. However, as the following interviews record, there was also a lighter side to his trips. Every time he went to Europe he visited London. Among the leaders there he knew all sorts, but as one might expect from his American training, he was most at home with England's self-made men, her business executives and bankers who had earned their titles by services to the realm and to mankind. Also in this chapter is revealed something of the national and international headaches that followed the let-down from war patriotism. By going to Washington, London and Paris during this interval, Mr. Barron heard all phases of this swift descent from an impassioned idealism too high alike for ambitious mortals and sovereign states.

LONDON, September 24, 1918.

Percy N. Furber said: "Cowdray regrets he could not invite us up to Scotland, but he has only six servants, instead of thirty, in a 130-room house."

LONDON, September 28, 1918.

Sir Thomas Dewar had twenty-six members of Parliament in the brewing and whisky business working together in advertising against prohibition. All the magazines and papers take whisky advertising.

LONDON, September 27, 1918.

Lady Cunard said she thought that people of talent ought never to marry. She felt there were examples of brilliant, talented men that disproved any theory of the necessity of marriage for mental development.

She said her affairs were in charge of Charles A. Coffin, of the General Electric. He did not like the banks and railroads that her money was invested in and he said he would take charge of her affairs if they would be left entirely in his hands. He sold out all of her investments and put the proceeds into very profitable things, including electric securities, and all she knew was that she drew money when she wanted it. Once the bank had told her she was spending too much money, but only once. She said American women in London were in very great distress over the double taxation, and I might do something to help them. Paul Cravath, who now lived at Sunderland House, had taken the matter up and knew all about it, and Professor Keynes, of the British Treasury, knew about it, and she immediately made an appointment for me over the telephone to see Keynes for a few minutes.

She said Mrs. William B. Leeds was the hardest hit. She had two houses in England, and had to pay this confiscatory tax, but there were more than 100 women in England who were almost ruined by it.

Cravath had made a representation at the Treasury about the matter, and they had responded that his facts were not quite correct, and the matter had gone no further.

Professor Keynes said there were so many anomalies in the British tax situation that they hardly knew where to begin, but there ought to be representations made to the British Treasury, and the matter taken up and injustices redressed.

PARIS, March 3, 1919.

Barney Baruch tells me the attacks on Wilson and the League of Nations were so marked in France that he told Clemenceau if the attacks did not stop he should move for the removal of the Peace Conference to some more neutral ground. The attacks were then checked.

Baruch told me: "Wilson was insistent when I declined to be Secretary of the Treasury. I told him of my financial standing and why I could not be secretary. He said: 'I have no objection to wealth and do not understand the opposition to it.'"

LONDON, February 27, 1919.

P. A. O'Farrell says: "Sir Henry Dalziel and associates bought the Chronicle, to have it in the interest of Lloyd George. Inverforth put up $1,000,000. Dalziel also bought the Pall Mall Gazette from Astor, and has several other papers. His first paper was Reynolds' Weekly, which now has 2,000,000 circulation.

"Lloyd George cannot be bought or bribed, but in a political fight honors and offices will go to the men who support his party.

"The line of papers under Dalziel has been organized to fight the Northcliffe papers. Northcliffe is regarded as the Hearst of English journalism. He fights every man who does not coöperate with him.

"Every administration must have its press and publicity, or the opposition of the newspapers will be successful."

O'Farrell said: "Twenty-seven years ago I gave a dinner to Pat Collins and others. T. P. O'Connor asked to bring along a little Welshman named Lloyd George. He, of course, became my guest, and we have been friends ever since.

"They made me recite all Riley's poems and then I had to get a copy for Lloyd George. Mrs. George said he went to bed with it at ten o'clock and read it until four o'clock in the morning."

S. S. OLYMPIC, March 22, 1919.

P. G. Eastwick, of the American Foreign Banking Corporation, says: "During the war, the Dutch were half pro-German; now they are 90 per cent pro-German. A week before sailing, I was in Holland and went to a bank to ask the address of a man I knew was in town as the representative of a Berlin bank.

"They asked me if I knew this man, and so on. After a long while they said they would send him word from me if they could find him. Therewith I sent a message, and in two hours he called upon me. They said he was working for another bank. Of course, he owned up to me that he was doing business at that bank as stenographer and typewriter in his own name, but I knew what we both knew—that he was representative of the Berlin bank and knew everything of conditions in Germany.

"We went to dinner and dined from six to twelve. He told me frankly that there was not the slightest regret as to what had occurred; no regrets as respects causes; only regrets that the war had turned out with unfavorable results. He said Germany was defeated but expected to pay through two generations. Germany was all right and ready to produce. There was suffering and disorder, and the poor people could not get food.

"They were all ready to manufacture and trade with the whole world and had no conception of the psychology they are up against, of people refusing to do business with them. They will do an enormous business through Holland under Dutch names. They hate the Belgians first, and the English next. They are rather sorry for the French, and are terribly anxious to do business with the Americans, whom they respect because they are strong and rich."

April 12, 1921.

On the northbound train en route to Germany, Olaf Roer, of Christiania, Norway, said: "Sweden nearly went into the war on the side of Germany on account of enmity to Russia. It was the intention of Russia to acquire both Sweden and Norway.

"We have a proverb: 'It is dangerous for small nations to eat cherries with big nations.'"

BADEN-BADEN, April 14, 1921.

Called upon Herr Rossler. We drank two bottles of beautiful white wine made from grapes at five degrees of frost, which, Rossler says, improves the wine. He greeted me by saying, "We are still at war," and laughed. "We made the mistake of bringing America in. America won the war. Next time America will not be so foolish. We need a stronger government, and will get it. The Kaiser will not come back, nor will there be another upheaval. The war did us good. It gave us a government at less cost, and gave us a common country. We were formerly twenty-four states. Now we are one nation with a central government, which is much better. We are stronger as a nation than before. The beer is not so good as formerly. We have to use for food the stuff that ought to go into beer."

S. S. OLYMPIC, March 22, 1919.

P. G. Eastwick, of the American Foreign Banking Corporation, says: "England has a homogeneous people and a sporting people, and they will never unite to crucify their neighbors or starve capital into submission. There is no country that so respects law and order. There is a stability about England possessed by no other country in the world. The other day, at the hotel, the valet came to me and announced: 'I am going, sir, tomorrow. I was only here temporarily. The regular man has returned and he will do everything all right.' I said: 'How long have you been here temporarily?' And he said: 'Oh, only four and a half years.' What would you think of that for a temporary position in the United States?"

S. S. OLYMPIC, March 26, 1919.

In my stateroom, with Cowan and Eastwick.

Eastwick says: "The strongest indorsement an English banker will get is 'eminently respectable'; the strongest condemnation is 'look sharp.'

EDITED BY ARTHUR POUND AND SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

Wall Street—Made in Europe

"Whenever a man in the City does anything wrong, it is never forgotten or forgiven. You may ask, fifteen or twenty years later, about a firm or an individual, and the answer is: 'Twenty years ago he did this or that, which ends it.'"

An English merchant arrived in the United States and was notified on board ship to call at British headquarters. He was there grilled for more than an hour as to the purpose of his visit to the States and why he could not do just as well by buying the same goods in England.

NEW YORK, February 24, 1920.

Philip Runciman said: "When the Lord Chamberlain told Leverhulme he could take his title from his estates, but could not put his trade names into his title, he replied: 'My name is Lever and my wife's name was Hulme. She was always my best partner. Although she is dead, her name shall be respected, and my title is Leverhulme or you can take back the title.'

"The big house upon the hill above Leverhulme is Jack Straw's castle, where all the prize fighters train.

"Leverhulme proposed to his laborers to take them into a partnership scheme, but the labor union would not permit it. The labor union demands equality and, of course, would lose membership when laborers were taken into partnership. . . . We never have panics in England.

"I can borrow all the money I want within a fraction of the bank rate and carry stocks or anything else. I believe the Bank of England has one-half of all the gold money in England, but there is a lot of gold stored away in stockings in England."

PARIS, April 23, 1921.

With Edward Tuck, called upon Sir Basil Zaharoff, 53 Avenue Hoche. He is said to be the richest man in Europe and to control Vickers' and Maxim's in England; to have bought ships right and sold them right.

Tuck says that Zaharoff organized the European pool on armor plate, making himself great wealth.

Varilla says Zaharoff was, thirty years ago, a money changer in the corner of a sleeping-car ticket office in Paris.

I found him a charming man, although an invalid from a motor accident. He had a Russian father and Greek mother. He gave 75,000,000 francs to help the hospital work of France and backed the Venizelos movement of Greece.

Sir Basil Zaharoff said to me, in greeting: "What a beautiful smile you have. Always come to my door and you will be welcome."

I looked across his pain-racked body to the flowers massed around the courtyard by the window, that from his invalid chair he might get what?

A friendly greeting, a smile and a flower. The richest man in the world could command no more.

"Don't pass me by. Always come to my door," he said, and I knew the cause of the invitation was not the international finance we talked for an hour, but merely my carefree smile.

BERLIN, April 17, 1921.

At six P.M. called on Doctor Dernburg at his residence at Grunewald. It is a beautiful palace, with a garden, iron railings and gates and stone posts. The dining room was richly gilded. I took tea with his family in the library. He explained to me that he had rented the upper part of his house and was now building an extension in the rear to give himself a sleeping room. The law allows only so many rooms. The rest must be occupied or taxed.

He said he was not a lawyer; did a little writing, was on some directorates and was in politics. He said American stenographers in Vienna must get 1,000,000 kronen a year, or thirty dollars a week.

Doctor Dernburg said: "Perhaps you see, Barron, now what it is to dwell in an occupied country. They make us pay coal to France, and the coal reparations made the English coal strike. They made us deliver ships, and now one-third of the world tonnage is unoccupied. They did not credit us with ships at the price at the time of the Armistice, but at present valuations. They sold one of our ships the other day for £20,000, after the Admiralty has expended £145,000 on it for repairs. It was a 6000-ton ship.

"We were charged seventy-two pounds a ton for ships lost or destroyed by submarines during the war, and credited with seventeen pounds per ton on tonnage returned.

"They tell a story in Vienna that when a man asks how much money he can get on a $1000 draft, the reply is: 'As much as you want.'"

BERLIN, April 19, 1921.

Lunched with Lady d'Abernon. She wanted to know why I did not go to the funeral of the Kaiserin. I said I had much more important matters to attend to in studying this financial situation, and Lord d'Abernon agreed with me. Lady d'Abernon said it was the first military parade since the war, or for two years—300 German officers in line. Later, Raymond Swing told me that to his mind it was more like the funeral of the military party. Everyone was there—all the old officers—Hindenburg, Falkenhayn, Ludendorff, and so on—and the people were willing to look at them, but took no interest in them as military men. It was clear the German people were through with militarism when they made the strike a year ago against Ludendorff and his troops, with everybody from the officials to the office boys and workingmen refusing to work. It was the demonstration that ended German militarism.

LONDON, May 2, 1921.

Dined with Leverhulme at the Hill, Hampstead Heath, and again admired his pictures, including Farquharson's famous sheep painting.

Leverhulme retires at 9:15 and rises at 4:30 every morning; takes a cup of tea, which he makes himself in his room. Then he works, arranging his papers without a secretary. He is seventy years of age.

S. S. OLYMPIC, WESTBOUND, May 6, 1921.

Lafayette H. Defriese, of New York, said: "I have been abroad many times as adviser for foreign interests. I was in Hamburg with Ballin and the Kaiser when they laid out a plan and sent me a retainer to look after their legal interests in the matter—a plan for a Hamburg-American terminal just below Guaymas on the west coast of Mexico. I sent back the retainer. The plan they contemplated was not only a terminal for the Hamburg-American but possession of a harbor, with the right to fortify it. The German ambassador in Mexico was notified to cancel that contract or an American fleet would be dispatched to the city, and the contract had to be canceled. The Kaiser was in everything."

S. S. OLYMPIC, May 9, 1921.

Sam Hill said: "Two years ago, in Tokio, at the house of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Uchida said to me there were three things they learned concerning America and the Great War. 'The way the people of the United States sprang to arms showed us that the character and spirit of the people were its strength, and not armies and navies. Second, your great wealth—so great it was impossible for us to count it upon our little buttons. Third, the solidarity of the English-speaking peoples.'"

NEW YORK, September 23, 1921.

E. L. Doheny said: "Zaharoff of Paris was interested in our enterprise. It was his capital that sent the first airship over the ocean. Zaharoff is a Knight of England, a citizen of France, a Greek by birth, and for a time lived in Russia, a citizen of that country. Zaharoff financed Venizelos and prevented Greece from joining the Germans. In the same way he saved Italy to the Allies."

PARIS, March 26, 1923.

At 6:30 Bunau-Varilla's motor left me at 53 Avenue Hoche, and after five minutes in the drawing-room of Sir Basil Zaharoff, admiring his beautiful paintings by Boucher—1703 to 1770—he took me into his library. I looked out to admire his flowers, running in a gallery around his garden. He said "Wait a moment" and turned out the lights in the library and turned on the lights in the garden, and the flowers were most beautiful; some wonderful yellow lilacs, the like of which I had never seen before. He said, "The birds come down in quantities and shake those lilacs and catch the falling seeds before they touch the ground." Then we returned to the library, and he said:

"The world is in very bad shape. Two signatures could fix everything aright. Let Great Britain and the United States—and the United States is the big fellow—declare and sign that they would protect the frontier of France, and the world would disarm. There would be no further need for arms or armament. What a pity it is not done."

I said: "There is an overruling Providence that plans such matters, and we are never permitted to see that Providence or the future, or we would lose our freedom in thought and action."

He said: "I am not a religious man, but I believe in a God, and I am glad that you do."

(Continued on Page 153)

PHOTO, BY KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY
Dr. Bernhard Dernburg

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.
Sir Thomas Lipton

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.
Sir Basil Zaharoff

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Countess Cunard

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROS., N. Y. C.
Lord Leverhulme

KEYSTONE PHOTO.
H. Gordon Selfridge

MIRTHFUL HAVEN

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

"Henry Swears He's Goin' to Slip Up to Pelter's First Chance He Gets After Dark and Fix Up a Date With You. How 'Bout Me Beatin' Him Out on That, Edna?"

XVI

CAPTAIN EMBURY'S shrewd eyes shot one blue gleam of acute scrutiny at Edna's face, saw instantly much of the truth and comprehended the message to him that was contained in her words.

"Remember you?" he said jovially. "You haven't met many young men—or old ones, either—that ever had a look at you and forgot you, have you? Miss Shellpool, this is Mrs. Arden and my good friend, Mr. Warbeck. Likely, Mr. Corning had the good fortune to meet you at Stony Brook. That gives me a big advantage over you, Mr. Corning, because I've known her for three hundred years."

"You've—you've what?" the dazed young man stammered. "But you ——"

"I think Captain Embury means in the person of his ancestors and Miss Shellpool's," Warbeck explained. "You weren't speaking of a former incarnation, were you, Captain?"

"No, sir; I mean through our great-great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers—I don't know how many times you'd have to say 'great'—that came over on the same ship from England, sixteen twenty-two. You won't meet many young ladies that can show a family tree straight through three hundred years and better like Miss Shellpool's, I guess! Doubt if there's a dozen families in the United States as old as hers; doubt if there's half a dozen! Talk about old families!" He beamed upon her fondly, and added, "Yet I don't believe I ever heard her mention it!"

"No," Edna said, and laughed a little nervously. "It wouldn't do to be bragging about that to Captain Francis Embury, would it?"

"You?" he said. "You wouldn't brag of anything—wouldn't ever have heard about the prizes you won at school if your grandmother hadn't written me!" He turned, beaming, to his other guests. "This young lady's got a terrible fault of underratin' herself. You'd never know from her about anything splendid she did; yet I guess she's got plenty pride enough hidden down deep to be about as stiff-necked in some ways as you'd care to see." He laughed rallyingly, patting her lightly upon the shoulder. "I guess so! Glad to see you're gettin' some color back in your face, too, instead o' that pallor your schoolbooks gave you."

"There seems to be some excuse for the color just now," Edna said. "I think Mrs. Arden's looking at the model of the Martha Embury, Captain, and would like you to tell her about it."

Mrs. Arden, smiling, shook her head. "No, Miss Shellpool, I wasn't looking at the ship model; but if it's a relief to you I will." She went to the other end of the room where there stood, in a glass case upon a table, a miniature white-hulled ship with masts and yards almost veiled in an intricate miracle of silken rigging; and her eyes widened as she saw it more closely. "Dear me! I've seen ship models before, but never anything like this, I think! Someone told me it had taken eight years in the making, but now I shouldn't be surprised to hear that it had needed twenty, Captain."

"No, only eight," he said, much gratified, as he and Warbeck followed her. "Of course, there were whole days durin' that time, too, when I didn't even touch her."

Gordon had detained Edna near the fireplace. "What did you say that for?" he asked in a low voice. "I mean, asking me if I remembered you and telling me that you were Edna Shellpool?"

"Well, I am!"

"More mystery!" he groaned. "Well, I give it up! Where have you been? Why haven't you come back to the beach? Why on earth aren't you willing to tell me where you're staying?"

She shook her head, but, for the first time since he had known her, she looked at him smilingly and seemed friendly. "I will again some day—perhaps."

"You'll what again some day? Tell me where ——"

"No. See you."

"Look here!" he said, upon a sudden suspicion. "It may be a far-fetched idea, but have you any particular reason to regard the Cornings as a parvenue family? We're not, and I hadn't thought you might be a snob about such a thing; but I have known people, otherwise sane, who did set themselves up to be pretty high hat because of family, and what Captain Embury says about yours ——"

"No," she interrupted with a little sharpness. "Don't talk nonsense."

"Well, when will you see me? Where ——"

"I can't tell you." She touched his arm. "Come; the Captain's telling them about the Martha Embury, and you mustn't miss anything he says."

Unwillingly he followed her to join the group at the other end of the room, and then stood looking at her and hearing but vaguely the Captain's story of how the model had been made correct to the last tiny block and minute stay, years after he had lost the original, the finest clipper ship of all the seas, upon an uncharted rock off the Brazilian coast on a calm day.

Mrs. Arden was fascinated. "Don't stop!" she said when he seemed to have finished this narrative. "Don't!"

"No? Be careful—bright eyes make old sailormen a great deal too talkative! Yet she's worth talkin' about—the Martha Embury. Named her for my mother, I did, and she lived up to the name. She held the record from Singapore to New York; made it on her second voyage.

Had to be remasted twice, after typhoons she was in—wicked, dreadful winds, they were; I never thought to last through either of 'em. Took her up the Straits after Krakatoa blew up. These three young people could hardly remember when that was, even if they were three times older than they are, but you might remember the red sunsets of that summer, Mr. Warbeck—you'd have been only a little boy, of course."

"You always flatter me, Captain," Warbeck said. "I was a pretty big boy, I'm afraid, that summer, forty-odd years ago, and I recollect the red sunsets."

"Came from fine powder in the air—powder that the island of Krakatoa exploded itself into," the Captain went on. "Blew all the way round the world three times, that powder did, and made the reddest sunsets ever seen by mortal beings. Headed to go up the Straits, the Martha Embury was, when Krakatoa blew up, and a British gunboat warned me off— said I couldn't get through and they were turnin' all ships back; I mustn't go on. But I knew I'd lose three weeks if I turned back and went all the way round instead of right on through the Straits, so I didn't heed 'em. Ashes had begun to fall already, but nothin' to what they fell mighty soon after we started in. Came down thicker and thicker, until we had darkness by day and blackness by night, and ashes deep on the ship like a heavy snow. Set a man the whole time to swab ashes off the glass over the compass; kept him busy, too, just doin' that and nothin' else. Went through miles and miles and miles o' pumice stone afloat on the sea, and sometimes we'd see snakes writhin' on it, and sometimes we saw corpses on it, too. No wonder we saw them when that dreadful island had made thirty thousand of 'em out o' livin' people! Cut clear through the Martha Embury's copper sheathin', that pumice stone did; but she made the passage, and I guess we were a queer sight to ships we met up beyond." He broke off, laughing chidingly at himself. "Mercy! I mustn't get to spinnin' sea yarns or pretty soon I'll be tellin' you all about stern guns and Chinese pirates—how they'd lie in among the islands with their boats all covered with green branches so 't a ship couldn't tell they were there and—— There I go!" He stopped again and, gayly resisting immediate pressure from Mrs. Arden and Warbeck, "No, no!" he said. "Not the sea-serpent, either, Mr. Warbeck—'twas only a giant sea snake that lives in those tropical parts, anyhow, swimmin' with three monstrous hoops of him out o' water and —— There I go again! Let me show you some o' the other rooms where there's matter o' more interest to the ladies, I'm sure."

With that he opened a door and began to lead the little party upon what proved to be a sightseeing tour of this floor of the house. He showed them capacious closets shelved to the ceiling to give space for delicately gleaming Chinese porcelains; he opened chests of embroideries, brocades, silks and Venetian velvets and laces; explained the symbolism of Oriental bronzes and of Eastern carvings in crystal and jade and coral and ivory; tapped with a little ebony mallet upon great vases to prove the difference in the ware by the difference in the ringing vibration of the sound, and Mrs. Arden observed, with a twinkling eye, that all these vases, which stood upon high pedestals of carved teakwood, were neatly lashed by small ropes to brass rings in the wall behind them. He fondly yet modestly exhibited to his guests inlaid boxes of satinwood and sandalwood and camphor, other boxes of tortoise shell, of mother of pearl, of filigreed ivory, all of them exhaling a faint, ancient odor; he had Warbeck and Gordon compare the deceptive weight of chunks of pumice stone with that of giant clamshells, and brought forth barbaric implements and weapons, and garments of dully dyed fiber from the South Seas, including a narrow tapa scarf given to him by an island chieftainess.

"Pleasant, she was," he said, pausing for a moment of reminiscent appreciation. "Generous, too, because 'twas about all she had on. Fine people, they are; but they just swim and eat and wear flowers and laugh and die—no better 'n the animals!" The Chinese mandarin of the old school, he said, was typically the noblest human creature he had ever known. "Finest gentlemen, too," he added, and brought from a cabinet the small meteorite that he had himself seen fall in a mandarin's garden as he sat feasting close by. "Had it dug up right away, still hot, he did, and gave it to me the minute he saw me look at it. Knew how to make presents, those men did, so 't you couldn't refuse 'em, no matter how selfish you felt about takin' 'em." He returned the meteorite to a shelf of the wide and high glass-fronted cabinet wherein were chunks of yellow sulphur the Captain had brought up from the craters of smoking volcanoes, bits of petrified wood, spiderlike dried vegetable growths from the depths of tropical waters, dried sea horses, orange-colored starfishes, groups of delicate shells and dozens of specimens, large and small, of contrasting varieties of coral. With the exhibition of his coral, however, the Captain became slightly argumentative.

"I suppose you ladies and gentlemen think the learned men are right when they claim coral's the work of an insect, do you?" he asked, with a hint of testiness in his voice. He turned to Gordon. "Now, this young gentleman is probably fresh from college, where likely he heard learned men lecturin' on such matters. They told you coral was the work of an insect, didn't they, Mr. Corning?"

Gordon, thus directly addressed, looked confused, like one suddenly roused from a vivid dream. "Well—of a polyp," he said.

"Yes, sir, of a polypus. Did you believe 'em?"

"Naturally."

"You did!" the Captain exclaimed, and the rosiness of his handsome old face became a little deeper in tint. "I'd like to have those learned men here to look at this collection o' corals I made from all over the world and answer me a few questions. I'd like 'em to tell me why some o' these specimens are like moss, some like mushrooms, some like buddin' flowers, some like ferns and some exactly like little trees and twigs and bits o' bushes—every bit of it all like

(Continued on Page 74)

"No," Edna said. "It Wouldn't Do to be Bragging About That to Captain Francis Embury, Would It?"

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 21, 1930

Protection From Ugliness

NATIONAL distaste for objectionable outdoor advertising grows from year to year, and one state after another is adopting measures to bring it within limits that are tolerable. New Jersey is the most recent to pass an act for the control, regulation and taxation of billboard display.

This law exacts an annual license fee of one hundred dollars from those who erect and operate billboards, and imposes a tax of three cents a square foot upon the space so employed. It requires a written list of the location of all display stands and authorizes the denial of permits for such as would be detrimental to near-by property values or would increase the hazards of highway traffic.

The New Jersey act is temperate in its terms and appears to have been drawn with great care. It recognizes the right of property owners to be protected from injury, and the state's own duty to safeguard highway traffic from the visual obstruction of billboards erected too near road intersections and railway crossings.

As far as it goes, it appears to be a sound act; and possibly it goes as far as it should at this time, in view of the still somewhat unformed state of public opinion. We hope, however, that legislation on this subject will not make too long a halt at this point.

There are other principles, scarcely less important, which will deserve the fullest recognition just as soon as the general consensus of opinion takes them into account and realizes their soundness.

Sooner or later we must perceive and accept the principle that the public has a right to enjoy the beauty of the outdoor scene, highway as well as hill and dale and distant prospect, unmarred by the abuse of the rights of real property; and that this right is just as valid as that of the landowner to use his ground for his own profit or advantage. No one doubts that it is within the police powers of the states to abate many nuisances maintained or sanctioned by owners of real property. Industries which annoy neighbors by foul odors or noxious gases or intolerable noise are held strictly accountable. Residential neighborhoods are properly protected, as a matter of course, from the incursion of newcomers whose activities would be obnoxious, make life uncomfortable and thus lower property values.

These safeguards are rightly accorded to the comparatively few who would be daily affected by such nuisances. Why, then, should the rights of the general public be denied like consideration? Why should we not be protected from needless ugliness and tawdriness, just as we are from other unpleasant assaults upon the senses? The answer is that we should be, and that we shall be just as soon as we unite in a general chorus of protest against present conditions and practices.

Billboards are not the only contributors to the tawdry ugliness of many of our highways. Other offenders are the small signs grouped by the score to advertise soft drinks, cigarettes and patent medicines, gaudily painted hot-dog stands and refreshment booths, and ugly roadside garages and filling stations. These in many regions are less unsightly than they once were; and many of the oil companies have made praiseworthy efforts to see that their newer stations are attractive rather than the reverse.

The future outlook for unblemished roadside beauty might be much worse than it is. The rights of the public are always the last to be recognized and protected. The individual who suffers injury from his neighbor sets up an instant hue and cry, hires a lawyer and has his day in court; but the long-suffering public is lethargic, unorganized and inarticulate. It requires the untiring efforts of women's clubs, chambers of commerce, local business organizations and village improvement societies to spur it into action and to make its voice heard in legislatures. Such organizations are now so numerous, so alive to their responsibilities, and so well versed in the technic of getting things done that the needed spur will not be lacking.

Time-Wasting Doctors

THE wealth and variety of available statistics are amazing, and yet the earnest seeker for knowledge who would substitute facts for surmise and guesswork too often finds that the statisticians are silent and can give him no help. We have often wished, for example, that we could find some authoritative figures to tell us the cash value of the time that patients are forced to waste in the waiting rooms of medical and surgical specialists who are dilatory about keeping appointments, and who allow those with whom they have engagements for a definite hour and minute to twiddle their thumbs and leaf over dog-eared magazines in outer offices for periods ranging from half an hour up.

These specialists are usually very busy and often overworked men, but they are no busier and no more overworked than many of their patients, who, nevertheless, manage to be on time for every engagement and regard promptitude as an obligation just as real and tangible as the payment of the butcher's bill. Indeed, the busier and more important an executive is, the more likely he is to keep his appointments on the dot, for he is as unwilling to keep others waiting as he is to have his own time wasted in the same way. Punctuality is as much a part of the ethics of business as it is of its policy and its code of good manners.

Broadly speaking, the highly specialized wing of the medical profession, with all its virtues—and they are legion—has never learned this fundamental of business; and, as a consequence, patients suffer annoyance, vexation and delay, to say nothing of the money value of their wasted time. The famous and the obscure are often sinners alike in this regard. This is perhaps the chief reason why many busy men of affairs fight shy of doctors' offices and deny themselves the benefit of expert advice as long as they dare.

The specialists will declare that their business is different and cannot be run on a time-table. This answer might appear convincing were it not for the fact that there are many doctors—specialists of high degree—who have shown its fallacy by so organizing their own work and their own offices that they receive those who call by appointment with as much punctuality as if they were bank presidents or great industrial leaders.

This happy faculty for being always on time is indeed partly the result of planning and organization, but it is also very largely a matter of habit and of mental attitude toward others. Even in professional offices the Golden Rule is twenty-four carats fine.

There are many methods and systems whereby this promptitude is insured. It is not likely that any one method would be the best suited to every office, but there is probably some system that would meet the requirements of any particular set of conditions. There is, for example, an eminent New York internist who is at his hospital every morning at seven and sees his first office patient at 8:30 precisely. He divides his morning into consultation periods of twelve minutes each. Lengthy examinations are allotted two or more periods, and if they do not suffice, supplementary appointments are made for other days. This physician reserves his afternoons for emergency consultations and for short-notice appointments for those who are willing to pay double fees for immediate attention.

This is a simple system, but it works. It makes punctuality possible. In another office it might produce naught but chaos, but this is not to say that some other method might not bring about equally good results.

The resources of medicine and surgery are increasing faster than ever before. The odds on the patient's ultimate recovery or cure become greater year by year. It is a pity that the personal efficiency and the office organization of our specialists should lag behind the steady forward march of their science.

The Control of Securities

IN THE detailed but readable report of the president of the New York Stock Exchange, who, after a long service, retired on May first of this year, the question was raised as to whether the overissuance of securities can be prevented in the future. In this connection, Mr. Simmons repeated his previous statement that the rapid issuance of new securities was a primary cause of congestion early last autumn and "intensified a price decline, inevitable from other causes, into the panic which followed." But the question of regulating or controlling security issues existed long before the events of last autumn, and will arise to plague the country more than once again in the future.

Although the comments of the retiring president of the Stock Exchange on this point were interesting enough, he had no definite suggestion to make, in which attitude he is not alone. The problem has up to the present remained unsolved. Possibly, something of a statistical nature may be learned from the newer technic of industry in keeping its inventories low. But Mr. Simmons points out an essential difference between commodities and securities, in that the latter are not consumed like commodities, and therefore may come back upon the market at any time. Most of the suggested legislative remedies are puerile. Certainly the licensing of all brokers and dealers in securities would not prevent the occasional creation of too many securities or of those of an undesirable nature.

Nearly every state has some kind of securities or blue-sky commission already. In addition, utility securities are supposed to be regulated by utility or public-service commissions in nearly all states, and railroad securities are controlled by the Interstate Commerce Commission. In spite of all this, it is a matter of common knowledge that the emission of securities as a whole frequently gets quite out of bounds, to the serious detriment of the country. The Federal Government did assume complete control of this activity for a time during the war, but no one suggests such an extreme measure in times of peace.

The Stock Exchange alone cannot control the output, since so many security-issuing firms and companies are not members of the Exchange or subject to its jurisdiction. Yet we do feel that the various agencies concerned, such as the stock exchanges, the state blue-sky commissions, the public-service commissions and the bankers' associations, especially those of investment bankers, might jointly study the subject from time to time and act more vigorously and coöperatively for the public good. The country abounds in these commissions and associations—enough, it would seem, to accomplish almost any suitable purpose, if only there existed a modicum of initiative in the way of joint leadership and a sense of larger responsibility. Excessive issues of securities might be curbed if all the agencies concerned were willing to study the subject and jointly announce their findings.

LOCUSTS FROM THE CITY

By DAY EDGAR

THE errand, though distasteful, was a familiar one; so I jumped across our brook and hurried toward the woman.

"I must ask you not to pick those," I began.

With one hand clinging to a branch, she turned a plump face resembling the face of the little boy who stood near her, his arms loaded with our blossoms.

"Why not?" she demanded.

"That's a cherry tree," I explained, "and the owner wants the cherries this summer."

Scores of times I have made similar explanations to other trespassers; hence I was not surprised when this one, like the others, regarded me with strong disfavor.

"Are you the owner?" she asked suspiciously.

"No, he lives up there," I said, pointing to the hilltop I had just left. "He sent me down to ask you not to take——"

"Well, he must be pretty mean!" she snapped, letting go of the branch. "They're not doing him any good away down here."

"Perhaps you don't understand," I suggested. "You see, every branch that's broken off means fewer cherries. Besides, it damages the tree."

Pointedly ignoring me, the woman turned to the boy.

"Come on, Artie," she said loudly. "We'd better go before they start complaining about us breathing the air here!"

She and the boy, with the armful of our blossoms, drove away in their shiny sedan, leaving me covered with ignominy and dust.

It was a situation in which I have found myself innumerable times during the past twenty summers; for I grew up, and still live, on sixty acres which are, unfortunately, located within easy motoring distance of a city. Thus I have acquired a thorough knowledge of trespassers, and when I talk about them I am discussing something much more familiar to me than are Shakspere and the musical lasses.

Inevitably, I have met and talked to all kinds—rich ones and poor ones, fashionable ones and bedraggled ones, male and female, old and young. After all these years, there remains only one type I have never met among these countless trespassers. I have not yet discovered among them a lady or a gentleman. It must be that well-bred people refrain from intruding, to steal or spoil, where they are not wanted.

For me there is still one element of surprise about the trespasser, and that is his reaction when asked to leave the premises. A person caught in the act of trespass might be expected to go willingly from a place where he has no right to be. It would be too much to expect that he drop his loot; to us rural dwellers, however, it seems reasonable that he should at least depart in silence. He doesn't. Instead, he stands and argues, withdraws reluctantly and covers his retreat with angry accusations of stinginess; which is exactly what a city man proceeded to do, one Sabbath afternoon, when I discovered him busily stealing our elderberries.

"They're just growing wild, ain't they?" he challenged, glaring at me from among the bushes.

"Sure they are," I agreed. "But they're growing on our property."

"You'd rather see them go to waste than let somebody have them, wouldn't you?" he said scornfully.

His statement was inaccurate. We utilize the crop from those bushes every year. The little berries make an excellent jelly; or, for those of a more dashing temperament, the juice will produce a domestic wine that sparkles beautifully in the glass.

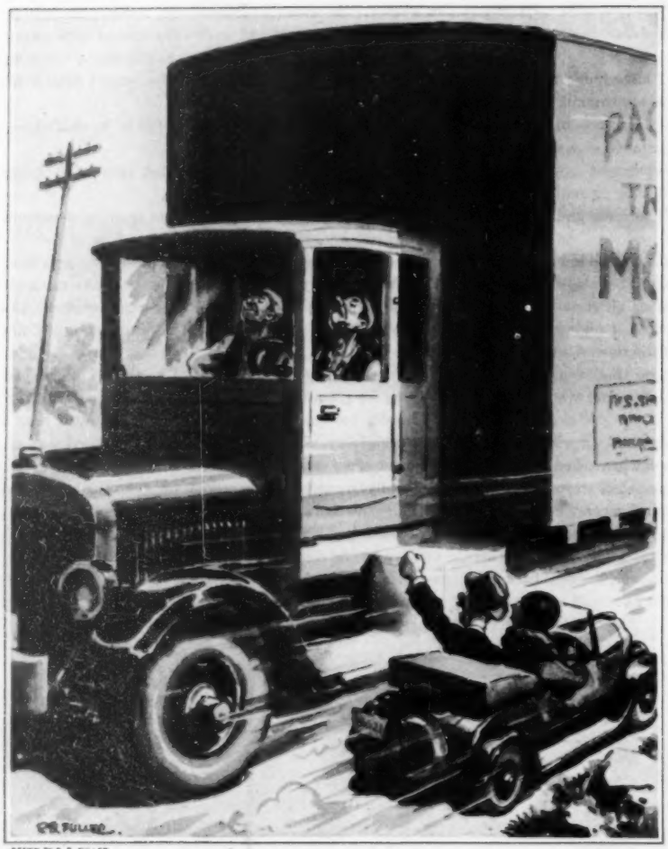
"They're not going to waste," I replied. "We're just waiting for them to get ripe."

Therein lies one of the tragedies of owning land near a motor highway. In order to get our fruit or berries at all, we must often snatch them while they are still half green. Naturally, we would prefer to wait until the sun has turned them mellow and sugar-flavored, but if we hesitate too long, a vandal in an automobile will carry them away. So, with one eye on the ripening fruit and one on the stopping cars, we play a game of watchful waiting, and when we look down one day and see the overt act, we are not too proud

(Continued on Page 118)

THE JOWER

POST SCRIPTS



DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

"Say, Who D'You Think You are, Anyway?"

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"My Dear, Doctor Psycho Says One Should Not Check Infant Play Impulses"

Net Fan Flays Links Game

BOY, give me tennis any time. You can have your golf, but give me tennis. Honestly, I don't see how you can sit there and tell me you like golf better than tennis. Why, with tennis you have action every minute, but golf—why, golf you just take a sock at the ball and walk a hundred yards. Or, I guess, in your case, twenty-five yards. Of course, you get more exercise out of golf than most.

You could be playing tennis and getting real exercise instead of playing that dumb game. Time enough for golf when you haven't got enough life in you to play tennis—that's what I always say. Think over the ones in this club that play tennis, and then think over the ones that play golf. Old Man Brank, he can hardly carry a club, but I bet he beats you at golf. Come on, own up. Can you beat Old Man Brank? I'll bet you can't. And some of the women, I'll bet, get better scores than you, and here you are young and supposed to have a lot of life. Well, what good's it doing you? None at all. You're being beaten at your own game by people three times your age. Gee whiz, if I play a game, if I'm going to lose I want to at least lose to somebody my own age, not somebody that was old before I was born. But you don't figure that way, I guess. Well, all I have to say is, you're foolish not to enjoy real sport while you can. You'll have a long time to play that old man's game, but you can only play tennis when you're young and vigorous.

It's really a pity to see you moping around in the grass—honestly it is. Gee, when I play a game, I play for exercise.

Oh, by the way, I see you have me down for a nine on the sixth. I took a six, and no more. Hereafter, I'll keep score.

—JOHN O'HARA.

Commencements

REMARKING, "Now the world's my oyster,"
I bustled from my student cloister,
Opened the oyster, looked to see,
And shut it rather hurriedly. —*Rex Keep.*

DRAWN BY MARGE

"Come On, Bill, We're Going Swimming!"

An Inquiring Attitude

I THINK it possible that I could find
Some happiness not wholly of the mind;
Dancing, perhaps, might bear investigation,
Or kissing someone not a near relation.
—*Sarah Hammond Kelly.*

Moments With the Younger Matrons

"MY DEAR, it simply slays me the way practically everybody you meet nowadays is abs'lutely entirely preoccupied with the most utterly trivial kind of things. Do you know what I mean?"

"Isn't it true, my dear? But, you know, I'm firmly convinced that most people nowadays are terribly sort of superficial or something, aren't you?"

"Oh, my dear, I don't think there's a doubt of it! Simply everybody is just consecrated on kind of ephemeral sort of things. I mean, they simply don't grasp the essential values at all. Do you really think they do?"

"Of course not! Honestly, I think it's too tragic, my dear—I mean I really do, you know."

"Well, my dear, I've given up—I mean I honestly have—because I mean it's a perfect waste of time to try and talk to anybody nowadays about things that matter, sort of. I mean, they simply sort of gaze at you with a vague, stupefied expression and think you're positively barmy or something!"

"Isn't it true, my dear? Really, I think it's too hectic—I mean, I actually do! Have you been following the naval conference at all?"

"Only in a sort of vague way, my dear. Are they getting anywheres, do you think?"

"Well, I couldn't be sure. I mean, I think it's rather a bore, to tell you the truth."

"Frankly, that's what I think, my dear. I really think things like that are rather insufferable, don't you?"

"But I spose it's a good thing to get rid of our battleships and things if we can."

(Continued on Page 100)

More invigorating than ever in summer!

Why this famous Tomato Soup is especially appealing now!

Summer brings its trying days that put an extra tax on strength and energy. How refreshing and invigorating now is the bracing, tonic Campbell's Tomato Soup! Every spoonful of it delights your taste . . revives you . . gives you a new zest for work or play.

For the lively, sparkling flavor of this famous soup always strikes a responsive chord in your appetite. And the hot soup arouses and aids a digestion made sluggish by all the cold foods of summer.

Remember, too, that the children are all the better for a plate of wholesome, healthful soup these strenuous summer days. And nothing could be more beneficial to them than the sunny goodness of Campbell's Tomato Soup. Look for the Red-and-White Label. 12 cents a can.

I'm the best little builder
You ever did see—
All vigor and muscle,
For Campbell's built me!

Your choice:

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
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Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

CHEESE FOR THE TRAP

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

RANDY HYDE possessed that type of mind, admirable according to the psychologists, which makes its owner appear never to be busy at anything but what accomplishes results. Always he seemed to have an abundance of leisure; he went everywhere and did everything permitted to a young man of his great wealth and social position. It is not of record that anyone ever sat by to admire an hour of his industry. The world at large, and even his most intimate friends, had no idea he desired to accomplish anything at all; but for all that, it was rather amazing what he managed to get done.

When his father died, Randy became the youngest billionaire in the world. The great fortune was left in the hands of trustees, but, nevertheless, with such legal provisions that Randy, should his inclinations turn that way, and his abilities run with his inclinations, could practically at will assume his father's obligations and authority.

These trustees—grave men and trustworthy—perceived negligible indications of such an ambition. Randy troubled them very little with his presence or his inquiries. But for all that, he was finding out a great deal for himself. Branches of the Hyde enterprises would be astounded by the sudden and unheralded appearance of Randy, apparently making a meaningless social call. Whereupon he would nose about aimlessly. Young executives would be amazed and delighted to be asked by Randy to play golf or to luncheon. In the same inconspicuous way he tapped various sources of information, until his trustees would have gulped and swallowed their astonishment if they had realized but a tenth of the understanding which he had of the complex ramifications of the Hyde millions.

Not only had Randy this unsystematic but efficient interest in affairs but his curiosity regarding life and human beings was so acute as almost to be a vice. This state of mind had been nurtured, doubtless, by the circumstances of his childhood and youth. His playmates had been detectives who guarded him from possible kidnapers; on his briefest excursion he had been accompanied by burly protectors. He had been shielded from publicity, which, of course, whetted the appetites of the purveyors of the world's news until Randy believed that life consisted in clicking cameras and absurd newspaper reporters who were eager for such details as the number of pajamas he owned, their color and their cost. The eye of the universe was upon him. He could be private only in his own room with the door locked; and even then, at intervals, some solicitous person would rap and demand to be told if all was well.

So Randy knew, at first hand, about as much about life as some castaway upon a desert island. What he knew he gathered from avidly read newspapers, from books of fiction, and from a perusal of histories and particularly biographies. But he was not studious. He was merely inquisitive.

Then, when he reached the maturity of twenty-two years, there came the great idea and the advent of Mr. Smithfield Wagg.

Smithfield looked as much like Randy Hyde as Randy did himself. Randy was accustomed to claim that he looked more so. At great expense, Randy located this double, and at further great expense made him a duplicate in all particulars with the exception of character and mind. He purchased two of everything, one for himself and one for Smithfield. Identical clothing, identical jewelry, identical motor cars. Thenceforward Mr. Wagg received a very satisfying salary in return for impersonating Randy upon occasions when Randy wished to be elsewhere, and for appearing where it was essential Randy should be present. Which spelled freedom. While detectives guarded zealously the goings and comings of Mr. Wagg, Randy Hyde poked into corners the mere contemplation of which would have brought beads of cold perspiration to the brows of his trustees. The world became Randy's oyster and he never tired of opening it.

If an interview with lawyers or trustees bade fair to annoy Randy, he substituted Smithfield Wagg, and the results were generally amusing to Randy, if bewildering to the important personages who were compelled to sit and listen; for Smithfield was a voluble young man with a hobby. Consequently, board meetings were held behind closed doors to formulate plans in the eventuality that Randy Hyde should end by going wholly insane.

Mr. Wagg took all these business meetings in a most serious way. As a matter of fact, he rather looked down upon Randy and up to himself. He fancied his own mental equipment, and the more he perceived the advantages of being a billionaire the more settled became his belief that he was more entitled to occupy it, by virtue of sterling character and mental superiority, than was his young and aimless employer. Consequently, he brought the full vigor of his mind to attack such problems as were laid before him by Randy's trustees or lawyers or executives. And meantime, because of a half-formed idea, concealed even from himself, he practiced handwriting assiduously. Not that he could not write a neat Spencerian hand, but he could sign neither checks nor documents in the handwriting of Randy Hyde. However, after months of practice, he was arriving at a point where only an expert could detect the true from the spurious.

Randy Hyde stood in the door of Smithfield's room and spoke his morning's greetings.

"Waggy," he said, "Wanger—my personal counsel, you know—is coming this morning. He belongs to the genus Sweet Old Duck and I love him. But today is not my day to be pestered. Why should it be when I pay you handsomely to be pestered for me?"

"It is reprehensible," said Mr. Wagg, "to neglect one's manifest duties."

"Right. You guessed it the first time. Always be reprehensible if you can afford it, and it is my chief luxury. Now, old egg, when Wanger arrives and lays all before you, you will fix him with your intelligent eye and answer, 'Well, yes, and no.' Do you follow me?"

"I gather that you ask me to be noncommittal."

"When you gather," said Randy, "you gather. 'Noncommittal' is a swell word for what I mean. But I think you ought to have some practice. Let's hear you be noncommittal. Go ahead and noncommit. Pass the entrance examination in noncommittality."

"I presume," said Mr. Wagg, "you are being facetious."

"Any other audience," said Randy, "would get a stitch in its side. Mr. Wanger will be here at ten. In the library."

Mr. Wanger was prompt. "Well, Randy," he said as the latter greeted him, "it is the same thing that is on my mind again—marriage."

"Marriage!" exclaimed Mr. Wagg, for here was a subject which lay close to his academic heart. "It is a satisfaction to me to be made aware that someone is interested in marriage. Although much has been written upon that subject, there remain vast regions to be explored. For instance, let us examine the strange prenuptial rites of those primitive tribes who occupy the northeastern littoral of Papua ——"

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Wanger, blinking.

"Papua," persisted Mr. Wagg. "There, indeed, we have an unexampled opportunity to study the attitude of ——"

"I," said Mr. Wanger chidingly, "am serious about this, Randy. The matter is of first importance. This is no time for joking."

Mr. Wagg looked his astonishment. "Joking! Joking! I may say without fear of successful contradiction that I never have joked in my life, sir."

Mr. Wanger sighed. "If you are in that mood," he said hopelessly, and shook his head. "At any rate, I hope you will listen to me for a moment. We have learned it to be a fact that Patricia de Senlis is in this country. It is, I may

(Continued on Page 30)

She Looked at the Wilted Young Man. "Did You Shoot Someone?" She Asked. "No! Oh, I Didn't! I Didn't! I—I Found Him Lying There"

So Fresh in flavor . . .

More people now buy it than any other package butter

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Swift's Premium Quality seal, your guide to unvarying excellence, identifies a complete line of good foods.

The very look of these fine, large eggs assures you of the care with which they are selected and brought to you. Swift's Brookfield Eggs and Cheese are carried by the same dealer who supplies you with Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter.

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Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS

BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

(Continued from Page 28)

say, imperative to bring about a union between the Hyde and de Senlis interests. I can understand the difficulties of the situation, for the young lady unquestionably is eccentric. So far we have not been able to obtain a photograph of her, as you requested, nor have we been able to arrange for a meeting."

"You mean," asked Mr. Wagg, "that you wish me to form a matrimonial alliance?"

"Please, Randy," said his lawyer patiently. "We have done our best on both sides, but with two such young people to handle as yourself and Miss de Senlis, the task has been incredibly difficult. This passion of the young lady for remaining unknown to the public, the fact that she never would permit her portrait to be taken or published, and the fact of her upbringing in Europe and her distaste for appearing in the society of her home city have been insuperable obstacles to this moment. And you yourself have certainly not aided us."

Smithfield Wagg considered the proposition. Here seemed to him an opportunity to exercise that judgment of his own which he considered so vastly superior to Randy Hyde's. For reasons of his own, it seemed an excellent idea that Randy should marry.

"I shall aid you henceforward," he said.

"Eh?"

"I regard this marriage—any marriage, in fact—with unqualified approval. Let it be arranged as speedily as possible."

"But—er—Randy, you haven't seen her."

"A negligible detail," said Mr. Wagg.

"You mean ——"

"I mean that you will go ahead with all dispatch to bring this project to fruition. On my part, I am ready to marry this Miss de Senlis whenever you can produce her for that purpose."

Mr. Wanger stared. He swallowed. His eyes bulged dangerously. "I," he said in a strangled voice, "will be jiggered!"

"Do so," said Mr. Wagg, "although I do not know what it is or what bearing it has upon this matter. Is that all you have to say to me?"

"Without seeing her! Unsight-unseen! Boy, what's come over you? Are you feeling exactly well? Wouldn't it be wise to—er—to ask Doctor Severence to step around?"

"I am in excellent health," said Mr. Wagg.

Mr. Wanger arose. "This is rather disconcerting," he said gravely. "I—I am at a loss how to proceed."

"Proceed with dispatch," said Smithfield Wagg. "I leave the matter in your hands. Good morning, sir. I am occupied today with certain recently acquired data ——"

"Good morning," said Mr. Wanger hastily, and took his departure in a state of mind to be envied by no family counsel who is moved not only by a high sense of duty but by a real affection for his client.

In the meantime, Randy Hyde, in a suit of store clothes purchased in one of those lesser shops where an imperfect fit is almost guaranteed, let himself out of the house by a private side exit and strolled down the Avenue. The collar of his light coat was upturned and the brim of his hat was over his eyes. So there was about him very little to suggest the quiet immaculateness of his habitual attire. No eye, even that of an acquaintance, would have rested upon him an instant in recognition.

He delighted to look in the shop windows and to watch the pedestrians as they hurried along the great thoroughfare of the metropolis. Sometimes he played a sort of a game of percentages. It had to do with the young women who passed, and he made mental bets with himself as he proceeded. The idea was this: He had set an arbitrary table of ratings. The perfect young woman would receive twenty points for beauty, twenty points for intelligence, twenty points for dress, twenty points for class, and twenty points for what an inelegant generation has called sex appeal. It was an engrossing game, and he would wager with himself that the block, say, between Fifty-ninth and Fifty-eighth would run above an average of, say, sixty points. Or he would hazard some enormous sum that within a certain number of blocks he would encounter a young woman who would rank a general average of above eighty. It was vastly amusing and required a fine discrimination and judicial poise. Also he was somewhat disappointed to discover how few young ladies there were with whom he would delight to spend a leisure evening. He was distressed at the high number of pretty faces which managed to combine themselves with impossible ankles; and it made him positively ache to have it demonstrated to him that lovely legs seem to have no care whatever for the sort of faces it is their duty to transport about the town. He found that the points given for class, which meant to him not exactly aristocracy, but certainly breeding, a certain distinction of manner and of carriage, an air of unconscious self-respect and *savoir-faire*, were the fewest of all.

All this was very amusing and not without its educational aspect to a young man of twenty-three. It was upon his arrival at Twenty-second Street that his amusement quickened to sudden elation, for he found himself to be overtaking a young woman whose back was not only familiar but promised a high rating in the last and most difficult of his classifications. As to dress, he was able to grant her a full twenty points; as to beauty, he was willing—though he might be somewhat prejudiced—to grant her at least nineteen; and as for intelligence, he felt that a new classification altogether would be necessary.

This girl was none other than an elusive Miss Smith whom he had encountered a number of times in most unexpected circumstances. There seemed to be a sort of destiny in their meetings and he had grown rather to believe that an encounter with her was a harbinger of adventure. That her name was Smith, he did not believe; where she lived, he did not know; who she was or what she was, he had been unable to learn. But she, of all the world, had

(Continued on Page 119)

Her Frock Brushed Randy's Elbow as, Without Change of Expression, She Said, Between Lips Which Seemed Not to Move: "Beat it Out of Here, You Sap! Quick!"

News...if you drive a

Ford Model A Hudson
De Soto Dodge
Essex Reo

A new grade of Mobiloil is offered to scientifically meet the lubrication problem of your car . . .

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine Summer	1930 Engine Winter	1929 Engine Summer	1929 Engine Winter	1928 Engine Summer	1928 Engine Winter	1927 Engine Summer	1927 Engine Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	...	...
" Model T	...	...	...	...	...	...	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	...	...	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	...	...	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
" 8-80	...	...	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
" other models	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.6, Sp.6, Twin Ig.6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (other models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	...	...	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" 60, 69, 80	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (all models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...

In the cars listed above, and in certain models of other cars listed in the chart at the left, we recommend the use of the new Mobiloil "AF"—

Because—it will stand up better under the higher engine temperatures of today's fast driving, and last longer.

Because—it is heavier in body than Mobiloil "A" and lighter than Mobiloil "BB".

Because—it is made by the makers of the world's leading quality oils.

Because—it is the result of thorough engine and lubrication study by the most experienced staff of lubrication scientists in the world.

Because—it is made by the vacuum process in the world's most modern lubrication plants.

Because—it is made from the world's finest crudes, selected by the outstanding authorities on scientific lubrication.

Because—it sells at 30 cents a quart (35 cents in Southwest, Mountain, and Far Western States).

Add to the performance of your good car, the improved performance *correct lubrication* can give it. Let your Mobiloil dealer drain your crankcase today and refill with this outstanding new lubricant.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

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The 4-Door Sedan • Body by Fisher

$745 AND UP

BODY by FISHER

PERFORMANCE . . Yes! . . because its engine is the biggest in any six of its price

Even those who are first attracted to the Pontiac Big Six by its modish style and its wide reputation for dependability soon learn that big car performance is an outstanding Pontiac characteristic. And Pontiac delivers big car performance because it is engineered to big car power standards! ☛ Developing 60 horsepower, the Pontiac engine is the largest used in any six of Pontiac's price. High speeds are maintained without semblance of effort or strain. There is always an ample power reserve for hills. Traffic driving is accomplished largely with the accelerator—instead of the gear-shift lever. And because new-type rubber mountings insulate the engine from the frame, the power flow is always even, quiet and smooth. ☛ Performance . . . yes! Big car performance based on big car engine capacity and big car features of design. Yet the price is only $745! See your Oakland-Pontiac dealer—find out for yourself! ☛ Available in seven body types. Closed bodies by Fisher. All prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges.

For an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the Pontiac Big Six, write to the Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

"In our opinion the general adoption of the balloon tire will effect the greatest saving in maintenance and tire costs in the history of motor trucking," says The A. G. Boone Company, Motor Trucking Contractors, Columbia, S. C. They operate 160 trucks in five southern states.

"Balloons *stayed on top—high pressure tires bogged,*"

says the report on these road building operations. Now the whole Boone fleet is on Goodyear Truck Balloon Tires. After one grueling year the original set looks good for "six to ten months' additional service." They have already exceeded the normal mileage of high pressure tires almost 40%. In accurate tests they have cut gasoline mileage costs 6¼%. Wouldn't it pay to find out what

GOODYEAR TRUCK BALLOONS

can do for you?

These great new tires pioneered by Goodyear stand up under high speed operation, reduce truck maintenance costs, give more powerful traction, new safety, lower tire costs.

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THE BOY IN ATHLETICS

A Fifty-Meter Dash for Junior Athletes

In Circle—Passing the Baton in a High-School Relay

By Charles W. Paddock

TWENTY years ago we used to wait impatiently in the classroom for the noon-hour bell, which meant ten minutes for lunch and fifty minutes in which to play ball. It didn't make very much difference whether we were on the first team or not, because there was always some scrub nine where we could fit in. We derived just as much pleasure out of knocking a home run as a member of the fourth team as we might have done if we had been on the varsity. It was all in fun, and if one boy improved so much that he was no longer in our class, we were just as glad to get rid of him as he was to be promoted to a better team.

We played for the pleasure of seeing our own nine win, and we had the incentive of doing our best, with the hope that we might make the Big Team, which occasionally defeated a rival school. None of us will ever forget those rare assemblies when the captain of our victorious varsity was called to the platform by the principal and congratulated in front of the entire student body. That was a moment! Many of us pictured ourselves in his place, and dreamed of the time when we, too, should hit a homer with the bases full. Meanwhile we continued to have fun out of the game and allowed our development to take care of itself.

In those days sport was undoubtedly fulfilling its true purpose, and was not in any sense of the word a business. But with the present serious emphasis placed upon college athletics, competition in preparatory schools has assumed a new rôle. Outstanding athletes are approached by overly enthusiastic alumni of leading universities, and their invitations are generally accompanied by flattering inducements, until boys with natural ability acquire an eye not only for athletic prestige but for the dollars as well. Young athletes make themselves attractive to alumni scouts by transferring to larger high schools and to preparatory academies of national reputation.

Through for the Day

STUDENT bodies today are composed of spectators rather than of participants. Coaches find it easier to mold successful teams from a small squad of good men than from a large group of mediocre candidates. Overspecialization has become the keynote of preparatory athletics.

Not long ago I attended a track meet between two of the best-known Eastern prep schools. It was a nip-and-tuck affair, finally decided by the last lap of the relay. The anchor man of one team, a curly-headed youngster of sixteen, found himself with three full yards to make up on a fleet-footed rival. This boy had already won the hundred, the two-twenty and the quarter mile, as well as the broad jump. He was worn out when he took his place on the track for that final lap. With his fellow students yelling for him, and the coach urging him on, he made up the handicap and fought his way to the tape to win in a driving finish. Just before he reached the string, I saw him clasp his hand over his heart. His face was a picture of agony. A moment later he was in my arms, and I could feel his heart pounding like a triphammer. When we got him back to the dressing room a doctor examined him and, shaking his head, said, "It will be suicide for this boy to run any more. He will be lucky if he is able to lead a normal life."

The case of this youngster is not an exceptional one. The overemphasis on preparatory sport places almost every athlete in a similar position. My own high-school competition will illustrate what I mean. As a freshman of fifteen I was unusually large for my age, and possessed just about the same amount of natural speed as in college years later. I went out for track, and found that I could run the hundred, the two-twenty and the quarter mile with equal ease. Under the supervision of the high-school coach I commenced to train for the sprint events, and it was expected that I would compete in them as well as in the relay for the four high-school seasons ahead of me.

Came time for the first meet. I was lucky enough to win the hundred yards, which was then my weakest event. After the race my father said to me, "Son, go take your shower and get dressed. You are through for the day."

"But, father," I protested, "I've just started. I'm going to run the two-twenty and after that a lap in the relay. The team is counting on me, and so is the coach and the school."

"You're through for the day," said my father.

And that was that.

Even the principal protested my father's stand, and no one could quite comprehend why I should be kept out of races which I might easily have won. The fact that the school lost that day by a single point, and a subsequent meet by a small margin, made my withdrawal all the more "treasonable." It was not until years later that members of the student body forgave me, after it had become evident that other men who possessed just as much natural ability had nothing but bad health to show for their high-school overcompetition.

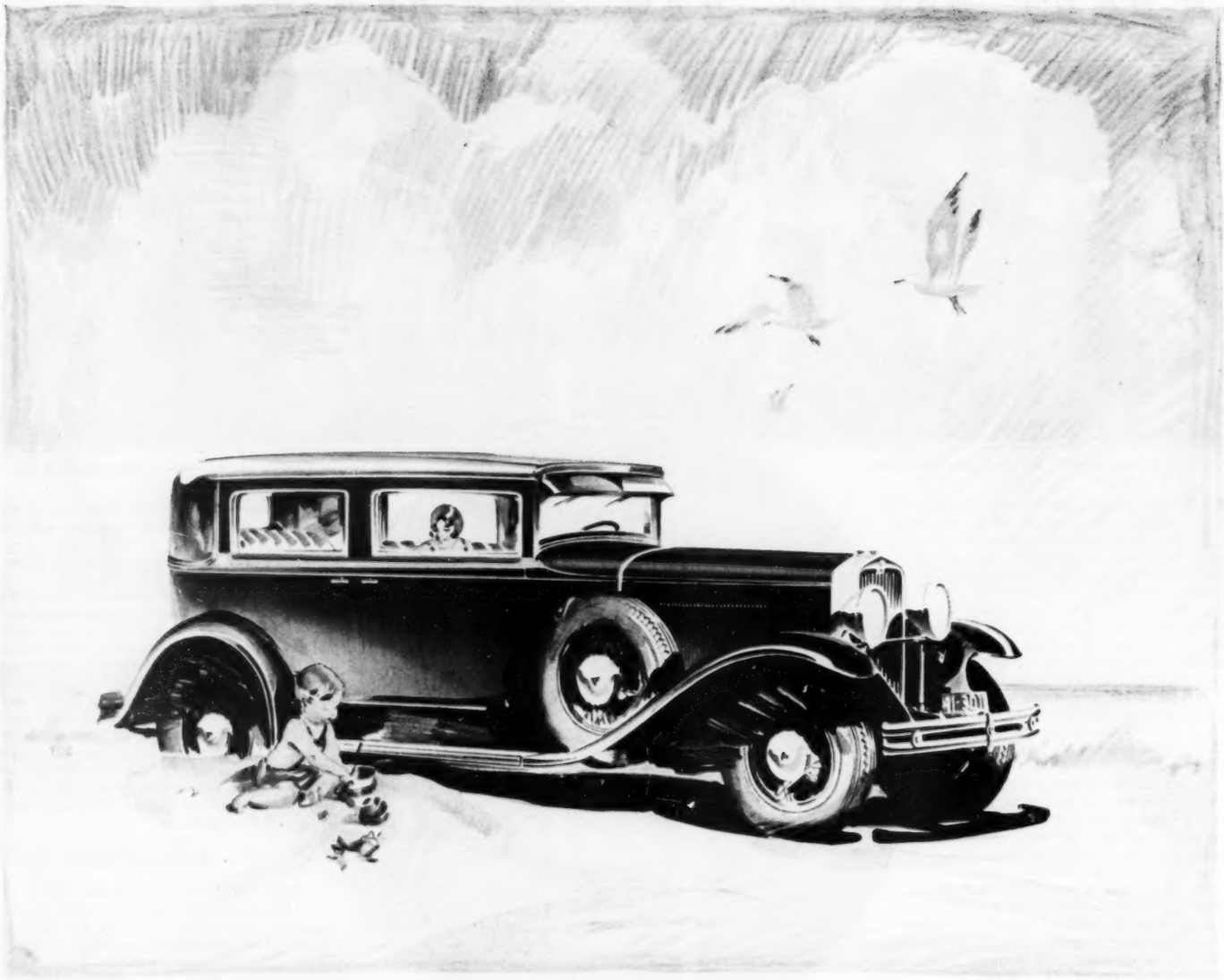
Home-Town Hero

MY FATHER'S careful conservation of my strength made it possible for me to derive many years of pleasure and satisfaction out of college and club competition.

Not all high-school boys are burned out, but the overemphasis often affects them harmfully in other ways. A friend of mine who was a young ox stood up under the rigorous competition to which a boy in the Middle West is often subjected, and has nothing to show for his years of athletic sacrifice but a dyspeptic disposition and a perverted sense of humor. This boy, whom we shall call Johnny, and whose real name is still well remembered among sports followers, hailed from a small-town high school, where he had been the star in football, basket ball, track and baseball. Though not large, Johnny was well-built, unusually strong for his age, and possessed dazzling speed on the football field. With a poor line in front of him and virtually no interference, he was fast enough to score touchdowns in almost every game. In his senior year he won the sectional championship for his team single-handed, not only in football but in basket ball and track as well. His body stood up under the strain of almost continuous competition, and though he was forced occasionally to take time out for himself in football and basket ball, his heart was strong enough to withstand it, and he made good on all his athletic expectations clear through his first college year.

During this period when Johnny was the hero of his school and of the town in which he lived, it was only natural that he should acquire a perverted sense of his own ability. When people told him that he had done more for his high school and his town than any other citizen, he believed them. After he had become a national figure he thought that he stood on the same plane as the leaders in other fields of achievement who had spent most of their lives in reaching their respective goals. The fact that he was entertained and hailed by the newspapers as one of them made him feel that he already had made his place in the world and that his life's work was done.

(Continued on Page 125)



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It Grows On You

Owners insist that the Viking Eight—like all really good things—improves upon acquaintance . . . that as the months and miles go by they discover sources of satisfaction which even the first thrill of new car ownership cannot equal. They say, for example, that they have found Viking's 90-degree V-type eight-cylinder engine to be truly competent in every requirement of speed, power, and acceleration—that its full-range smoothness adds to motoring pleasure. They say that its beautiful body by Fisher is staunch, quiet, and luxuriously restful. That its splendidly designed chassis contributes to comfort, security, and ease of control under all conditions. That, as time goes on, the many advantages of Viking's thorough dependability become more and more apparent. You can prove these things by talking to any Viking owner. And you can check the basis of this satisfaction by seeing and driving the car yourself. Then you will know what a truly fine automobile the Viking is . . . and you will understand why it grows on you as the miles roll by.

VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Restorations and Forgeries

By DAVID ROSEN

As Told to Avery Strakosch

The Head of the Limestone Statue of Queen Hatshepsut, Dug Up Near Deir el Bahri by the Egyptian Expedition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. With Restorations Made in Egypt

A NOTED American sculptor, whose opinion of himself exceeds even his great talent, stood with me one day in the British Museum. We were lost in admiration before a bust of the school of Scopas. This marble, created sometime during the fourth century B.C., when Greece was in her heyday, had lived through the intervening centuries rather luckily. One small disfigurement—part of the nose was missing—did not detract from its beauty. While we discussed and enjoyed this marvelous piece, I noticed a girl near by—evidently a student—drinking in our words of wisdom. Suddenly she approached us.

"But why," she asked—"why has the nose never been repaired?"

"Repaired?" repeated my friend in a tone of horror, as though some blasphemy had been uttered. "That repaired? Why, my child, nobody in the modern world could repair that—not even I!"

It was true. Every museum holds many treasures in sculpture which have been reconstructed, but there are more whose cheeks, chins and noses are missing, with lips cracked and otherwise damaged, which nobody can repair. They have been wisely let alone. The mind of the modern artist finds it practically impossible to restore the spirit of antiquity. Artists and connoisseurs know that these masterpieces cannot be improved by restoration. Too many vain attempts have been made in the past which proved the folly of trying to bring back broken statues to their original grandeur. The Winged Victory, even without a head, is so satisfying and impressive, most of us would be afraid to meet her face to face.

Putting the Ancients in Trousers

OF COURSE there will always be energetic little collectors who want to complete statues they've picked up at a bargain. They are the ones who indiscriminately gather together arms, legs, noses, ears and heads, adding them to torsos willy-nilly.

The desire to restore works of art is as old as the mania to collect them. There are records which tell of restorers' workshops in ancient Rome, and one was unearthed not far from the Forum. In it were many arms, legs and heads doubtless made to add to spoils from Greece. It is amusing to read the critical comments of Roman collectors, whose opinions of restorers were not always high. Then, as today, there were craftsmen whose enthusiasm to restore outran their ability. Many ancient statues have been found complete—with heavy-handed Roman restorations.

Beginning with the latter part of the seventeenth century and on into the eighteenth, a regular epidemic spread through Europe, in which many great sculptors abandoned themselves to an orgy of restoration. The Louvre is full of such examples. It is curious they did not realize their task was about as hopeless as a modern author's would be were he to attempt to complete the fragment of a Sapphic ode, or a musician's to conclude the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert.

It was at this time, too, that the Church suddenly realized, to its great discomfiture, that statues in the Vatican Museum were nude. Immediately fig leaves came into fashion. They seemed to blossom overnight. Sculptors must have done a rushing business. The passion for modesty went even further. Prince Pamfili of Rome dressed his statues in metal trousers. You can still see, in the Vatican Museum, the lower part of a figure, a copy after Praxiteles, hidden beneath a tin drapery.

Recently a life-sized figure of Venus, which had been reconstructed more than a hundred years ago, was brought to my studio. It did not take long to convince the intelligent owner that this figure would be greatly improved by removing all the new parts. He consented. No enthusiastic young surgeon has ever taken greater pleasure in operating than I when I did away with the entire restoration, consisting of the head, both arms and part of the legs, and even a dolphin which supported the figure at the base. How amazing it was to see the torso return to its early beauty when relieved of these impossible trimmings! Once it had been an overrestored statue labeled Venus, which made no particular impression, but today it stands in this gentleman's collection, a dominating Greek torso.

Many modern sculptors voluntarily break up their own work. They chop off those parts which do not harmonize with the whole, preferring to retain a fragment that is to their liking. Even the great Rodin did this.

I well remember one spring day years ago in Paris. I stopped to see him at his house in the Rue de l'Université. The concierge told me he was at work in the studio, but when I entered he was not there. I waited a few moments. Suddenly I heard sharp blows echoing from his pavilion beyond the house. Curious, I went outside, and there stood the master, the sun glinting his patriarchal beard—an unforgettable picture—as he swayed backward and forward with a mallet, knocking off the arms and head of one of his own creations. He was too occupied to notice me.

Finally, when the head fell to the ground with a dull thud, Rodin looked at it as Judith might have considered the head of Holofernes, smiled abruptly and murmured, "*C'est mieux.*"

When figures are first brought to light from excavations of forgotten cities, they are generally found in many parts—fragments. If they have been taken from roofless temples or other places exposed to the elements for a long time, they are weather-beaten and shell-shocked by age and wars. These invalids, when brought to restoration studios, are often puzzling cases. Their broken edges, no longer sharp but blurred by age, are the main difficulty. Which part belongs to which? How do they join? At what angle? Take, for instance, a torso that has been found in several parts. If incorrectly put together it may give an impression that it is bending forward when it should be leaning backward. It is in such cases that the knowledge, ingenuity and skill of the artist are called upon to help.

A New Slant on Venus

WHEN, more than a century ago, a peasant on an island of Greece removed a mound of ruined masonry in a field where he was plowing, he found to his amazement that this was really the roof of an underground chamber. He crawled into it quickly and at one end beheld the statue of a woman. An amphitheater in the vicinity had recently been purchased by a wealthy prince interested in excavation, and the peasant, remembering this, believed he had found something of value. He called some of his helpers and together they brought out two sections of marble, the two parts of the most famous single statue in the world, the Venus de Milo. It is recorded that Louis XVIII, after having been wheeled before the Venus in his invalid chair, was so impressed by her beauty, he gave an order which prevented any reconstruction of the figure. In the restoration studio of the Louvre the statue was only put together. Years later, in 1880, a noted archæologist, Geskel Saloman, was inspired to write a wordy treatise proving that she was indeed the Goddess of Love. He said that she had surely been one of a group of figures, that this could easily be seen by her position—that is, the angle of the upper part of her body, which made her lean backward as though she were amorously drawing a figure toward her—probably Hercules.

But four years later Saloman changed his mind. He wrote a second pamphlet retracting his former statements. What had happened? Why the sudden change of mind? It seems that Mr. Felix Ravaisson, of the Louvre, proved that the position of the upper part of the figure was wrong. He tilted it slightly forward into the graceful position in which all the world can see it today.

(Continued on Page 103)

PHOTOS, BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

The Head of Queen Hatshepsut Before Restoration

American Business and Business Men—By David Lawrence

THERE are all kinds of business men in the world, but there is only one Sidney Z. Mitchell. His philosophy is individual; his habits of administration are utterly unlike the accepted and traditional methods of the top executive, and in all probability few people have the courage to emulate his ways.

For Mr. Mitchell doesn't make definite engagements except occasionally, and even then rarely finds it possible to be on time. He has his own theory about punctuality, and because everybody who knows him well understands that he has a characteristic attitude toward the subject of time, he is naturally forgiven. As the head of the Electric Bond and Share Company, whose assets are $1,500,000,000, he also has the supervising responsibility of $4,000,000,000 of assets in affiliated companies.

It is not at all unusual for S. Z. Mitchell to try to get to a meeting at 10:30 in the morning and then arrive shortly after twelve o'clock. His associates, knowing that this might happen, keep right on working until they are summoned to the board room. Mr. Mitchell's colleagues never know when a meeting will be called or at what late hour they might be working. Engagements for the theater, the opera or anything else social may have to be abandoned every now and then when an emergency arises. With so many companies and with so many different situations coming up at a moment's notice, it is, as a rule, something vital requiring an instant decision, which interferes with personal plans.

I asked Mr. Mitchell, not long ago, just how he arranged his day's work.

"In the first place," he said, "I don't regard the business day as my own time. It isn't what's important to me personally that counts in a business as large as ours. If the other fellow is in a hurry and wants something, I generally figure he can wait. And if I want something from somebody else, I can wait. Too many people do what other people want them to do in a business day. I feel I must finish the thing on which I am working—or at least I must choose what to do with my time for the best interests of my company.

"As for emergencies, we have them in our business just as in any other business or profession. If the doctor has a call, he doesn't care what the hour and he gives priority to the most serious case. If a lawyer is working on an important brief, he lets nothing interfere with it.

"Of course the secret of good management is to delegate as many things as possible to the other fellow. I find I can only hit the high spots and watch things in a general way. But I am in contact by telephone every minute of the day and night. Bear in mind, we are operating in thirty or more states and all over the world, and situations that have to be decided at once are apt to come up. Speaking of telephoning, so many people have a habit of making a long explanation without coming to the point. Our men are trained to tell me what has happened quickly—to give me the essence, and then I ask for the detail in order to make a decision.

"I don't like to make many engagements, but if I have to make any I usually say, 'Come in between two and three, or three and four,' as the case may be. I can't be more definite than that, because I am not sure just what I will want to be doing in the interests of the company at a particular moment.

"I like to see folks if they will take 'pot luck'—but it isn't always easy to find the time. It isn't what I want to do, but what I have time to do."

S. Z. Mitchell is the last man in the world "to put on airs." As a barefoot boy in the West, he struggled upward, overcoming handicaps by sheer grit. Success hasn't changed him a bit. He is one of the most democratic men in modern business, and few business executives are as genuinely liked by their colleagues as is S. Z. Mitchell. He was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1883. In those days, he says, it had the best electrical school in the country. After graduation he worked for a dollar a day near the old Pearl Street Station in New York with one of the wiring gangs. He was a construction man in the Northwest for many years and learned the utility business literally from the ground up.

One of the biggest handicaps Mr. Mitchell struck was in the early stages of his present company, when, by a certain clause in the charter, the corporation was prevented from borrowing any money. For six years progress was delayed on that account, but when restrictions were lifted he borrowed on a large scale. In some quarters he is credited with having been the originator of many a new form of financing. He was among the first to advocate purchase warrants attached to bonds. His life has been spent as a builder, as a worker. That is why, notwithstanding the success he has made, he does not hesitate to keep a group of his associates at the office, sending out for meals and working late into the night on what he calls an emergency problem.

"What are your recreations?" I once asked him.

"I like to fish, hunt, and occasionally golf, and read a little—but mostly work."

In the foreign-utilities field, S. Z. Mitchell has been as much a pioneer as anybody. It was on his insistence that 150 companies were joined together in a transmission line from one end of Cuba to the other. He carried it through despite the discouraging attitude of some of the sponsors, who wanted to junk the line almost from the beginning. He is a rare combination of financial genius and practical industrialist. He thinks the holding-company idea is one of the greatest principles introduced in modern business, because of the diversified-risk idea.

We were sitting in his board room a few weeks ago and I asked him how his business was for the first quarter of this year compared with last year.

"Well," he remarked, "just a mite better." And he drew from his desk a column of figures from a long list of companies.

"Look at this," he said, "some black and some red ink, but when you get down to the bottom and total them all up, we're ahead. Take March, for instance. On account of the reduction in copper, Utah was off, and so also, on account of zinc, Montana did not consume as much power, but in Florida we had the best March in our history. That's the strength of the holding company."

* * * * * * * * * * *

It's not uncommon for business to keep its eye on the government service and extract therefrom some of its ablest men, but it is uncommon for business, with all its financial attractions, to be unable to capture its man.

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Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce

During the past year Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, has probably received more offers to enter the business world than anybody in the government service in the same period of time. As chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, he was Herbert Hoover's right-hand man. The combination of Hoover and Klein was responsible for the development of the policy of coöperation with business in the Department of Commerce during the past nine years, and when the new Secretary, Robert P. Lamont, came into office he, too, leaned heavily on Doctor Klein, who was made Assistant Secretary of Commerce, for which position the Government pays $9000 a year.

Many an industry looking for a czar and many a trade association seeking a forceful personality to bring discordant elements together have sought to detach Doctor Klein from his post. In many cases he has been told to write his own salary. In others he has been offered six and seven times what the Government pays him.

But he doesn't leave. He is only forty-four years old and has a background so unusual that he is regarded as one of the most valuable aides in the Hoover administration. He earned his doctor's degree for a thesis in Spanish history. He graduated from the University of California in 1907 and is a native of the Golden State. He served as a commercial attaché in Buenos Aires, as an assistant professor at Harvard, and helped to organize the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, which is one of the largest units in the Department of Commerce. His contacts with business have been far-flung. He spends a good deal of his time appearing before business organizations and explaining the work of the Government. His specialty is foreign trade. He has the Hoover type of mind—a fund of information available instantly on almost any phase of modern business.

Some day Doctor Klein probably will leave the Government's employ. Nobody knows when—probably least of all himself, for he is bound to the work he is doing not only by ties of loyalty to his chief, Herbert Hoover, but by his fascinated interest in the ever-growing relationship between government and business. The theme he preaches constantly is coöperation—this contrasted with the old idea that the Government existed solely to regulate. That's why he remains with the Government at a personal sacrifice—and there are many others less conspicuous, not so well known, who also serve and never earn recognition beyond the confines of their particular departments.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Edward N. Hurley, of Chicago, who used to be chairman of the United States Shipping Board during the war, is one of a group of American business men who think that the economic salvation of America lies in a growing export trade. Year after year he has been instrumental in sending boys from the colleges abroad, and lately has turned his attention to the development of courses of study on business administration. As president of the American Manufacturers' Export Association, he is trying to make business men in different parts of the United States conscious of the importance of foreign trade.

"Take the Middle West, for instance," he said in a chat I had with him recently, "and you will find that the Illinois Manufacturers' Association has 900 out of its 3000 members engaged in foreign trade. These 900 companies employ 400,000 people, and 50,000 of these are directly engaged in foreign trade. If foreign markets were to collapse, it would affect every one of those 900 companies. Isn't it important, therefore, for us to learn something about world trade?"

Mr. Hurley is particularly interested in developing the school of foreign and domestic commerce which Notre Dame has established. Incidentally, the universities and colleges of the country have never before paid so much attention to business administration as today. There are more than 20,000 students in 176 different schools studying business organization or related subjects. Harvard leads with a total of 2248 students; New York University is second with 2226; and Northwestern is third with 2066.

In some universities, as in Harvard, Northwestern and the University of Pennsylvania, there are units devoted

(Continued on Page 66)

NEW LOWER PRICES

A CAR FOR YOUTH OF ALL AGES

Youth has no age limits. For youth is of the mind —the quality of *being young* regardless of years. Today, the motor car that is attracting youth of all ages—simply because it reflects in itself the spirit of youth—is the finer De Soto Six. It has the lively lines and the freshness of youth—an athletic grace and smartness in keeping with the youthful zest of its swift and silent performance. Today's De Soto Six engine is larger and more powerful—a veritable fountainhead of thrills for those youthful motorists from sixteen to sixty who like plenty of power and lots of action. De Soto is for those who *feel* young.

▼ ▼ ▼

New Lower Prices: *Roadster, $810; Phaeton, $830; Business Coupe, $830; De Luxe Coupe, $860; Four-Door Sedan, $875; Convertible Coupe, $945. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

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CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

THE PRIMROSE PLANT

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

Dust Was Over Everything

THE Contessa was speaking gently to Posy upon the subject of marriage, and Posy, curled up in a nest of pillows at the foot of the Contessa's carved and gilded bed, as gently listened. The Contessa was wearing her chin strap at the moment, and her plasters for the prevention of wrinkles across the forehead, but this did not matter. Posy was quite used to all such little devices. Posy's mother was very lovely herself, and not so young, and had been married three times—once to a prince—so Posy quite knew.

It was warm, curled up beneath the silk eiderdown at the foot of the Contessa's bed. Posy had not been really so warm for years. She had been cold in Belgrade all the time that her mother was married to the prince. She had been cold each year in Switzerland during the winter sports. She had been cold in English country houses and across Scottish moors and on people's yachts and looking at poets' tombs. Not that Posy had looked very hard at the tombs. The poets had probably led difficult, reproachful lives, spending long, hard winters in garrets, wearing woolen gloves without any fingers, only to be carried off eventually by drink or starvation, only to be now quite dead. Posy took things gently. It was all so very natural to be born, and to grow up and to marry someone, and when one got tired of that, to go into seclusion somewhere, and to be sad, and to wear particularly becoming clothes, and to get one's freedom, and to marry someone else, and to keep on, and eventually to die. It was all so very usual and dull and disheartening, but that was life. Posy was so comfortable beneath the silk eiderdown, so sleepy and incurious.

"Marriage," said the Contessa with dignity, speaking with a little difficulty because of the chin strap, "is the corner stone of civilization. It safeguards the hearth, the family. Marriage is a sacrament. . . . What have you done with the apartment?"

"Nothing," said Posy. "There isn't a hearth, darling. Or a family."

"What have you done with the beautiful dog?"

"He is quite safe in the country at Bill's mother's place. You must remember Bill's mother. Mrs. Huston, she is now."

"Now? And before now?" asked the Contessa.

"Before now she was Mrs. Ward. And before then she was Mrs. Ballard."

"Bill is a Ballard?"

"Darling, must we talk about Bill?"

"I may not inquire concerning your husband?"

"Please," said Posy.

There was a silence. Posy closed her eyes and felt peaceful all over, felt rested, felt comfortable.

"Marriage," began the Contessa once more, "is an affair of holy church, binding, indissoluble. Marriage is made in heaven. You were married where, my pigeon?"

"In Connecticut," said Posy sleepily, "after a dance in town. It rained. The car skidded. The justice of the peace had a red face. The sun came out."

"I was married in a cathedral," said the Contessa, "by an archbishop, also with a red face. My train reached to six yards. There were twelve bridesmaids, in gold brocade, who carried lilies."

"Nice," murmured Posy. "You loved him very much?"

"Who is speaking of love?" shrugged the Contessa. "We discuss marriage."

Posy dozed a little peacefully beneath the eiderdown at the foot of the Contessa's bed, her dark, little curly head against a lingerie pillow, her impertinent nose sticking up, her long lashes folded down, her face very pale and strained and beautiful and tired. The Contessa watched her until Stratton came in with the chocolate. The Contessa pulled Stratton by her gray silk sleeve and pointed to the primrose plant on the night table.

"She has left her husband," confided the Contessa into Stratton's ear, "and for shelter has flown to me, her godmother. As soon as I land from the boat come such problems upon me. She has brought with her her little primrose plant. What shall we do?"

Stratton examined the primrose plant. "It's dry," said Stratton grimly.

"Ah," said the Contessa, relieved. "We will water it."

Posy drank her chocolate peacefully and watched Stratton water the primrose plant. Perhaps she would let the Contessa persuade her to go back to Bill, and perhaps she wouldn't. If she went back to Bill she would have to entertain the Condit Ballards, who were coming on from Minneapolis. She would have to dance and take the Condit Ballards to Harlem night clubs, and dance and hear Minneapolis wise cracks, and be cold driving home, and be sleepy, and be tired, and be cross, and hate the world, and life, and love, and Bill, and the apartment, and everything. And in the morning Opal wouldn't come. Bill would splash in from the bathroom and kiss her, and pull her out of bed, and stand her up like a doll and yell into her ear, "Where's my boiled eggs? Opal hasn't come." And she would have to go into the kitchen and boil them.

On the other hand, if she stayed here comfortably with the Contessa, she would have to listen—marriage, money, the apartment, the dog, the goldfish, the primrose plant, Bill, her mother, her mother's new husband, Bill, Bill's mother, Bill's mother's new husband, the Contessa's marriage, Stratton, the chocolate, the toast, the hotel, the service, the appointment for the Contessa's massage —— She would have to think, and she was too tired to think. The telephone rang before Posy had made up her mind, and it was Bill.

"Mr. Ballard," announced Stratton grimly to Posy, as if she were accusing her of something.

"Thank you, Stratton," sighed Posy, drifting over to the telephone. "You are such a comfort to me."

"In what way, Mrs. Ballard, if I may ask?" bristled Stratton.

"Your face, Stratton. It is so nice and stiff. It gives me courage. And you have watered my primrose plant. And once you slapped Grumpy for me, years ago at the château, when I was very little and Grumpy was my governess. Remember poor ole Grumpy? . . . Hello. Hello. . . . This is Posy. . . . Please don't begin to shout at me, Bill. I'll do anything, if you won't shout. . . . The brown suit at the cleaner's. . . . No, Opal didn't come. . . . We can give them dinner at a restaurant and take them back to the apartment for contract. . . . Glasses. . . . Yes, in the Beehive basement. . . . Two dollars. . . . Good enough glass to break. . . . The brown suit at the cleaner's. . . . Yes. Yes. . . . Very well. Good-by."

Posy drifted over to her fur coat and got into it, found her hat and pulled it on, picked up her primrose plant in its nest of tissue paper and started vaguely for the door.

"Your galoshes, Mrs. Ballard," said Stratton, who was English, holding up a tiny red bag made of rubber.

Posy looked vaguely at her feet.

"Sit down, Mrs. Ballard, and I will put them on for you," said Stratton grimly.

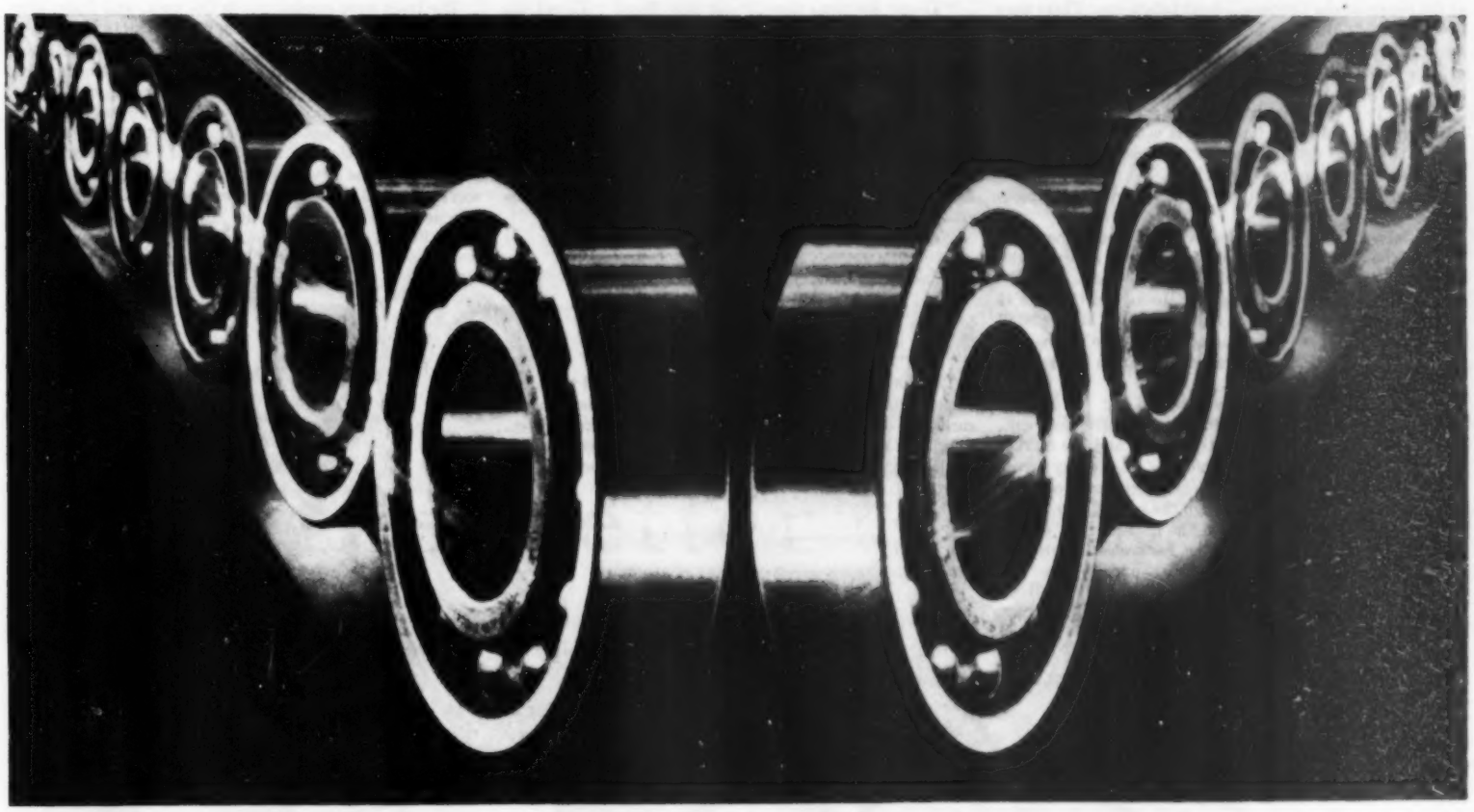
So Posy sat down in a carved and gilded chair while Stratton put on her sandals for her.

(Continued on Page 42)

"It's Bill," Said Posy, Turning White, Standing Up Suddenly. "I've Got to Get Out of Here, Head"

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

THE MOST EFFICIENT SERVICE is often that which is least obtrusive. This is particularly true of New Departure Ball Bearings. Because of their higher quality they function so faithfully, so utterly free from adjustment and replacement needs, that they seldom make their presence known through months and years of severest service. New Departures represent the ultimate in bearing efficiency because they are built of the finest steel, to exacting precision standards, on an incontrovertible scientific principle which makes the most of these advantages—nothing rolls like a ball.



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

"I Had a Plant Once," Offered the Beehive Girl. "It Had Three Daisies on it, and it Nearly Had Another"

(Continued from Page 40)

"Leave the heavy plant with us, my pigeon," suggested the Contessa gently, "and we will tend it well."

"But I couldn't leave it, thank you," said Posy. Stooping, she kissed the Contessa's cheek just below the plaster at the corner of the Contessa's bright dark eye. There were tears in Posy's own eyes at the moment, but Posy did not know this. "The chocolate was delicious," she said, "and in such lovely cups. What it is to have a godmother to run to."

"What it is to have a godchild to run. These Beehive basements are quite safe for you? It is a day to make one cringe. You will drink a glass of hot water poured upon lemon peel when you get home?"

"Home?" said Posy softly. "Can you mean the apartment?"

She took a taxi to the Beehive and fought her way through the Beehive crowds to the basement. The girl who sold her the glasses admired the primrose plant.

"I had a plant once," offered the Beehive girl. "It had three daisies on it, and it nearly had another. My husband knocked it off the window though. He didn't mean to though. He's dead now. Three years. From a truck."

"Please," said Posy faintly.

"Please what?" said the Beehive girl.

Posy walked to the cleaner's from the Beehive basement, because it was near the end of the month and the market was bad and Bill hadn't got his bonus. All the way across Thirty-fifth from Broadway, Posy trudged east in her rubber sandals, slushing along through the murky day, carrying her plant and the box with the glasses, mist on her curling lashes, her impertinent nose, her scarlet mouth, her pure forehead, mist in her great, dark, hopeless eyes. She had met Bill one day when she was lunching with Hoad Frenn. Bill had come down the aisle between the tables, looking about for some girl—Millicent Day, Posy found out afterward. Posy hated Millicent Day—and Posy had looked up and seen Bill, and had never been the same again.

"Who's the sun god?" Posy had said to Hoad Frenn, but Hoad had gone sore at once. Hoad had said he didn't know the big lump of dough. Bill had stopped at their table and looked down at Posy, and said, "Is she yours, Hoad?" and Hoad had been so sore he had just groused. "What are you doing tomorrow?" Bill had asked Posy over Hoad's head, his hands holding down Hoad's shoulders, and Posy had murmured, "Anything you say," and that was the beginning.

She had to take a taxi from the cleaner's to the apartment, but it was only thirty-five cents, and ten to the man. The apartment was cold and dark and fusty. Opal hadn't dusted very well on the last day that she had come. Posy straightened things as she went, emptying ash trays, carrying out dead flowers, plumping up sofa pillows, dropping the box with Bill's brown suit in it on the floor, stumbling about in her rubber sandals with her hat over one ear and her fur coat still on, shivering, crying a bit now and then, aching all over everywhere, but principally in her heart.

Posy had the janitor bring up her bowl of goldfish. She got the apartment into shape by degrees, by great effort, by thinking of Hercules. She had kicked off her sandals, but she still wore her hat and coat. Posy's housekeeping was pretty sketchy. She didn't know how, she had never been taught, and she had no instinctive feeling for the best way to scrub out a greasy pan. She found that it helped to set her teeth.

When Bill came in at six, he took one look at her and said, "What's wrong now?"

"My face aches," said Posy.

"Of course it would ache tonight," said Bill, "but must it look as if it ached?"

"What does it matter how it looks?" said Posy.

"You happen to be my wife," said Bill, "and we are giving a party for my cousins, the Condit Ballards, from Minneapolis. We are going to be gay and lightsome and frantic with the joy of living. They are going to see for the first time the woman I'm married to. . . . What makes your face ache?"

"Setting my teeth."

"Why set your teeth?"

"To get the pans done," said poor Posy. "To get the place cleaned and—and nice for the Condit Ballards."

"The Ballards aren't going to swim in our pans. Why do you keep that taxi-dancing fool of an Opal anyway? Why not go out on any street corner and get in someone good?"

"Opal is good—when she's here," said Posy. "She makes the best mushroom soup in New York. Opal had to go to her sick mother in Newark."

"Tonight Opal makes the best mushroom soup in Newark. . . . Lord, but I'm tired. Everything has gone smash," said Bill.

"Yes," said Posy.

"Did you get the glasses?"

"Yes," said Posy.

"Did you get my brown suit?"

"Yes," said Posy.

"You hate me a lot, don't you?" said Bill.

"Yes," said Posy.

The Contessa went away for the week-end, and when she came back, Posy was there, asleep on the chaise longue, curled up beneath the rose-colored throw of quilted velvet. Posy's hat and coat were on the floor, and her feet, sticking out helplessly beyond the throw, wore their rubber sandals.

The Contessa placed a gentle hand on the girl's forehead, but she did not stir. The Contessa looked toward the night table. The primrose plant was there.

"Her forehead is hot," whispered the Contessa to Stratton, coming in with the bags. "*Et voilà!* The primrose plant. She has left her husband. What shall we do?"

Stratton set down the bags and tiptoed over to Posy. She felt the girl's forehead, tucked the velvet throw closer about the girl's shoulders, picked up her hat and coat.

"She's ill, madam," said Stratton. "She's burning. She breathes hard."

"Bronchitis? Flu? Pneu-pneumonia?" murmured the Contessa, pulling at Stratton's sleeve.

"I'll get the hotel doctor," said Stratton.

The hotel doctor was good, and the trained nurse was better, and the Contessa was superlative as well as decorative, but Stratton was a rock. She didn't get excited or lose her head or weep. She didn't relent or give way by one inch, or forget to water the primrose plant, even on the worst day. When Posy knew them all again, and could smile and lift her head off the pillow and sip broth through a tube, Stratton didn't rejoice. Not openly. She wasn't sweetness or light. She was as grim and grudging as ever. She unpacked Posy's clothes, when they were sent on from the apartment, packed by Opal—Opal there for once, and probably still good at mushroom soup, but not so good at packing. Posy's clothes were a mess—poor Posy who had never been taught—so Stratton, in her odd moments, mended them up and pressed them and hung the few dresses on hangers in the clothespress off Posy's room in the Contessa's suite, and folded the beautifully mended lingerie away between silk pads filled with the Contessa's own sachet. And presently Posy was up, around, and herself again. Her eyes looked bigger than ever, and her voice was a mere exhausted little murmur. Her hands were so thin and white that the pink on her nails was startling, but Posy was quite herself again.

The trees were coming out in the park, and Posy, driving each day with the Contessa, would lean to look out at the tulips. No one had mentioned Bill or the apartment or marriage. No one had asked a question. Nothing had been done except to get Posy well, to mend up her clothes, to water her primrose plant. The primrose plant was blooming. Posy's mother, at Cannes, hadn't cabled; Bill's mother, in California, hadn't wired. Bill hadn't telephoned or called or written or done anything. Everything was surface—a surface so flawless, lacquered, perfect that no one could get beneath it. But no one tried except Hoad Frenn. They met him, one day, coming out of the

(Continued on Page 157)

The Contessa Went Away for the Week-End, and When She Came Back, Posy Was There, Asleep on the Chaise Longue, Curled Up Beneath the Rose-Colored Throw of Quilted Velvet

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SOME DAY YOU'LL BE SORRY

By James Gould Cozzens

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

He Might Have Guessed—Though, Naturally, He Did Not—That Never Again in His Life Would Any Woman or Any Moonlight be So Unspoiled, So Innocent, So Entrancing as This

HE WAS known as Smith Three, or, thus they printed it on the Durham School list, Smith III. With the graduation of older namesakes, most boys, before they leave, overcome such a tacit numeral inferiority, but in his case, Smith One and Smith Two—no way related to him—happened to be members of his class. He entered the Durham School in the third form. The others had been there earlier. He was permanently Smith III.

Smith I was Han Smith, an exceptional athlete. Even to this day there are men who went to Durham, and many more who went later to Yale, who can still remember that name. Smith II was John Stuart Smith. With patronizing respect, he was known as Jo-Jo. Short, quiet and dogged; term after term his name headed the scholastic honor roll. Afterwards, at college, he took numerous prizes and scholarships. At Durham, Smith III was neither an athlete nor a scholar; he was merely a difficult boy.

Perhaps there is a justice that operates about such things. Hanover Smith—somehow he was not a success at bond selling—is a football coach at a small Ohio college. Jo-Jo is in a bank. Indeed, he is already an assistant vice president, but the bank has thirty-two city branches, with a few assistant vice presidents attached to each, and Jo-Jo should have moved up several years ago if he were ever going to. Smith III is, of course, Benson Smith.

He was not any less Benson Smith when he was at Durham, but no one knew it. "Smith III" concealed completely the name destined to be so famous. Even the head master, who appraised boys very accurately, failed to recognize him. Not that recognition would have made any difference to Doctor Holt. His evaluation of a boy was based, correctly, on a boy's behavior, and a somewhat subtle product of it described by Doctor Holt as "his attitude." The raw material for that disturbing and so often unpleasant quality called genius may have been distinct in Benson Smith, but, as sometimes it does, it happened to look very much like laziness, bad temper and deliberate, insolent contrariness. Such capacities made Doctor Holt roar.

Doctor Holt was, in fact, a roaring schoolmaster, being a genius himself. His instinct instantly rejected much of the nonsensemaking up modern pedagogics. He had an inspired knowledge of when to be patient and when to be impatient. His genius was his uncanny gift for grasping what nine boys out of ten thought and felt and intended to do next. He turned hundreds of them out; healthy, honorable, quite intelligent enough to have no trouble with college entrance examinations. A thousand more—many of them entered when they were born—waited perpetually to get in. "Durham," "Doctor Holt" were great names among the Eastern preparatory schools.

Doctor Holt had a magnificent, solid, convex profile. The type is often small-boned, intellectual, but Doctor Holt's face was like something outstanding and lordly cut from a cliff. His blue eyes, keen, haughty and wise, waited, ready to leap. His tangled blond eyebrows—these were a sandy, strong blond, and similar hairs grew out of his massive nostrils—resembled somehow the illustrations in the fourth-form Cæsar, showing a cross section of the Gallic defenses—ditch, glacis and a hedge of uprooted trees. Rather round-shouldered, he was not tall enough to have a hollow appearance. He was intensely solid; a condensed, terrible energy. Also, he was slightly deaf. This seemed sometimes a stratagem, for whatever it was disastrous or inexpedient for him to hear, he heard. Involved explanations, trembling evasions and artless falsehoods he could not hear. He roared for their repetition—a task beyond many a guilty conscience.

Smith III's difficulties at Durham were instant and endless. Smith III was a slight, dark boy. Although his health was actually excellent, he looked somewhat sickly—a combination which Durham could only excuse on the basis of outstanding scholarship. He had nothing approaching this, but to make Durham's trial more grievous, he was inescapably clever in a moody, reticent, rather insolent way. Most of all, he was agonizingly vain. Clearly he did not understand how third formers ought to behave. By the end of his first October, the prefects had come to Doctor Holt. They were very definite in their conviction of what Smith III needed. He was a fresh brat and they had, with Doctor Holt's permission, ways of dealing with fresh brats. Doctor Holt withheld his permission until the end of November; he knew the difficulties of getting adjusted, getting settled, but by the later date he probably had a premonition that Smith III would never get adjusted or settled to anything regular or reasonable in this world without help, persuasion. There remained now only the minor detail of producing Smith III, informing him of his offenses, requesting him to bend over a table and receive ten cuts with a prefect's stick.

How these things get around it would be hard to say, but Smith III had his supper spoiled by the gratuitous information, supplied by delighted classmates, that the prefects were going to lick him. Without any proof or actual indication of the probability as yet, Smith III knew that it was so. He was not cold, calm or indifferent about it, either. He had imagination. Being condemned to death would not be much different. The terrible tastelessness, the elastic minutes, now stretched to break, now snapped short; the utter, intolerable inevitability, poisoning every thought, were his; and, in addition, the need to remain calm, indifferent, contemptuous of whisperings and gigglings.

At eight o'clock the prefects' sergeant at arms came into the quiet, bright study hall. He proceeded in silence, alert and tense, up the long side of the room, through to the center, down past dozens of passionately quiet, furtively watching heads. He dropped a hand on Smith III's shoulder.

"You're wanted outside, Smith," he said gravely.

The schoolroom breathed one great sigh—many boys hadn't been so sure as they could have wished that Smith III was going to be the victim, and they were exultant in this proof of their personal escape. There was a shuffle of feet, a stir of general relaxation, even a rash turning of faces, which the sergeant at arms checked by saying sharply, "Get to work!"

Smith III, however, sat still. "I'm studying," he said, a hoarse but loud croak, widely audible. "I'll come after the period."

The gasp was more definite this time, and there was delight in it—not delight in support of Smith III, but delight that there was going to be a scene. Study periods can be indescribably long and dull.

The sergeant at arms was taken aback. "Come on, Smith," he repeated. "Snap out of it!" The sergeant at arms was invariably an athlete of stature and strength, selected for that reason. His appearance was intended to overawe, but Smith III had been waiting since supper, and he was far past any such reasonable process as being overawed.

Lorna Delancey Was Twenty-Five

"Can't you leave me alone?" he said. "Can't you see I'm studying?"

There was a rising murmur of cordial comment from the back of the big room. Like any social system, student self-government is solidly founded on the expectation that people will know the proper thing to do, will recognize customs in conduct. Smith III should have arisen, terrified but docile, and gone trembling to his doom. When he didn't, the whole system collapsed. There impended the embarrassment of an unseemly uproar. It is not easy, even if you are a crew man weighing a hundred and seventy pounds, mainly muscle, to remove with dignity a determined objector through a room cluttered with desks and packed with excited spectators.

(Continued on Page 47)

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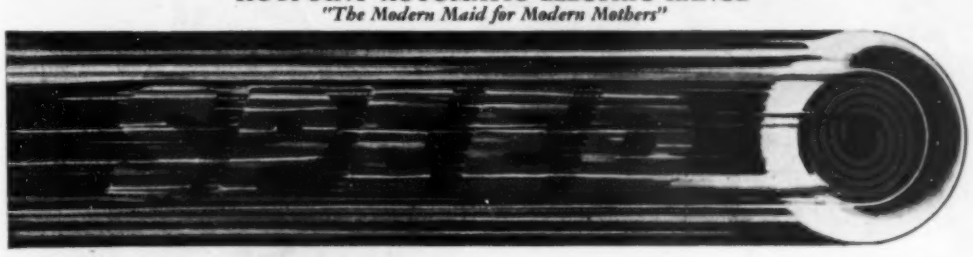

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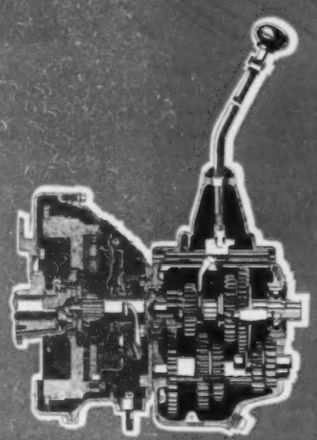
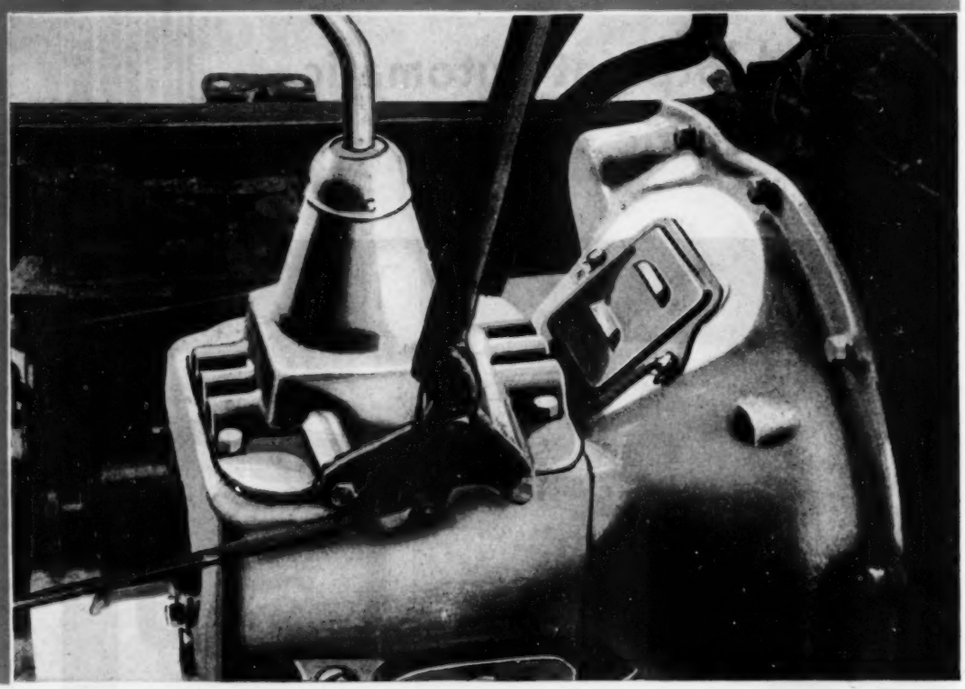
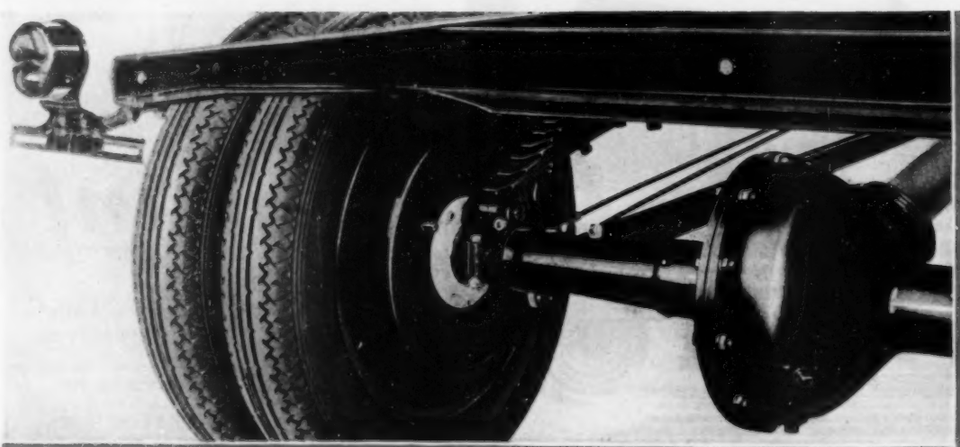
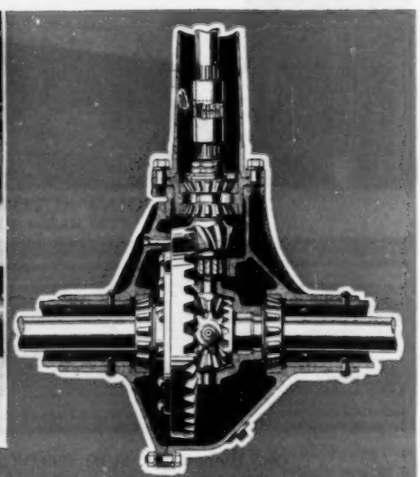
Ford

4-SPEED TRANSMISSION









NEW SPIRAL BEVEL GEAR REAR AXLE

(Continued from Page 44)

Fortunately, these problems are the decent fictional products of the adult mind. The sergeant at arms' mind was destined never to be really adult, and though he afterwards attained a superficial acquaintance with adult conduct, he was unhampered now. He solved the problem—how well Doctor Holt understood the advantages of having boys deal with boys!—in a natural way, regardless of appearances. One big hand, calloused from the long sweep oar, strung with relative steel from the great, winning spurts of Durham crews, locked hard on Smith III's collar, shirt included. The sergeant at arms picked him up like a sack. Smith III gave one despairing shriek. The sergeant at arms cuffed him neatly with his free hand. Then he passed, holding him aloft with cold indignation, through the breathless room, out the swinging doors into utter darkness, where Smith III's renewed lamentations grew fainter and fainter.

This was not the last occasion on which the prefects licked Smith III—the last occasion was at the end of his fourth-form year, when he had been found smoking cigarettes in the North Building furnace room, and consequently understood precisely what he was being licked for. This first one was important, for he did not really understand, even after they had informed him in detail that he was too fresh. The ecstasy of his hate and rage and terror—later to color, long after he had forgotten its exact source, his impression of Durham and his feeling for Doctor Holt—was due originally to that night. Smith III was not simply an incorrigible rebel. Smith III's intelligence was much too acute to waste its strength in a permanent and ridiculous war with his environment. Real rebels are rarely anything but second rate outside their rebellion; the drain of time and temper is ruinous to any other accomplishment. Smith III was not so much at odds with the universe as intent on bending it to his desires. He was not popular, but he had his friends. It is true that later he forgot this, seeing himself lonely, forlorn, despised and persecuted; just as he forgot that he was mainly happy, stimulated, fascinated by the unfolding world. It goes without saying that he was uncritical and many of the ideas he began to develop were not really his.

Much less were they Doctor Holt's. When, early in his fifth-form year, Smith III took occasion to inform the head master that he no longer believed in God, Doctor Holt sighed. Smith III's point had been that he did not see how he could honorably go to chapel when he considered the practice a superstitious farce. It is usual to hear most about the other side of these things—Shelley, at Oxford, is almost unbearably familiar—so it is worth a moment to consider Doctor Holt's position, confronted by a supercilious and impudent youth who appeared to get the only exercise he took from making trouble; who was very justly suspected of smoking without permission; whose marks were bad, and whose important comments on life, society and the school were fitted nicely to the puerile sensation they made. Doctor Holt hadn't the smallest intention of putting such a premium on atheism as excusing Smith III from chapel. He did not consider Smith III's arguments to be as novel, compelling and conclusive as Smith III did.

"Nonsense," he said, "nonsense. Certainly you'll go to chapel. I'll give you some books on the subject. When you finish them, we'll discuss it."

Smith III, as the saying goes, had read a book. It was Paine's Age of Reason. "I can't conscientiously do it, sir," he repeated. He never lacked what might be called courage, if courage describes that exhilarated stubbornness whose finest flower is impudence. He was afraid of Doctor Holt, but he had a temper of his own which was not contemptible, and now he was delighted to find that he stood, perhaps paradoxically, with those others who had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings—yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment.

Just as, long before, the prefects' sergeant at arms had been faced with a problem in unreasonable behavior, so was the head master now, and Doctor Holt's mind was entirely adult. He was sorely tried, but, as usual, until some last insupportable development swept him away, he was patient with Smith III. He sensed easily enough a difference in the boy. Whether it was unnatural worth or unnatural worthlessness was hard to tell, but it was there. Doctor Holt raised his eyebrows, laid his hands open on the desk—a gesture indicating candidly that he was not concealing weapons in them.

"Smith," he said quite mildly, "I understand your problem. We're all troubled sometimes by doubts. It's only human. Work, study, prayer, have a way of solving them. I want you, as a personal favor to me, to continue to go to chapel. It is, if you like, merely a matter of school rules. Here," he said, reaching toward a bookcase behind him. "Take this book of Bishop Gore's and read it. When you finish, come and have a quiet talk with me."

But Smith III said, "No, thank you, sir. I have explained my position."

Doctor Holt should have known that what troubled Smith III was not doubt, but the need, which never left him, to be in the limelight. Perhaps he recognized it now; at any rate, instinct informed him that the moment had come for other methods, and his other methods were one.

"Get out of this room!" he roared. "I'm sick of the sight of you! Report yourself on detention for a month. If you're absent from chapel, the prefects will take care of it. Get out of my sight!"

Smith III got out, retaining a mouthful of especially insolent remarks which he had neither the time nor the presence of mind to utter until the door closed after him.

(Continued on Page 60)

"Mr. Smith"—They Were All Instructed Now by a Boy Called Frazer—"is a Sensation With Women"

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX

Six-cylinder performance without added cost for gas, oil or upkeep

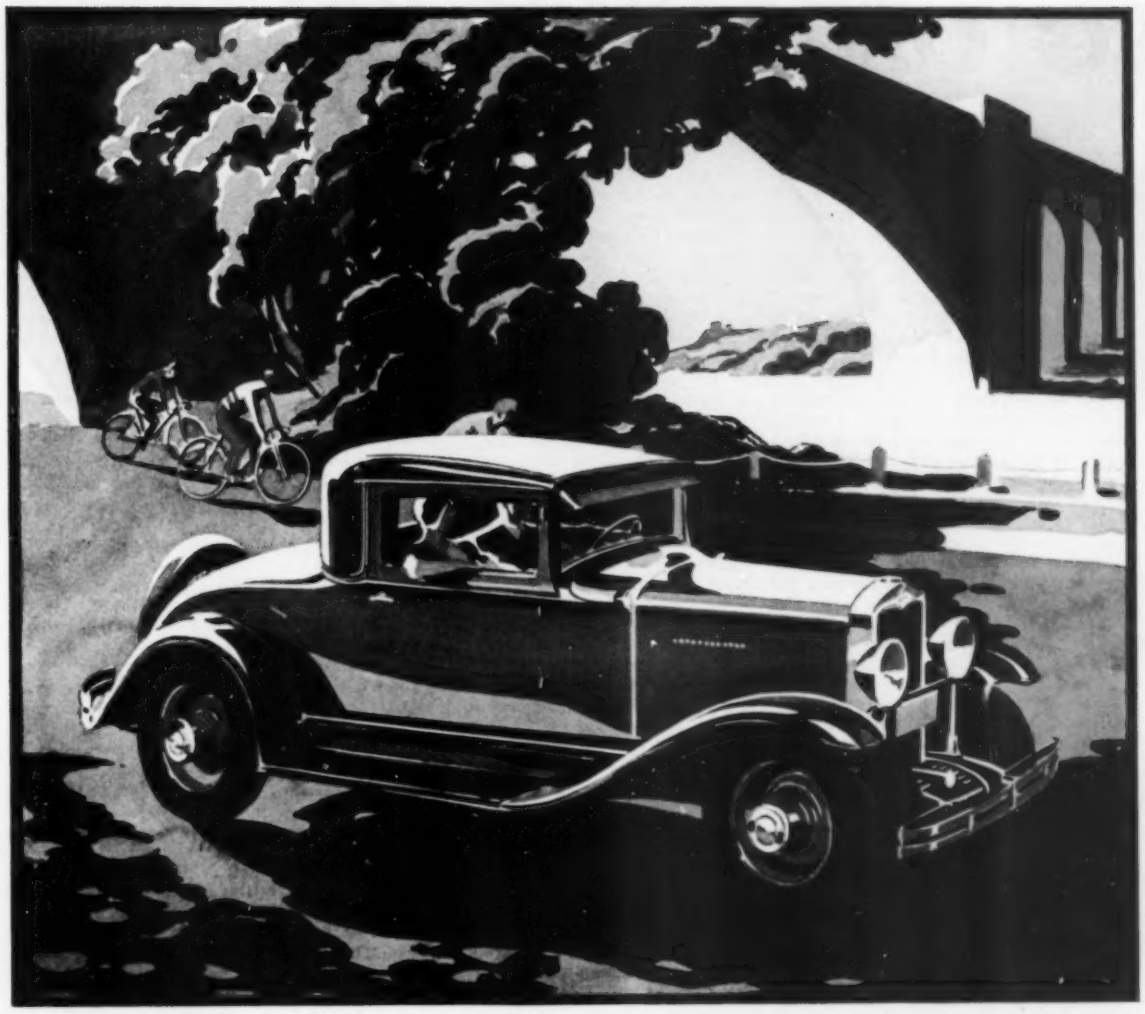
All over America, official registrations show that the six-cylinder car is outselling all other types by a decided margin. And every day the swing to the six in the low-price field grows steadily bigger and more impressive. For people everywhere are learning that the new Chevrolet not only gives all the advantages of six-cylinder smoothness, power, flexibility and comfort—*but does so without added cost for operation or upkeep!*

From the standpoint of gasoline and oil consumption, the new Chevrolet Six is just as economical as any other car you can buy. In a recent officially-observed economy run, a Chevrolet six-cylinder Coach won first place over a field of 40 entries, averaging better than 20 miles to the gallon. At the finish the oil level in the crankcase was the same as at the start.

Equally impressive is Chevrolet's low cost of upkeep. Six-cylinder smoothness saves the entire car—engine, chassis and body—from the strain and wear of continuous vibration. This makes for greater dependability—longer life—and marked freedom from adjustments and repair.

No car shows a smaller expense for tires than

Buying 5 gallons of gasoline to cover a distance of 100 miles, is a common experience among owners of the Chevrolet Six



Typifying Chevrolet's smartness is the Sport Coupe with its wire wheel equipment. Price $655, f. o. b. factory Flint, Michigan

the Chevrolet Six. And none offers owners the benefits of more efficient, economical and satisfactory service than that which is available at more than 10,000 authorized Chevrolet service stations throughout the country. In fact, on many service and repair operations, Chevrolet's flat-rate charges—including both parts and labor—are the lowest in the automotive industry.

As a result of all these basic economy factors, every Chevrolet owner has the satisfaction of knowing that his car costs as little to own and operate as any on the road today.

Yet he is continually enjoying the benefits made possible by Chevrolet's six-cylinder engine design. The Chevrolet valve-in-head motor delivers its 50 horsepower with a smoothness, quietness and flexibility impossible to obtain with less than six cylinders. The necessity of gear-shifting is reduced to a minimum. High speeds are maintained without strain. Annoying body rumble and drumming are eliminated. Everyone in the car—passengers and driver alike—enjoys an easier, more restful, more luxurious ride.

Before you decide on any low-priced car, see the Chevrolet Six. Experience its performance superiority. Learn the advantages of such modern features as four semi-elliptic springs—Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers—weatherproof brakes and safety gasoline tank. Note the beauty and roominess of Chevrolet-Fisher bodies, with their adjustable driver's seats and non-glare windshields. Find out the small down payment and easy terms available to Chevrolet buyers.

Then you will realize why more and more people are finding it wise to choose a Chevrolet Six—for economy, for performance, for beauty, for comfort—for lasting enjoyment and satisfaction!

CHEVROLET SIX

The Sport Roadster	$555
The Coach or Coupe	$565
The Sport Coupe	$655
The Club Sedan (5 wire wheels standard)	$665
The Sedan	$675
The Special Sedan (6 wire wheels standard)	$725

Roadster or Phaeton **$495** *Special Equipment Extra*

The Sedan Delivery	$595
Light Delivery Chassis	$365
1½ Ton Chassis	$520
1½ Ton Chassis with Cab	$625
Roadster Delivery (Pick-up box extra)	$440

Prices f. o. b. factory Flint, Michigan

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

What a Salesman Learns About Credits

THE ordinary business man is very much afraid of offending a customer, particularly by asking him to pay a past-due account. He will admit freely the danger of permitting credits to stand too long or in too great number on his books, but face to face with the delinquent he develops an apologetic and thoroughly unimpressive attitude—often failing to get his money from one who is well able to pay up. This in spite of the generally accepted belief that unwise extension of credits and lack of effort on collections is the largest single factor accounting for business failure.

More than once I have been able to make what were regarded as impossible settlements of past-due accounts, chiefly by taking it for granted that no adequate effort to collect had ever been made and by going after the money in a manner just a little bit more energetic than the ordinary retailer is willing to employ. One of the best illustrations of the incompetence of some men as collectors came when I first was assigned to my present territory. We have to sell our product to retailers, but in order to develop sufficient volume through a given outlet it is often necessary for us to take a dealer with us and go out to the consumer direct. One day I was getting ready for a solicitation of the farm trade with Jim Townley, one of my dealers, and as we went over his list of prospects there were eight names which he canceled off, saying they owed him past-due accounts.

It happened that I knew two of these men—fairly well-to-do farmers whom I had met while employed on the same territory previously. So I suggested we leave them on the list, not as sales prospects but to call on and try to reach some kind of settlement. Jim thought there would be little percentage in this, but finally left them on—to avoid further argument, I am pretty sure. As we drove I asked for the history of the accounts, and learned both had been sold the previous year, but a short crop had prevented payment. "It's no use to go after them until next harvest," was his doleful conclusion.

"Are you selling them anything now?" I inquired.

"No," he said, "they're giving most of their business to the mail-order houses and to a big chain store over in the county seat."

Arrived at the home of the first delinquent, and without any introduction from Jim, I bluntly told him we had come out to collect. "Jim is one of my dealers now," I explained, "and we can't get any volume through his store until we help him clean up some of his unpaid bills."

"Why, sure," he concurred readily, drawing out his check book. "How much is it? I been intending to come in and settle ever since I sold my hogs, but the roads have been bad."

The Gist of Collecting

After securing the check I went into the merits of my new line of goods and secured an order for a little more than sixty dollars' worth, half cash with order.

Jim came out of his daze some ten minutes later, just as we were passing the gateway of a fairly well-kept farm home. "Say, feller," he suggested, "you seem to be a pretty good collector. Let's turn in here. This man owes me a bill about two years past due, and maybe you can get something out of him."

"No can do," I countered. "I don't know him. I got the money out of the first man principally because I did him a favor once and we were old friends. Now, you know this fellow—have done him the favor of selling him goods on two years' time. You take him on, and talk just like I did. I'll back you up, and if you get your money, how about letting me try to sell him something?"

This was fair enough, so we turned in, finding the victim of our little conspiracy engaged in shelling corn—dusty to his eyebrows. Jim lit right into him and, to my surprise as much as his own, got a check in full and an apology for being so slow about it. I then proceeded to give him a canvass on the merits of our goods, and secured a small but respectable order, with a ten-dollar deposit.

The rest of the day we collected and sold at a rate very pleasing to Jim. I left his place about 10:30 that night, not only with a nice order but also with a check for his own account with us—the first time in history he had ever discounted a bill.

One of my dealers is a little Dutchman named Joe Gist. Joe is just about a credit man's dream of heaven. He discounts every invoice, his check frequently reaching the house four or five days ahead of time. The reason he is prompt pay with us is that all his customers are prompt pay with Joe. He was a traveling salesman before going into business for himself, and learned a lot of things by watching the mistakes of his customers. But his biggest lesson about collections came while he was a kid of nineteen, on his first job—that of collector for an installment clothing house in Kansas City. He held this job two years and claims he has been bitten at least once by every dog north of Eighteenth Street. On his first list of delinquents, the first day he was out, was the name of John ——, past due on a dollar-a-week contract to the extent of four dollars. On the card the manager had written: "This guy may get tough. Get tough before he does. We want our money." Joe took the boss literally, and when John opened the door and asked, in broken English, what was wanted, our little hero stuck out his palm and said: "Four dollars, you big crook, or else shuck off that suit before you do it any more damage."

John was nearly six-feet-three and was the proud possessor of a fierce Sicilian mustache and a bristling crop of hair, but he wilted at this attack and promptly dug up the amount due. As Joe was making out the receipt, John apologetically asked, "Say I gotta in trouble widda de cops. My mouthapiece he say I gotta go court tomorra. Thisa clothes he pretty bad; I needa some more. Can I getta him from youse?"

Joe did not know much about the firm's policies, but called up the store and arranged for John to come up for a new outfit—and, of course, a new mortgage on his future income. In the course of the transaction, recognition of his victim finally came. He was none other than a member of the famous Sicilian Black Hand, out on bond and due to appear shortly in Federal court to answer for a series of murders and bombings which were the worst in the history of the city.

Joe says he learned from this incident that the debtor, rather than the creditor, is the one who should be apologetic, and he has never since hesitated a moment to ask a man to pay what he owes. He also learned it is impossible to sell a customer who is past due, but you can sell almost anything to one who has just paid up his account. Then, if ever, he is a hot prospect for another sale.

I was calling on this little firebrand one day, when suddenly he excused himself and rushed out of the office. There is a narrow hallway in his place, just back and away from the store proper. Soon I heard Joe's voice, talking earnestly, but in tones too low to be distinguished, coming from the semiprivacy of this hallway. Just now and then I could catch a phrase or two: "What I mean, Charlie, is this: Do you mean you are going to walk in here Saturday night and hand me eighteen dollars, United States money, or are you just trying to stall me off?" Pretty soon this gem floated up: "Yeah, you say I have helped you out, but I know darned good and well you are taking your cash business somewhere else. That's the way you return a favor, is it?" And then: "I don't care about the eighteen dollars. What eats me up is seeing you give your cash business to the mail-order house. Now, listen; if I find another shipment marked to you down on the depot platform—at least while you owe me money—you're going to be hard to catch."

That is all I heard, but I submit it as very unusual talk from any retailer. On my next trip I inquired if Charlie had come through with the eighteen dollars.

"You're darned right he did," grinned Joe. "Right on time too. And he isn't dealing with the mail-order houses any more. He owes everybody in town but me, and I get his local business because I'm the only man he ever bought from that he's not ashamed to look in the face."

I remember receiving a very tough assignment from our credit manager a few years ago. Bob Blank, one of our newer carload buyers, had just handed me an order and I was doubtful as to whether credit would be passed. He had bought one previous carload on which the payments had been permitted to run past due, the last being still delinquent. There had also been an L. C. L. shipment which would not be due for discount until the tenth of the following month—about fifteen days. His stock was low, we could not stall for time—it was fish or cut bait with Brother Blank. I was sure he was worth much more than the twenty-five hundred dollars represented by the order in my hand, but felt his business methods were such as almost to assure a long wait for our money—possibly a charge back on my commission statement. Which would not do at all. So I had sought counsel with the credit manager. He ruled it was safe to ship if Bob would pay his last installment on the previous carload and take a lecture from me on the value of prompt payments; also, if he would show his good faith by discounting the L. C. L. shipment fifteen days ahead of time.

A Way to Greater Sales

This looked like an almost hopeless task, and I can well remember the day when I would have bellowed my head off had any credit man gone so far as to insist on the collection of an account before the discount date. But long before this I had learned the folly of trying to tell a credit man anything about his business, so I put on my hat and went back out to Bob's place to put the deal over and make my carload order good. It was fairly easy. He needed the stock and could get it in no other way. Of course he could have bought from a competitor, but I was there and the competitor wasn't. We got the money; more than that, we convinced Bob that our firm was not the kind of house to dally along with. Every retailer knows, by experience, which of his suppliers have easy credit policies and which ones are strict. Ever since this little event Bob has kept our accounts paid up promptly, though I am sure there are several other concerns which have him on their records as a chronic slow-pay account. We can ship him when others can't.

Here, finally, is the salesman's rule of credit procedure: Keep 'em paid up, so you can sell 'em some more. It works as between the retailer and his customer, as between the wholesaler and the retailer; more, it works to the benefit of the salesman who has a reputation as a good collector. About three years ago our divisional credit man talked to the sales force and took occasion to heap words of praise upon the bullet-shaped head of one Tom ——, who covered a territory just adjacent to our branch city. His accounts—suburban stores, and the like—were not very stable. But Tom could get the money. His ability as a collector helped the credit department to a favorable decision in many a case where outside credit reports were unconvincing. Figures were cited to show they had shipped nearly $15,000 worth of goods into his territory in the past year on orders which could not have been approved if any other salesman on the force had sent them in.

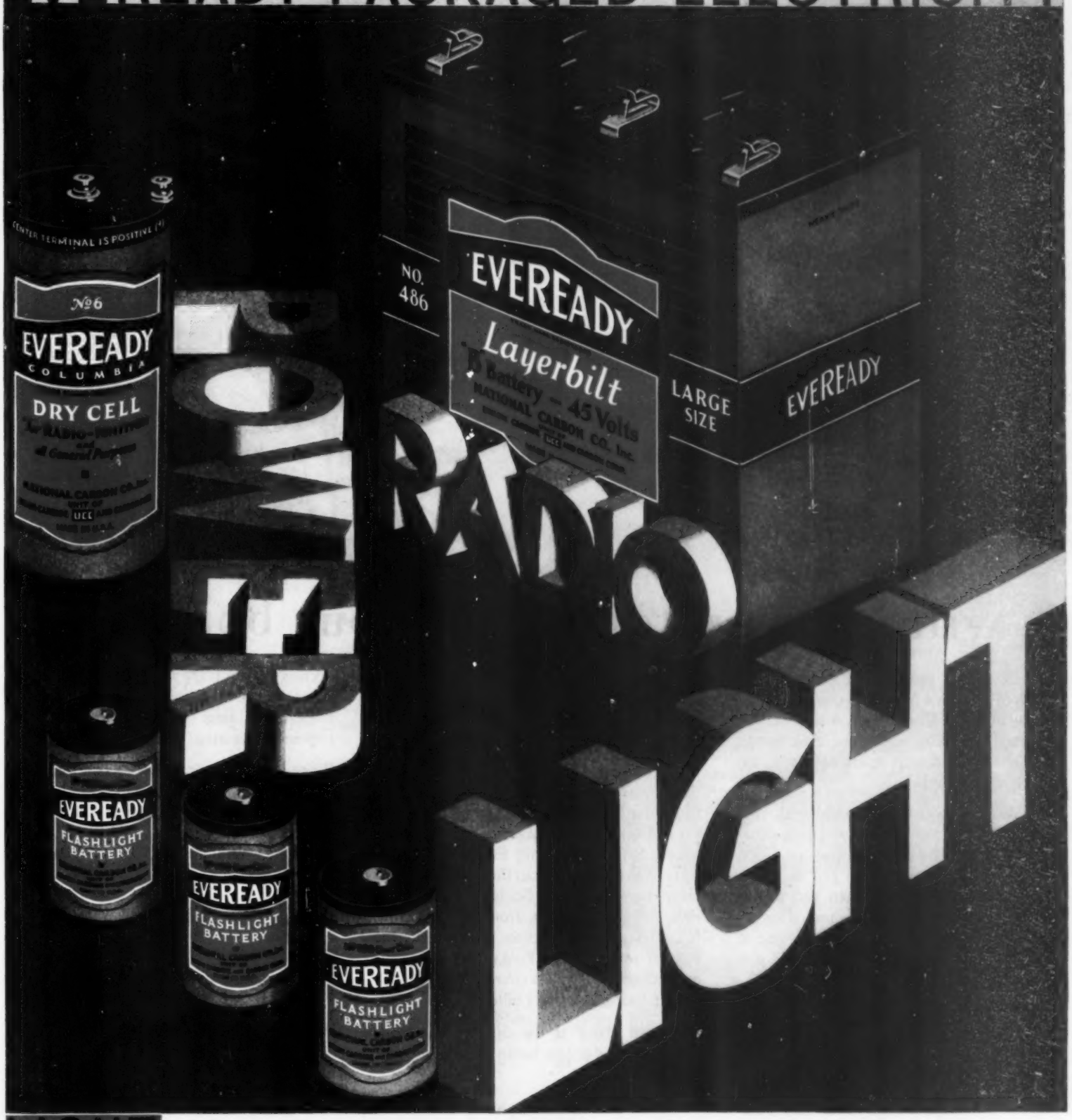
This was impressive. I think we all humped our backs and tried a little harder on collections during the next year. All except Tom. Somehow so much praise went to his head, and he got almost worthless on collections for a period of six months or so. His territory went from a proud first to a squashy last in the C. & S. report. Privately, the credit man told me Tom was losing $6000 or $7000 worth of sales—orders from dealers which might have been approved had they been located in any other territory. Later Tom straightened up, but in the two years which have passed he has not yet won back the reputation which once made the approval of an order from him almost a piece of routine. He is losing a fairly good surplus volume every year, simply because he is not fully trustworthy on his collections.

—GEORGE BIGGS.

PHOTO, FROM E. L. FISHER AND ALASKA S.S. CO.

Tsaina River Near Valdez, Alaska

EVEREADY PACKAGED ELECTRICITY



LIGHT Packaged light that cuts black night with rays of dazzling brightness... in the closet, in the car, in the bedroom, outdoors . . . at the press of a thumb. Eveready Batteries fit—and improve—all makes of flashlights. 10c everywhere.

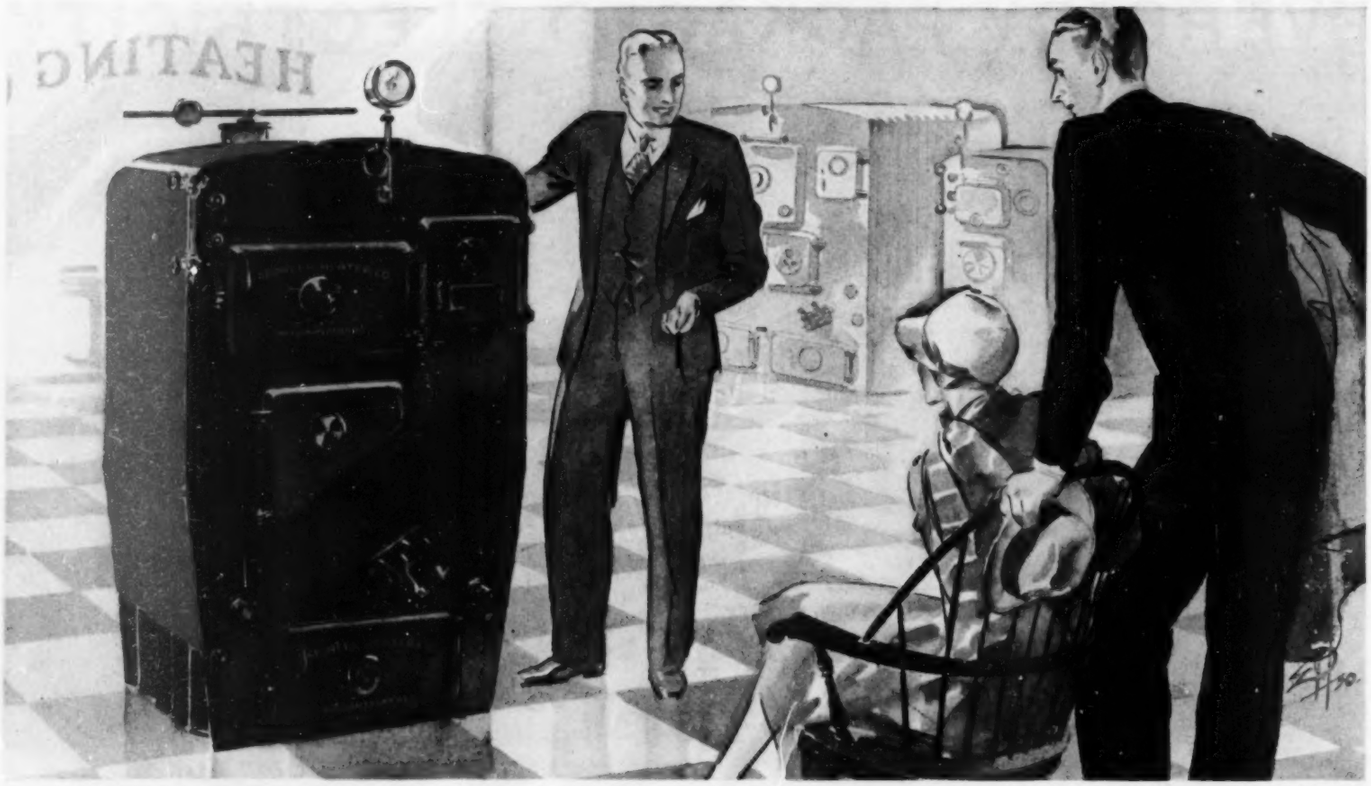
POWER Packed with healthy, spark-spitting direct current. For buzzers, doorbells and dry-cell jobs of all kinds. Eveready Dry Cells last longer. Use them on your outboard motor, and note the flash of SPEED you get.

RADIO No empty air-space here—Eveready Layerbilt "B's" are built of flat cells that cut out waste areas between cells. Your money buys more energy—better reception. To get the new principle, ask for Eveready Layerbilts by name.

Eveready's are dated—your guarantee of fresh, full-powered batteries

The Eveready Hour, radio's oldest commercial feature, is broadcast every Tuesday evening at nine (New York time) from WEAF over a nation-wide N.B.C. network of 30 stations.

Manufactured and guaranteed by NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc. General Offices: New York, N. Y.
UNIT OF UNION CARBIDE AND CARBON CORPORATION



It will pay you to replace your boiler now

No matter when your heating boiler was installed, unless it is a Spencer it *will* pay you to replace it now. The reason is not vaguely scientific. It is a mere commonsense matter of adding two and two—or rather of subtracting seven from fourteen.

The cost of a boiler does not end with payment of the bill for installation. Every fuel bill you pay is part of the cost of owning a heating plant. What fuel do you use—egg, stove or nut anthracite? Then you pay at least $14 a ton for fuel. If you use oil or gas you may pay much more. The yearly cost of any heating plant is a year's depreciation plus a year's supply of fuel.

Replace your present boiler with a Spencer Magazine Feed Heater and you can cut your annual heating cost in half, simply because the Spencer uses small size, low cost fuels that sell as low as half the price of large size anthracite.

It has been thirty-three years since the Spencer was first invented. It was then, as now, totally different from other types of boilers. Instead of having flat grates it has Gable-Grates that slope down from a magazine where fuel is stored. Instead of being fed by hand, it is fueled automatically from the magazine. Fire burns up-hill on the Gable-Grate and fuel rolls down, by gravity, from the magazine. It is this automatic action that permits the Spencer to use No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite, or small size by-product coke, to save as much as half your annual fuel bill.*

Illustrated above is the Spencer Magazine Feed Heater for the home of average size.

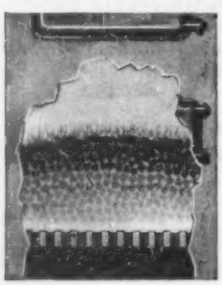
Spencer Heaters are made in cast iron sectional and steel tubular types for any size home or building. Sold and installed by all responsible heating contractors.

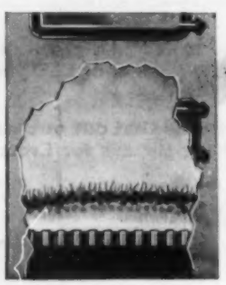
Write for the Spencer book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It explains in detail how the Spencer operates to give you "The Lowest Cost Heat You Can Buy." Spencer Heater Company, Williamsport, Pa. Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company.

* * *

* Everybody knows that ordinary heaters require refueling frequently as the fire burns to ash. With a Spencer, fuel is put only once a day into the magazine—illustrated below at (A). Fuel covers the grate to a sloping level controlled by the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed stays at the level shown at (C), for as fuel burns it shrinks to ash (D) and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the fire bed shrinks, more fuel feeds down automatically from the magazine, which holds enough fuel to feed the fire for as long as 24 hours, with only one shaking of the grates.

FLAT GRATE HEATER
Showing how burning fuel shrinks away to ash —heater must again be refueled





FIRE BURNS UPHILL · · FUEL ROLLS DOWN · ·

SPENCER
Magazine Feed
HEATERS
for steam, vapor or hot water

SPENCER MAGAZINE FEED HEATER
The shrinkage of burning fuel lets more fuel feed automatically from the magazine

GUITERMANA

By Arthur Guiterman

Outline of the Universe

WE DWELL within the Milky Way,
Our Earth, a paltry little mommet,
Suspended in a grand array
Of constellation, moon and comet.

Our galaxy, which slightly mars
The azure vault with flecks of whiteness,
Consists of thirty billion stars
Conspicuous for bulk and brightness.

But not our galaxy alone
The crystal sea of Space is churning;
With cohorts vaster than our own
A million galaxies are turning.

Though these have stars more huge and bold,
And comets equally obtrusive,
Our private galaxy, we hold,
Is more refined and more exclusive.

While every system's every sun
To every heavenly orb is brother,
Perhaps it takes the light of one
A billion years to reach another!

These stars have names that many a bard
Has used to decorate an opus,
Like Mira, Betelgeuse, Alphard,
Gomeisa, Fomalhaut and Propus.

How many trillion stars there be
That send their light to recompense us,
Will not be wholly clear to me
Until the next celestial census.

It frees the mind, exalts the heart
And swells the soul with proud elation,
To know and feel one's self a part
Of such a splendid aggregation!

Absence

YOUR mirrors are vacuous, gray and cold,
Lacking the face that they love to hold.

Your frocks in the wardrobe limply drape,
Waiting for someone to give them shape.

Your writing desk yearns, and your easy-chair
Puts out its arms with a wistful air.

Your telephone gathers its cord on its wrist,
Uplifting its mouthpiece as though to be kissed,

And urgently, hopelessly rings and rings.
Why can't you stay home and look after your things?

The Absurd Past

THE Simpering Seventies, when I was born,
Are justly a theme for derision and scorn;
The Elegant Eighties, when I was a lad,
In cultural matters were laughably bad;
The Notable Nineties, from all that I're heard—
How did we endure them?—were wholly absurd.
And though a new century dawned on the scene,
Its earlier decades were frightfully green.
The years were, in fact, a fantastic array
Until the Proud Twenties were well under way.
Our Glorious Twenties, so clever, so wise,
They drew their enlightenment straight from the skies
And don't owe a thing to the Pitiful Past.
Their taste is unerring, their knowledge is vast;
Our Tolerant Twenties, so loath to condemn!
What will the Fair Fifties remark about them?

Whittlings

THE Squirrel, full of Enterprise and Vim,
First spins the Wheel, but soon the Wheel spins Him.
Oh, Business Man, a saner Course pursue
And run your Shop, let not your Shop run You.

To keep the Saddle, draw the Bridle tight;
A Favor granted Thrice, becomes a Right.

A Town wherein to age without decay
Is one where People smile and Children play,
A Town of pleasant Nods and easy Chats,
A Town of Friendly Dogs and Well-Fed Cats.

Life is a Gallant Steed; bestride him.
Along all Roads marked "Danger," ride him!

The Katydid proclaims her Dereliction,
The Katydidn't chirps in Contradiction.
When People own their Faults and magnify them,
One must not Reaffirm them, but Deny them.

To a Gross Materialist

LET us agree on a plan
To simplify future communion:
I am a person, a man,
And you are a chemical union.

Or, if you wish to refine
And further consider the question,
I am a thing of design,
And you're an atomic congestion.

Then of the hid and the known
We'll talk to our full satisfaction,
I with a mind of my own,
And you by some cellular action.

While we are piloted still
Along our terrestrial courses,
I by a soul and a will,
And you by mechanical forces.

American Folk Sayings

Kentucky

AMONG Kentucky hills, where highroads fail
And streams are used for paths, I asked my trail;
The mountain man replied without a smile,
"Ford the crick endwise fer about a mile."

Vermont

When the clouds go up a-hopping
The rain comes down a-dropping.

Ohio

When I am the President of these United States
I'll eat molasses candy and swing on all the gates.

Indian

Before our lodge we wait to bid you hail;
Let not the long grass grow on Friendship's trail.

That Shoe Family

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children her day fairly flew!
They kept bobbing up in the oddest of places,
They peeped through the eyelets, they swung on the laces,
They perched on the tongue, while some venturesome scamp
Tobogganed clear down from the top to the vamp;
They climbed to the backstrap; they swarmed on the uppers,
Demanding their breakfasts and dinners and suppers;
And what with their questions, their antics and folly
They kept the old woman both busy and jolly.
She taught them, she soothed them, she cleansed them of grime,
But just couldn't worry—she hadn't the time.
And when some tempestuous neighbor or other
Implored, "Could you possibly manage another?"
The merry old woman replied, "Mebbe so;
There's room for a lot of 'em down at the toe!"

Here's why Colgate Shaves *last longer*

Small bubbles permit closer, smoother shaving —because they soften the beard at the base.

WHAT a professional shave you give yourself daily—once you start to use Colgate's. The reason is simple. You moisten your beard more completely because the small bubbles carry more water down to the base of the hairs. Utterly different from big, air-filled bubbles which can't get down between the hairs. Colgate lather permits close shaving—and, of course, the closer the shave, the longer it lasts.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: 1—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, now. We will send, also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

FREE Mail the coupon below for two surprises in shaving comfort.

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Grand Central Post Office, New York City

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WE HAVE DONE IT!

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATED BY ELLEN B. T. PYLE

WE HAVE done it, Aunt Jane! If you came all this way intending to head us off, you've arrived a day too late. Peter Lovejoy, Junior, aged four months and five days, is upstairs this minute in his coop, wolfing down his morning bottle. But come in and take off your things."

Mrs. Peter Lovejoy, wife of a successful business man, of unimpeachable social background and ultraconventional traditions, who had been married nine years without children, ushered her elderly relative into the sitting room, chattering gayly to stave off the storm which she saw lowering in her aunt's grim, tight-lipped visage. Aunt Jane, an aristocratic, rock-ribbed old maid, and proud of it, had her bony, jeweled fingers in every family pie, and as her income was in the upper brackets, her decisions were a powerful factor in every intertribal dispute. The present row was over Mrs. Peter Lovejoy's right to graft a little stranger upon the ancient family tree.

"Of course, Peter and I wanted a girl to start off with," continued Mrs. Lovejoy blithely. "We're going to adopt four altogether—two boys and two girls; don't you think that's a nice-sized family, Aunt Jane?—but we waited and waited and no girl baby turned up, and so, when the agency wired asking us if we would take a boy, a most exceptional child with a good family history, I wired back, 'I'll take anything!'" Aunt Jane opened her mouth like a gasping fish and closed it again. "And so I tore out and bought baby clothes, talcum and everything I'd ever heard of, wired Peter to meet me in town, and we picked up the baby at the nursery and brought him home. He was badly undernourished and that's why they wanted us to take him right away.

"We had a perfectly hectic time on the train, Aunt Jane. Young Peter yelled blue murder and turned so purple in the face that Peter was afraid he'd burst a blood vessel. A nice, friendly woman in the opposite chair leaned over and said, 'Maybe there's a pin sticking the poor little thing.' Well, we both searched all over, but there were no pins. Then a fat man down the aisle got out his watch and dangled it before Peter, who just squalled louder than ever. I was in a panic of terror and the whole car got interested and began to make suggestions. Presently a woman came over and whispered in my ear. 'Of course!' I said gratefully. 'That must be it. Thanksawfully!' and I hurried him off to the dressing room. What a soft, squirmy little starfish he was, Aunt Jane—and so tragically thin! You could count every rib. The perspiration was streaming off me when I'd finished changing him, and still he howled and yelled and tried to tie himself up into bowknots. I was almost in tears when we got back to Peter. 'It's convulsions,' I sobbed. 'He's dying, Peter. Get a doctor—quick!'"

"Nonsense!" scoffed Aunt Jane. "What he ——"

"Wait!" smiled Mrs. Lovejoy. "Just then a lady with two children called out, 'Have you fed him?' Idiots! Imbeciles! We'd never even thought of that. We were so excited and thrilled at acquiring our first offspring that we were letting him die of hunger. Well, we gave him a bottle and he snuggled down like an angel."

"Of course!" snorted Aunt Jane. "I could have told you that."

"And when I looked up my notes for the feeding hours and glanced at my watch, I discovered that it was exactly the time for him to eat—and he knew it, the darling! He could tell time just like the clock. Wasn't that smart of him, Aunt Jane?"

"Humph!" muttered Aunt Jane. "Lunatics—plain lunatics. God help that child!"

"The whole car settled back with a sigh of relief and the fat man with the watch chuckled and said, 'I guess that's their first baby, all right. Just wait till they've had nine or ten.' And everybody laughed out loud and beamed at us.

"Peter whispered in my ear, 'One touch of baby makes the whole world kin. But aren't we the big bums? Not even to suspect he was howling for his grub. Don't say it with flowers, my boy. Say it with yells.'"

King Baby's New Slave

MRS. LOVEJOY drew a deep breath and went on. "Now, Aunt Jane, get it off your chest. I know the family wired you to use your influence to stop this scandalous procedure. They say it isn't done by the best families. It's true that children have been adopted by kings and queens ever since legendary times; they've been adopted by at least one of our own vice presidents, by millionaires, bankers, lawyers and people whose standing is every bit as good as ours, but they don't count because they're not on the family's calling list. I suppose you think that Peter and I are a couple of lunatics at large ——"

"You are, but not Peter, for you wangled him into this."

"I did not! How dare you say a thing like that? Peter's just as crazy as I am for children. We've talked over this business for months and decided that if we didn't have children of our own, the sane, sensible thing to do was to adopt some. People are doing it every day—fine, substantial people. So why shouldn't we? But when we told the family of our plans, they went right off the deep end, talked a lot of bunk about heredity ——"

"Heredity," observed Aunt Jane somberly, "is a terrible thing. Suppose that child turns out to be a criminal or a gangster."

"Pooh! I'm not afraid. Heredity's not the whole works. Environment counts too. Besides, his family record is all right. Peter went into that. And when it comes to heredity, our own isn't any too sweet. How about Uncle Will? And Grandfather Bennet? I'm thankful Peter can't inherit their traits. And not a single real genius in our whole family tree. Maybe Peter will correct that."

"I hope not," said Aunt Jane dryly. "Geniuses are a nuisance in private life. Egotistical monkeys! This child is going to tie you down."

"Of course he will tie me down. But isn't everybody tied down, Aunt Jane—to something? I don't pine for a career. I'm not mad about bridge; I can't get excited over causes, as your generation did; women's clubs don't enthrall me; I'm not a natural joiner, nor even an antique hound."

Aunt Jane rose up with cold dignity. "I see you're determined to go through with this thing. Show me that child."

"And she spoke," confessed Mrs. Lovejoy, in relating the arrival of her first offspring to the writer a year later, "just exactly as if she intended to throw young Peter right out of the window if she didn't like his looks. It was a horrid moment for me, for I love Aunt Jane. She marched upstairs like an executioner, and then came this absurd climax. I picked up Peter to exhibit his charms, when Aunt Jane shrieked, 'Mercy! Don't hold him like that! Look out for his back! Here! Give him to me!' And she snatched him out of my arms. For a wonder, Peter didn't yell; instead, he gurgled at her. She marched with him over to the window, and I pretended not to notice that she was snuffling as if she had a cold. Presently she turned around and said, 'Well, all I can say is that you're a pair of lunatics.'

"At this point young Peter decided to up-chuck his breakfast down Aunt Jane's dress front. 'There!' she exclaimed indignantly. 'What did I tell you? What are you feeding this child? I'm going to stay and see you don't ruin his poor little stomach.'"

Mrs. Lovejoy—that is not her real name; all identities are carefully disguised—concluded her story with a laugh. "She's been with us ever since. Wild horses couldn't drag her away." She turned to the child on her knee. "Say 'By' to the

(Continued on Page 59)

"*Let's play a round of golf*" says MR. HACKETT ‖ "*Let's stay home and rest*" says MR. HACKETT

More vigor per spoonful... GRAPE-NUTS

IN every one of us, two sides of our nature are struggling for supremacy. "Let's lick the world", says one side. "Sit down", says the other, "you can lick the world tomorrow".

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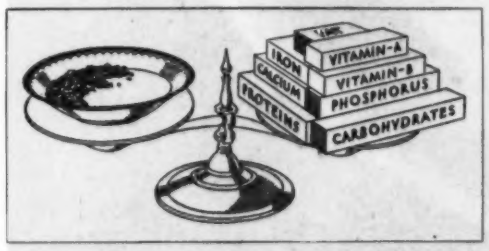
Why don't we always have this vigor and energy? What happens to us when we can't "get up steam"—when we haven't even enough initiative and enthusiasm to grasp the pleasures we long to enjoy?



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Crystal Gazer

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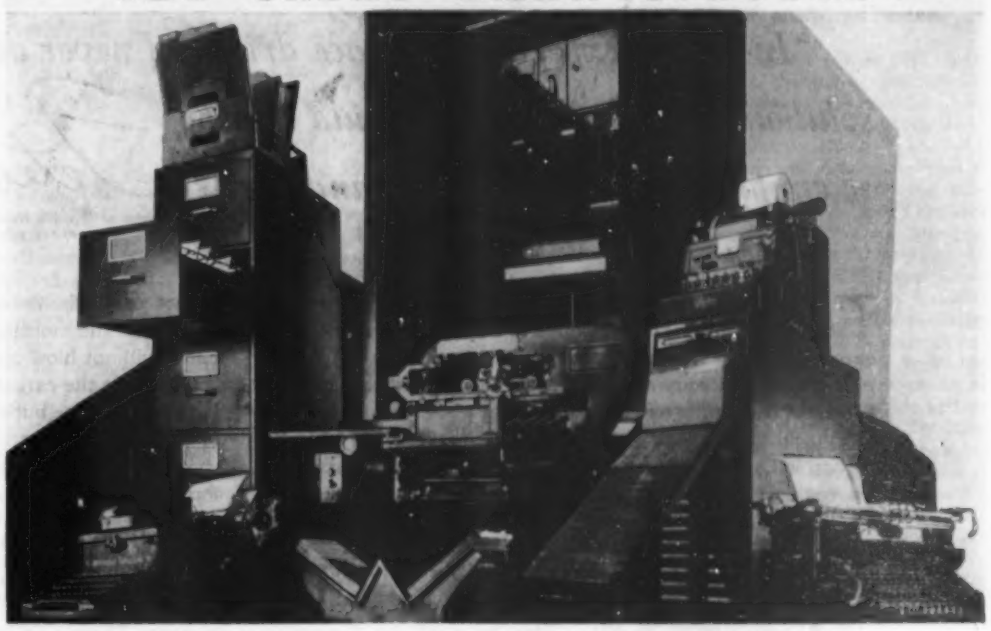

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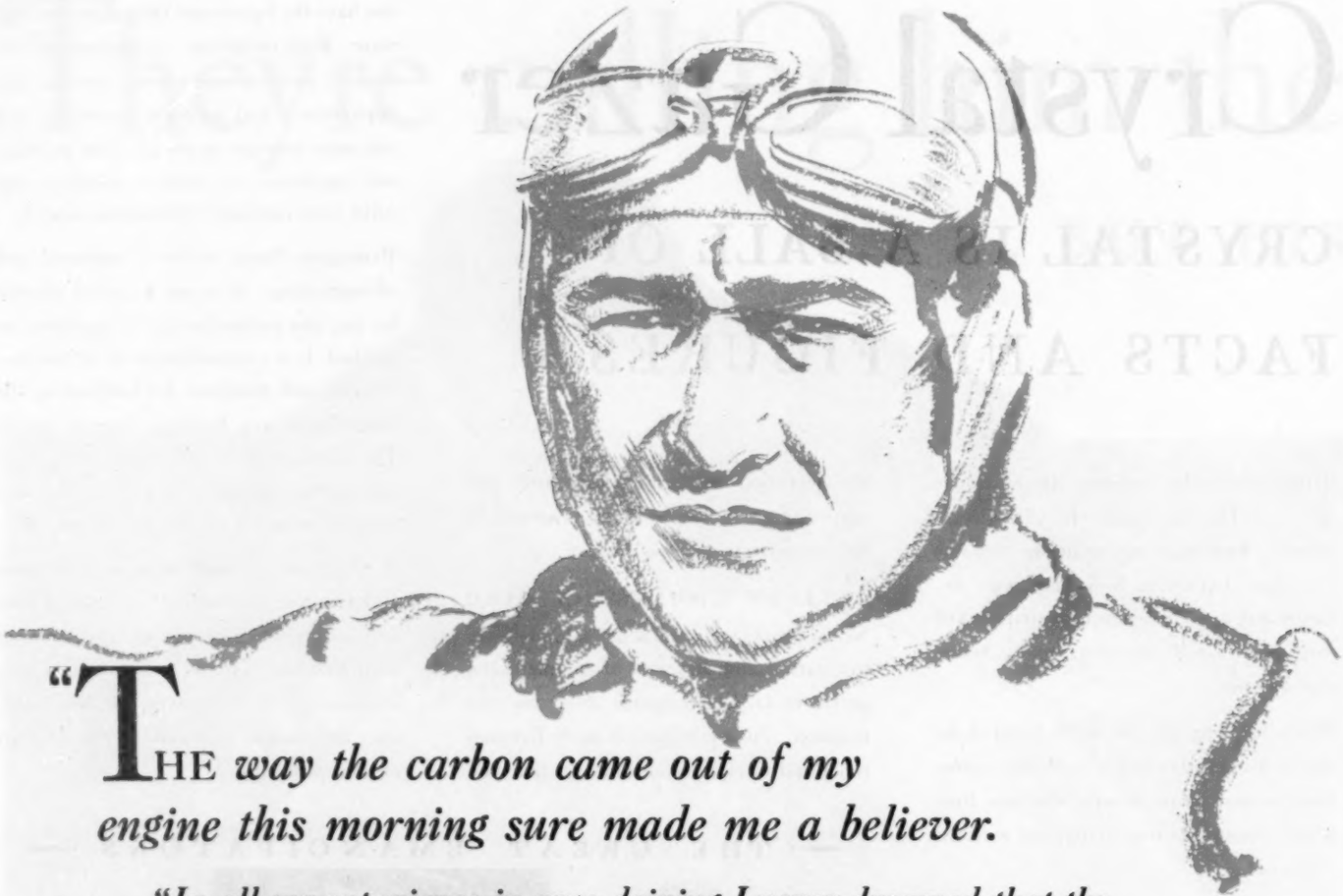

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. . . "In all my experience in race driving I never dreamed that the solution to carbon removal would ever be so simple and yet so thorough and easy."

Peter De Paolo

Holder of World's Record for Indianapolis 500-mile Race Classic at average speed of 101.13 miles per hour

IT IS true that the more experienced the motor car driver the more skeptical he is inclined to be that there is at last a cheap yet efficient way to remove carbon. But Carbo-Solve has proved that it does remove carbon to hundreds of the leading drivers of the country. Such letters as the above have resulted.

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This new carbon remover does its work by a simple chemical process. It is sponsored by the makers of the famous Alemite Lubricating Systems.

After giving your engine a shot of Carbo-Solve tonight, back it out of the garage quickly in the morning. Then stand to windward so the exhaust will not blow on you and watch the carbon billow out!

Of course the carbon deposit of hundreds of miles of driving doesn't come out in a minute or two. In fact it is typical of the thoroughness with which Carbo-Solve does the work that this carbon discharge continues in a more modified form for 20 to 30 miles.

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With this positive money-back guarantee we take it for granted that you will give Carbo-Solve a try at carbon removing. There's no way you can possibly *lose* by trying, because if you're not completely satisfied your money will be returned without a whisper!

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Carbo-Solve

BY THE MAKERS OF ALEMITE

(Continued from Page 54)

lady, Peter. She's going to write you up." But Peter wouldn't say "By." His face trembled to a grimace of rage; he let out an ear-splitting roar. "Modest," explained his mother. "Hates publicity. She's not going to use your own name, lovey. Always be polite to the press and they'll be polite to you." Peter's face underwent a sudden rainbow transformation; he waggled a small fist. "By," he crowed.

"And be sure to record in this intimate chronicle," said Mrs. Lovejoy with a laugh, "that Aunt Jane is the biggest lunatic of us all."

Lunatics? Maybe. If so, there are great numbers of lunatics at large in the land who are doing, or anticipate doing, the same thing. Their experiences form an illuminating chapter in American democracy. What do they get out of this bondage? Worry, sickness, a procession of measles, mumps, scarlet fever, chicken pox, influenza; scooters and muddy galoshes cluttering the hall; baseball bats in the parlor, broken choo-choo cars and dolly sets adorning the mantelpiece; bad school reports; deep anxieties of adolescence and the perils of flaming youth; financial pressure to give these little strangers the best education in the land. Who would shoulder such burdens voluntarily but lunatics? What makes the experience worth while? Let the lunatics speak for themselves.

The narratives which follow are true records in every essential respect, with only the necessary disguises of identities and places. And as half of the adopted parents are men, let us begin with the inner chronicle of a man with a frankly male point of view. This gentleman was not a lunatic, to begin with; in Chapter I he was perfectly sane; in Chapter II he began to show dangerous symptoms; and in Chapter III he was raving like the rest.

"We had been married eight years without children," he began, "and that was perfectly all right with me; I didn't care for children, but my wife did. The feeling went very deep with her, a longing, a hunger that nothing else seemed to satisfy. She just couldn't seem to settle down to other interests. Of course she was unhappy; not morbid, but restless, unable to become absorbed in other things. She began to talk of adopting a child.

"Well, my point of view on that subject was, I think, the usual one of most husbands. I wasn't interested in adopting a child, but I wanted my wife to be happy, and so I agreed to the project outwardly, but mentally I pushed it out of my mind, hoping it would blow over. So purposely I was vague. 'Some day, maybe,' I said, just to ease the discussion gently off the map. But my wife kept inching me along, inching me along. You know how women are when they want a thing; it just slips into the conversation a hundred times a day. And she was forever opening a door down a vista I didn't care to see. I suppose she was accustoming me to the idea."

A Family Man at Last!

"ABOUT this time I received an offer to take the chair of sociology in a fresh-water college, and as neither my wife nor myself like to be cooped in the brick-and-mortar walls of a great city, we decided to accept. Also, it gave me an opportunity to realize a secret ambition which I'd cherished since boyhood, and that was to own a dog. I'd always wanted a dog, and for some reason or other I'd never had one. So when this offer came, the thought leaped to my mind, 'Here's my chance for a dog.' I wish you to understand that I wasn't particularly paternal. I don't think the average, normal man is—beforehand. So we picked up an Airedale pup en route to the little college town.

"Meantime, my wife, with my consent, had stopped off in New York and put in an application to adopt a baby. For a few weeks this action of hers haunted me; I hadn't opposed her in any way, for I sincerely wanted her to be happy, but I wish to say frankly that there were days when I actually dreaded to see the postman stop at our gate for fear he might have a baby in his pouch! I'm stating very candidly my inner reactions. But weeks passed, no letter came and gradually my fears evaporated. I decided the stars were fighting on my side.

"Then, one day, returning home to luncheon from my classes, I had a shock. The letter had arrived. It described a very definite baby. I sat tight, as husbands will, and asked my wife what she thought of it. Well, she confessed that the description and family record of the child didn't please her. Honestly, they didn't please me either. So we turned that baby down. In due time another letter arrived, describing another baby. And she didn't like that one either. I didn't try to influence her, for or against. So the second baby got turned down. But something inside my soul said 'I guess there ain't going to be no baby.' And all this time that Airedale pup was growing into the grandest dog you ever saw.

"Then one day the lightning bolt struck out of a cloudless sky. This time it was a telegram. Another baby. A most exceptional child. Excellent family history. A girl, three months old. Must act immediately. Rich foster parents very keen to adopt it, but we had the first refusal. Well, you bet we didn't refuse! That baby hit the bull's-eye with both of us. All at once. No hesitation, no doubts. I was just as enthusiastic as my wife was. You may think this unconditional surrender on my part was strange, but remember, my wife had been inching me along until, subconsciously, my attitude of mind had changed; and when the telegram arrived it was as if the door of my mind, fast shut at first, had gradually swung wide open to let the little stranger in.

"I got off a wire of acceptance at once and my wife took the train for New York. I couldn't go on account of my work, but I wish to state that I was mighty excited and more than a little absent-minded in my classroom that day. I kept thinking where my wife was; what she was doing; had she seen the baby yet? What color were its eyes? This business was developing a thrill! On Saturday I received a wire which said: 'We arrive Sunday, five A.M.' That 'We' gave me a great kick. It was more significant than Lindbergh's 'We.' Gosh! I was in it now, right up to my neck. 'We,' eh? A regular family man. I felt exhilarated and yet sort of embarrassed, shy, and things were pretty unreal. We hadn't told a soul, but on Saturday I decided to hustle around and prepare for that little 'We'; so I stepped over to a friend of my wife and let her in on the secret. She gave me a baby coach and a contraption called a coop. But how was I to get the darned things home without rousing the whole student body? I waited until after dark, when the coast was clear, and then I sneaked out, got the baby carriage and trundled it around back streets, perspiring freely, praying I wouldn't run into my colleagues or any ribald students. I knew I'd get into print if they caught me out with a baby carriage after dark! But I made the house safely.

"The next morning I met my wife. She had a bundle in her arms. She was cool as a cucumber, but by this time I was all shot to pieces with suspense.

"'Well,' I said, 'let's have a peep.'

"'No. Wait. Not in this air,' she replied, but I knew by her eyes that 'We' was a howling success. It appeared that she and the baby had taken to each other at first sight; they clicked. Of course we both felt terribly responsible, for the child was so young, puny and undernourished, but my wife wanted the complete experience of caring for it from the first and forming its earliest memories. We both felt we must do everything we possibly could for the child to make up for taking it away from those rich people who could give it luxuries, nurses, child specialists, and so on. My wife said they had come all the way from California in a private car to get a child. Well, they didn't get 'We.' We beat them to it.

"Getting the baby home and put to bed was full of thrills for both of us, clumsy, butter-fingered novices that we were. I remember one little episode that cast a gloom over that first morning and made me exceedingly apprehensive. In changing the baby, a safety pin disappeared, and my wife was perfectly sure the child had swallowed it. I got down on my knees and hunted the floor all over for that pin. Not a sign of it could I find. We were both frantic. It looked as if the infant had swallowed it and that was the end of our first baby. I reproached myself bitterly, for if those rich people had got the child, with a trained nurse standing over it every second, it wouldn't have had a chance to get away with a safety pin. And now we had killed it, first shot. I know this seems laughable, but perhaps young fathers will understand my feelings when I say that I suffered torments until finally, still hunting desperately, I found the pin snagged in a fold of my wife's dress. Phew! I dropped into a chair, weak as a cat, and my wife laughed until the tears ran down her face. I tell you it gives you a feeling of profound responsibility, a tug at the heart that no words can express, to hold in your arms for the first time a soft little lump of human clay and to realize that the shaping of that clay is up to you. This feeling of responsibility is deeper, more intense, in adopted parents, I suspect, than in parents who have borne their own children. For you see we had gone out of our way to choose this child; it had not come to us; and we both felt that we must do everything in our power to make the life intrusted to us a success."

The Thrill of Added Ounces

"THAT first night we didn't even think of sleeping. We just lay and listened to the baby—our baby!—breathe. And talked. We talked the whole night through. We had our problems. No baby specialist in the whole community. No servants. The whole brunt of the situation fell upon my wife. We had all the usual emotions of young parents with their first child, and the fact that we hadn't borne it ourselves didn't make any real difference. From the first day it seemed our very own. I still remember those first disturbed weeks. I'd come home from my lectures to find my wife in tears over the formula. It was a very complicated formula, and at first the baby steadily lost weight. My wife is not at all the teary kind; she's philosophic, optimistic in general, but it broke her heart to see that tiny thing dwindling under her eyes. So we took it to a famous specialist, a three-hour train ride, and his diagnosis was clean-cut. Not the right formula. The baby was starving to death. I remember we were mighty sober on the way home, and my wife broke a long silence by saying, 'Well, we'll have to pull up our socks.' That was my usual remark when we lost the first rubber at bridge. But we were both wretched at heart. In addition, one of my colleagues on the faculty, a bacteriologist, who was examining the milk supply of the community, announced to me that the milk was rotten with bad germs. That was cheerful news.

"However, we did all that two humans could do, and presently that child began to thrive. One day my wife met me at the door, radiant. 'She's gaining weight!' By Jove, we felt as if we'd pulled off a Marathon, and that night we sat down to a real feed. Our meals had been pretty sketchy before. By this time both of us belonged to that baby, body and soul. Neither of us is particularly sloppy or sentimental, but at about this period I wrote a letter to a college mate of mine in which I let myself loose over that kid. She was sweet and rosy by now. It makes me embarrassed even to think of that letter, and I dare say the man thought I was a plain lunatic. Not even my own child, either!

"But it was my baby! That's just the point. In every particular I had the same emotions, the same deep anxiety, love, thrills and delight that a man has with his first-born. And like most fathers, I hadn't been crazy about it before it came. I can't begin to tell you how that child changed

(Continued on Page 161)

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SOME DAY YOU'LL BE SORRY

(Continued from Page 47)

He clenched his fists then and said them, firmly, with nice emphasis and hauteur—a business he was interrupted in by the opening of the door and Doctor Holt's congested face.

"What are you mumbling about?" Doctor Holt roared. "Anything you wish to say, say to me!" He made a movement which seemed certain to culminate in physical violence, and Smith III fled downstairs, slipped and fell part of the way, picked himself up and disappeared. It was apparent in the last analysis that he did not have quite the same attitude as the Hebrew martyrs.

II

MOST young men—mercifully, they fail to realize it—reach, with the sixth form of a big school, the acme of such power and glory as their lives will provide. This was not true of Smith III. He was destined for what might, not extravagantly, be called the world's sixth form; but not knowing this—even if he annoyed Doctor Holt and many other people by seeming to expect some future of the sort—he was highly gratified to be in Durham's sixth form, with all that it implied in relative position and privileges. He enjoyed it all; he even found pleasure in hating Doctor Holt—at least until the May of that final year when he really hated him, when everything that went before crystallized in the cold determination that Doctor Holt would live to regret Smith III.

This crystallization was the result of one scene, when the atmosphere of antagonism was supersaturated at last, but there was, naturally, plenty of past material. Smith III had differed with Doctor Holt approximately once a week on every possible and impossible subject, from the time of the discussion about God to the final earth-shaking disaster of Mrs. Delancey. These differences took two forms—one, Smith III's contempt for and infraction of school rules; the other, a type of difference exemplified by such roaring moments as that when Doctor Holt personally removed from the bookcases and tossed out the window of Smith III's room several works, admittedly immortal, whose spirit and candor he none the less considered unsuited to the general circulation which Smith III was giving them. Almost constant roars reverberated from Doctor Holt's study during that exciting winter. Smith III was a thorn in Doctor Holt's paw, affording him no peace. That Doctor Holt refrained from plucking it forth was due partly to his pride—the injured pride of his genius for boys and how to handle them. The other part, you might think, resulted from an infrangible limit he set to even his worst tempers. He never, when he was enraged, allowed himself to expel a boy, and in Smith III's case he never ceased to be enraged.

Smith III was by now accustomed to living on a volcano. Eruptions still appalled him, but he knew what to do to escape the worst of it, and how to settle exactly where he had been before without much lost motion. If, on occasion, he had seemed to be doing something suspiciously like kicking stones into the crater, the last, most terrible eruption he never planned on, and it takes a mature mind to see justice in the belated lift of one's own petard.

Lorna Delancey was twenty-five. Two successive marriages had turned out badly for her. The second was even then being dissolved. Entirely through the chance that a friend of hers had offered Mrs. Delancey the use of a place there, she had selected the village of Durham as a quiet spot to spend several obscure months with her four-year-old daughter while the unpleasantness connected with Mr. Delancey was cleared up. Such are the ignorances of women, she had not even known that there was a school at Durham. But she soon found out, for her borrowed cottage was about a mile down the river and the four-year-old daughter had been regularly kept from a few hours' mischief by the afternoon appearance of eight-oared shells, coxswains barking, and the boom of critical comment from a megaphone decorated with a white D in the coach's launch.

Thus, when she saw the D, black this time, embellishing the white hats worn by several of a group of pleasant youths in flannels who were strolling the river road one Sunday afternoon, she felt amiable toward it and paid them a moment's attention, thinking, from the vantage point of twenty-five, how young and charming they looked. She herself was sufficiently young and charming for most tastes. She reclined in a couch on the veranda, a small, golden-headed figure in pale blue muslin. The strollers in flannels saw considerably less of her in this position than she saw of them, but they were at an age uncannily susceptible to mere femininity, let alone something very much like beauty. They looked that way casually, one after another.

One of them said, "Not so bad. Who is she?"

No one knew. But Smith III, always an expert in the unexpected, inquired without emphasis, "Would you like to meet her?"

The suggestion received what might have been mistaken for merely bored indifference. "One of your girl friends, Smith? No, thanks."

Clark I earnestly informed him that he'd better not let the Old Man—Doctor Holt was indeed forty-five or six—catch him playing around.

"That," said Smith III, "certainly worries me a lot."

"Mr. Smith"—they were all instructed now by a boy called Frazer—"is a sensation with women. They stop him on the street and ask him how he's doing in school." The reference, producing mirth inexplicable to outsiders, concerned an old woman, harmless and half-witted, in the village, who sometimes, for no ascertainable reason, halted Durham boys and urged them to study hard.

Clark I, who felt rebuffed, as so many people did simply from some subtle perfection of Smith III's disregard, suggested, with more scorn than grace: "Trot in and give her a kiss, Smith. She'll think you've forgotten her if you walk right by."

A youth named Grant Lindsay phrased suddenly what they were all thinking. "Come on. Let's see what Smith's woman is like."

Smith III declined, "I gave you your chance. No, I'm afraid I don't know her after all."

"No," they told him, "of course not." Clark I, a little more discerning, observed, "Oh, Smith's bluffing again. Let's heave him in the river."

Grant Lindsay took his arm. "Come on, Benson," he said, turning him about; "do your stuff."

"All right," agreed Smith III coolly. "I don't know her. I never saw her before. But she happens to appeal to me. Suppose we see if she has any drinking water lying around handy."

"You know what the Old Man said about stopping at houses in the village," Clark I pointed out. "We'll lose our privileges and be in a rotten mess if he hears about it."

"Who's going to tell him?" asked Grant Lindsay nastily. "You?"

"This isn't the village," Smith III observed. "He never said anything about stopping at places down the river."

When Lorna Delancey's sister came up to join her in the Durham retreat about the third week in May, she was pleasantly surprised to find that Lorna was not moping.

Lorna said to her presently, "Nancy, I've met some of the sweetest children you ever saw. They're boys from the school. My dear, they're simply too delicious! You must be nice to them. They'll adore your being here. They need someone else to dance with. And remember not to let them smoke when they're down, like a darling. It's against their rules and I don't let them. I don't want them to get into trouble."

It had not, you see, occurred to Mrs. Delancey that any trouble could possibly result when several of these sweetest children appeared at half-past eight or nine and remained, taking advantage of the sixth-form privilege of late lights, until half-past ten or even eleven. She provided an immense collection of cakes for them, and lemonade. Benson Smith, having the advantage of being the most articulate, she was most intimate with. She would have said candidly that she adored him. She meant by this that she liked his face and manners, and, even as Doctor Holt, who liked neither, she was, in addition, aware of something exceptional about Smith III.

This special feeling made her present no objection when Nancy, who had always been considered by the family better looking than Lorna, monopolized Benson Smith's companions. Lorna was accustomed to sit with him for varyingly long periods on the veranda steps while the phonograph supplied tireless fox trots inside. Out here you could smell shrubs flowering in the dark. Stars lay flat on the river and innumerable fireflies moved under the great soft shapes of the elms. She listened, her lovely and rapturous face soberly intent, her hair glinting in the shadows, to Benson Smith, who told her a great deal about himself, including much that was only partly true now, but which he meant to make true soon. Since—hers was acute instinct rather than any unusual intelligence—she did not want him to regret these rather touching confidences, afterwards she told him a little about herself—enough to make her entirely tragic and almost holy in his eyes.

When he came at last to say that he loved her, she said that it made her very happy. It did. She was, despite everything, barely twenty-five herself, and the poignant innocence of the emotion that this timid worship caused her was sufficiently close to tears. Two or three evenings later he had accumulated courage enough to ask if he might kiss her. She hesitated only a moment, taking his face suddenly between her cool hands and kissing him with a deliberate tenderness that he had not the experience to appreciate.

"No," she said at once, pressing her fingers hard against his lips. "Not again. I wanted you to know that I'm very fond of you, Benson. And that I believe in you, dear. You're going to be everything you want to be. Women can tell about those things."

She was deeply serious, and Benson Smith, naturally, loved her beyond speech. "When you go away next month," she continued, so he could not say anything, "you will never hear of me again. But I'll hear of you. Everyone will hear of you. And I'll be happy, Benson, to remember what a sweet boy you were."

Thus she had said, out of the kindness of her heart, out of the exquisite emotion that his simple inexperience caused her—perhaps out of that premonition about him—the words that he had been waiting all his life to hear. She did not let him explain, as he would have, that he could not possibly be anything without her. He would have asked her to marry him, not only because he was stunned by his love for her but because it seemed to him the necessary next step. She stood up.

"Now, darling, you must all go back to school. It's so late. You'll come and see me soon, won't you?"

"Tomorrow afternoon," he told her.

"Darling," she told him, "I have to go to town tomorrow, but I'll be back Wednesday. Come Wednesday evening and tell me that you've been studying hard and haven't had trouble with Doctor Holt."

(Continued on Page 63)

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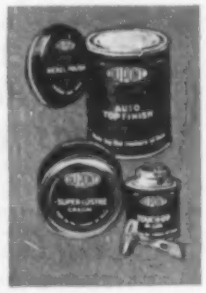

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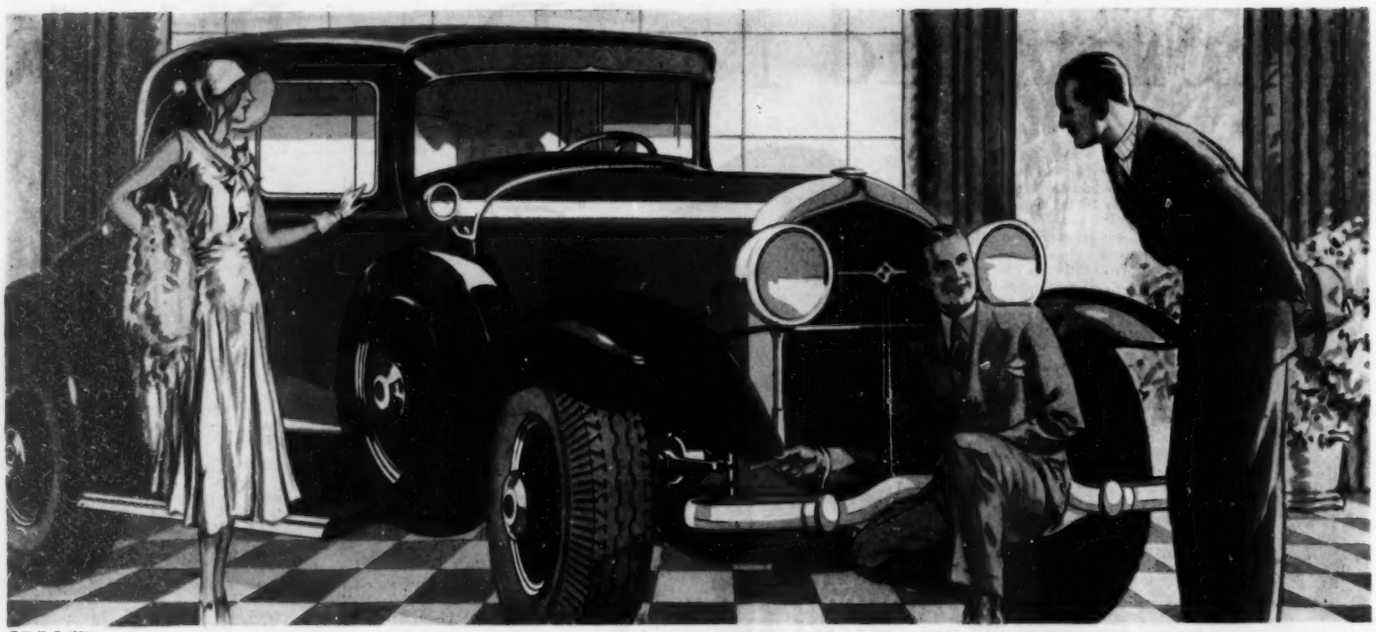

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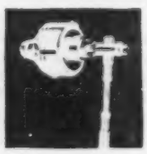

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(Continued from Page 60)

Actually, it was a sixth former named Weston—not Smith III; certainly not Mrs. Delancey; not, directly, Doctor Holt—who was responsible for all that followed. This Weston, leading greedy and dissolute companions, had found a new way to rifle the pantry closets. At nine o'clock Wednesday night the expedition, loaded with the evidence of Weston's ingenuity, encountered Doctor Holt without warning. Doctor Holt knew the value of violent discipline in minor matters. It maintained the morale which left him free to be much less arbitrary, more advised, in matters really important. It was obviously time he investigated sixth-form activities, and he walked immediately up and down, seeking whom he might devour.

In the roar of the following round-up, someone, intent only on getting the sixth form accounted for as soon as possible, mentioned that he had seen Smith III start down the river road. The moment was not one for considered speech or nice foresight. Doctor Holt had snatched some offending prefect's stick, and it switched like a lion's tail as he collected reports and explanations. Given the hint about the river road, Doctor Holt's knowing exactly where to find Smith III was not supernatural. He kept close track of people and places around Durham. Immediately he postponed his local investigation. He strode out and slammed himself into the fast motor which he was accustomed to drive like a fury over the countryside. Roaring in every sense, he swept out the school gates and down the dark river road.

Benson Smith had been sitting in the moonlight on the veranda steps, close to Lorna Delancey's satin-shod feet. He watched the moon over the great mounds of the tree tops and said almost nothing. He was overwhelmed with a beauty, a peace, a radiant solemnity not to be described or defined. He might have guessed—though, naturally, he did not—that never again in his life would any woman or any moonlight be so unspoiled, so innocent, so entrancing as this. Neither May, nor music—how beautiful the fox trots seemed to him that spring!—nor the miracle of femininity like Lorna Delancey's could ever again be quite so rapturous. Now he wanted nothing except for it not to stop. He did not even look at her, for in his mind he had everything—more than there was to see—everything about her—face and form, the faintly perfumed things she wore, accumulated word and gesture of hers, even the sweet, keen pain of what he thought that she had endured.

It seemed to him that he might have sat there forever, but even thus lost to himself, sunk in the moonlight, in the scent and sense of her presence, he had other faculties, neglected but faithful. These caught the unexpected flash of headlights far up in the pacific moonlight on the almost-never-used river road. They marked the torrential speed of the coming car, identified it and its driver, prodded Smith III instantly back to awareness. His heart contracted, his stomach turned over.

He cried out sharply: "Grant! Tom! Out the back and get to school! The Old Man's coming!"

That dreadful final phrase halted the phonograph.

"Come on!" Grant Lindsay called.

"No," said Smith III, "I'll stay." Every impulse he had was to flee, to flee far and hide deep, but even terror proved to be now less to him than Lorna. The hideous notion of leaving her alone, to face Doctor Holt, enraged, froze him where he was. He continued hoarsely: "He knows somebody's down here. If he finds me he won't bother about anyone else. Hurry up, and don't cross the open fields there. You have a couple of minutes, maybe."

Inhibitions against running away, deserting a comrade, develop, if they ever do, at a later stage. Grant and Tom Frazer kept clear of theories so intangible in a matter whose horror would presently be concrete and hard to exaggerate. If they had also been missed, there were ways far less disastrous to account for their absence. Nancy was kind enough to help then.

"Do run," she urged warmly. They ran.

"You go inside," Smith III said despairingly to Lorna. "Don't listen. He's going to be awful. But don't worry," he added, swallowing. "I can handle him. I'm used to it. We have much worse rows almost every day."

Lorna looked at him, aghast. "Benson," she said, "I'll explain to him. He certainly can't object to anything you've been doing here."

He shook his head. "No," he begged, "don't. Don't try to say anything. I'll make him stick to me. I'll see you don't get into any trouble, somehow."

Ordinarily, Smith III's own temper, his exhilarated impudence, his unconscious zest for conflict would have been mustering under the thin surface weakness of his apprehension, ready to break out at the first offense to his self-esteem. Now he felt his failings; he could take care of himself, but whether he could take care of Lorna or not he didn't know; whether he could keep her out of it, inviolate, as she must be; whether he could bear the shame of failing to defend her. He had, in fact, something like that fatal sickness of Anthony's at Actium—danger not solely his dazed him; immemorial affections which had enslaved his heart now nicked his captainship. The sudden sweep of headlights into the little drive, the intolerable, brilliant shafts on the veranda steps, found him with no more resource or resolution than a sleeper can bring against some dreadful and incredible dream. He stood up jerkily, rubbing the palms of his hands on his white flannels, in a terrible sickness and confusion. The car door smashed shut and Doctor Holt came stockily across the dew-wet grass.

"Smith," he roared, "who gave you permission to leave the school grounds?"

"No one, sir," said Smith III faintly.

"Then why are you here?"

Smith III had a feeble idea. "I was walking, sir," he suggested. "I stopped to get a glass of water ——"

"Speak up!" exploded Doctor Holt. "I can't hear you!"

"I said," Smith III repeated, even more feebly, "that I ——"

"Answer me!" Doctor Holt shouted. "Don't mumble! I asked you a perfectly simple question! I want an answer!"

"I don't know, sir," responded Smith III, for that response at least he did know.

And now Lorna Delancey intervened. She had not as yet grasped Doctor Holt's well-known attitude toward anything unlucky enough to be female. His state of mind was the entirely understandable result of contact, before he had perfected the means to refuse it utterly, with that hopeless and maddening creature, the mother of a Durham boy, but Mrs. Delancey was naturally taken aback when Doctor Holt roared at her directly, "Be quiet, madam. I wish to hear nothing you have to say!"

Smith III interrupted falteringly, "Don't talk that way to Mrs. Delancey. I ——"

Doctor Holt probably didn't hear him, for Mrs. Delancey, although shaken, was proceeding, "I'm really frightfully sorry if anything has been wrong. Benson only came down here because I invited him. You must understand ——"

Smith III could, after all, be dealt with any time, but so favorable an opportunity to defend his boys from small golden-headed women might not occur again.

"Madam," he roared, "I presumed that he was down here by your invitation. I do not hold callow youths entirely responsible for their reactions to the incitement of unprincipled women! Oblige me by not interfering with a matter of school discipline!" His terrible blue eyes appraised her sudden paleness in the cruel glare of the headlights. What make-up she used stood out stark; she looked frail, painted, and Doctor Holt had no taste for frailty or paint. "Madam," he roared on, "I am familiar with certain aspects of your past"—part of his ordinary

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information had been her divorce—"and they do not recommend you to me as a neighbor. I do not regard such proclivities or activities as they imply with moderation. I do not tolerate them in the vicinity of the Durham School!"

Smith III shouted: "You talk to me, you rotten old bully!"

This did create a pause, but it was shame, the rage of despair, that brought it out, not warlike anger; there was nothing behind it but tears when Doctor Holt awarded him his whole attention. "We'll have no more of your impudence, Smith!" He meant to tell Smith III that he was expelled, but he came, even at this awful moment, against his self-regulation regarding that act. Instantly he substituted tactics far more to his personal satisfaction. He had retained the prefect's stick that he had taken, and he applied it now with promptness, skill and a whole heart to Smith III.

Smith III retreated. He would not have believed himself capable of anything so shameful as desertion in the face of the enemy, but his outraged emotions gave him no command over himself; his nerves betrayed him to a hysterical cowardice. He winced back from those stinging cuts, and as he moved, Doctor Holt moved after him. When he ran, Doctor Holt, astonishingly, ran too, and very well. An epic chase began on the moonlit lawn. Up the river there were two hundred and seventy-four boys, quaking in apprehension, who would have given their souls to see it, but no one did except Mrs. Delancey and her sister, who had come out now and stood beside her, interested. The spectacle of Doctor Holt, stick in hand, pursuing Smith III was too much for Nancy; she melted in gales of laughter.

This fatal sound reached Smith III. He made no mistake; he knew it was Nancy that laughed, not Lorna, but more agonizing than any cuts from Doctor Holt's stick was the conviction he immediately had that the laughter was at him, at the unbearable shame and absurdity of the part he had played.

He scrambled over the rough stone fence, tumbled into the dirt road below, frustrating Doctor Holt. Then he ran, without any sense of direction, as hard as he could. He would have liked to put the whole width of the world between himself and the irreparable ruin he left behind him.

Doctor Holt, turning back from the fence, had experienced a long-delayed ease of spirit and release. He looked at the stick between his hands, broke it and threw it away. He came quietly back to the steps where Lorna Delancey waited, horrified, and Nancy was still choking on her laughter.

"Madam," Doctor Holt said with the brusqueness which represented the height of his deference to females, "I deplore the unfortunate events just past. I will simply ask you to coöperate with me in a matter of discipline. Durham boys are forbidden to stop at or enter any house in this neighborhood. I will go so far as to say that I deeply regret any words of mine which your own conscience may convince you were unwarranted and inapplicable. Good night."

Driving more moderately on the river road, he halted when he came up with the stumbling figure of Smith III. "Get in, Smith," he said. "If I can rely on your good behavior for the remainder of the term, it will not be necessary to go on with this matter."

Smith III hesitated in the moonlight. Then he got in and sat beside the head master. Very quiet and white, he said, "Yes, sir." He saw that it might be a long time before a really suitable moment came to make Doctor Holt sorry. He sat cold and collected, ready to wait.

III

JUST as it was not true, but a long-held idea of Benson Smith's, that he had been altogether miserable and unhappy at Durham, it was another of his ideas that he had worked a long time, neglected and unappreciated. As a matter of fact, though his fame was not established beyond reasonable question for ten years after that spring he had been in the sixth form, he had been appreciated almost at once. If he wanted to know how numerous his early admirers had been, he could count the considerable numbers of his present enemies. They were the ones who had discovered him, extolled him in his obscurity, and afterward, wounded and indignant, found that they had been perfectly right—Benson Smith was going far. He no longer depended on their good opinions or found the former balm in their company.

Much more constant and loyal was the Durham School, though Benson Smith never went back or paid it any attention. Benson Smith thought that he understood their attitude. Certainly they had nothing to lose by crediting themselves with having turned out yet another famous son. He confided as much to Grant Lindsay, almost the only Durham boy he remained acquainted with eleven years after his graduation. Lindsay, who had an amiable habit of neither agreeing nor disagreeing with anything, was at once impressed and amused by the conversation and company of a famous man.

"Oh, they all hate me at bottom," Benson Smith told Grant, whom everybody liked. "Everyone always has. Well, I hate everyone. I wish that made us even."

"There are plenty of people," Grant Lindsay objected amiably, "who like you a lot, admire you more. And you know it."

"They're the ones who don't know me yet," Benson Smith said. "I'll show you why people hate me. I don't particularly mean to, but I just don't notice them. I haven't time for them. I have important things to do." He halted and pointed a finger at Grant. "Now, you know how it works," he said, "because it's working. You're thinking, 'He certainly takes himself hard. He doesn't need to put on so much side with me, even if he is wonderful—and by the way, I wonder if he really is?'"

Grant Lindsay grinned, recognizing that it was true. "I didn't know you cared what people thought," he confessed. "I suppose you like people to admire you. Well, oddly enough, so do I. That's just healthy vanity."

"I am vain," agreed Benson Smith. "I have to be. I couldn't do anything without a lot of admiration. It hasn't happened often, because usually I get so mad it doesn't hurt me, but I've never been able to forgive one or two"—the "two" was an exaggeration—"people who really hurt my vanity. Do you know, until I've shown those people, I'll never be satisfied. And it may not be long now."

"They've probably been shown already," said Grant Lindsay. He was thinking, good-humoredly amused at himself, how glad he was that someone like Benson Smith wasn't out for him. He detested unpleasantness. "Even Doctor Holt thinks you're quite an ornament now—and if you can remember as much as I can!"

"I can remember," agreed Benson Smith gravely. "But I imagine Doctor Holt's forgotten. Yes, I know he thinks very highly of me. In fact, I was even asked to speak at the endowment-drive dinner. There'll be lots of important people there, and I gather I'd be an advertisement."

"I guess maybe you would," said Grant Lindsay. "What did you do—turn him down cold for old times' sake?"

"No," said Benson Smith, "I thought I might speak, for old times' sake."

Benson Smith, although he had a gift for extemporaneous speaking, spent some time and thought on the remarks he would make at the Durham dinner. He would, after all, be talking for Doctor Holt, and Doctor Holt would understand instantly. Doctor Holt would have fifteen of the worst minutes he ever spent, waiting for the moment—and it wouldn't need to come—when Benson Smith might change his tone. He could simply extol, extravagantly, Doctor Holt's methods and manners, ignoring the

(Continued on Page 66)

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"My physician advised me to eat fresh yeast"

(*At left, above*) "Busy days at school and nights at study wore me out completely," *writes* MISS ODETTE WILLARD *of Montreal.* "I was suffering from nervousness and skin blemishes. An eminent doctor here advised Fleischmann's Yeast and I ate it three or four times a day. The skin trouble disappeared. Now I am perfectly well and happy."

(*Right*) "An automobile accident left me in a very nervous condition," *writes* MISS VIRGINIA MATTHEWS *of Philadelphia.* "My skin was horribly broken out. . . Soon after starting to eat yeast a noticeable improvement took place. I slept better. My appetite came back and my skin cleared beautifully. I am delighted with how well I feel."

LEADING SKIN DOCTORS RECOMMEND YEAST

DR. E. BRUUSGAARD, most famous skin specialist in Norway, says, "I have used fresh yeast for many years."

DR. ALFRED BRANDWEINER, dermatologist of Vienna's largest free hospital, says, "Fresh yeast will keep the intestinal tract free of the poisons which upset digestion and cloud the skin."

DR. EDVARD EHLERS, internationally known Copenhagen skin specialist, says, "I invariably rely on yeast in all rebellious cases of common skin disorders. Its effect is astonishing. It should be continued until all poisons are eliminated from the system."

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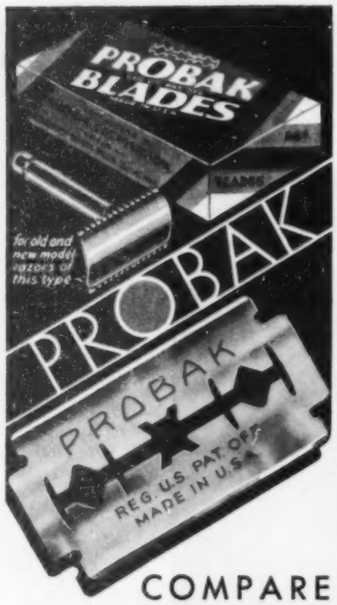

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Patented features make Probak an utterly different and revolutionary blade. Your razor has a butterfly touch—glides through the wiriest beard without the least pull, drag or vibration. There's not one sour Probak blade in a million. Let your face bring in the verdict. Get the best shaves ever—or get your money back. $1 for 10, 50c for 5.

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(Continued from Page 64)

silly and brutal implications which he would know best how to bring out.

When he sat down, no one could say that one word not in praise had passed his lips, but there would be a bad taste in everybody's mouth.

He had plenty of time, the night of the dinner, to think of this, as well as what more private score he might have. A former Secretary of State, who had a son now at Durham, sat on Doctor Holt's right, but Benson Smith was on his left—he had not seen Doctor Holt for eleven years, and it was pleasant to note how little he had changed. The table in the hotel ballroom numbered 1 was lined solidly with men—men of weight and importance—graduates from such antique classes as '04, '07; men nationally prominent, such as the secretary, whose sons were Durham boys.

Benson Smith had enjoyed honors more appropriate and more intelligent, but there was a certain difference here. All these grave, dignified and graying figures, persons of power and wealth and distinction in so many different fields, could not have been gathered together any other way. Their interests would not lead them naturally to see and sit with Benson Smith. They looked at him with that unique curiosity, the frank admiration such people reserve for those they do not understand but know they must esteem. In their scheme of things, they respected, of course, the Secretary of State, but they were, Benson Smith began to realize, much more interested to dine with him. Any one of them could just as logically have been the secretary, but Benson Smith, who sat there, dark, reserved, slender—actually he was getting a little plump, but he looked slender in this company—and so astonishingly young, was something none of them could ever have been.

There were four hundred other men in the room, gathered at lesser tables, and Benson Smith stood out for them much the same way. The constrained conversation peculiar to such functions turned gratefully on him, and at a big table where a dozen members of his class had gathered to stare, astonished, at the changes in each other, there was real excitement. Everyone who had known Benson Smith felt slightly more important.

The perfection of the arrangement was unexpected. In his most optimistic moments, Benson Smith had not realized just how it would be. No gathering could ever be more impressed and less critical, for their pride in Benson Smith was pride in themselves; honor they paid to him was honor paid to Durham, and honor paid to Durham was paid to themselves; no one there would want to stint it. In many ways it was the oddest experience in Benson Smith's life to sit here, Doctor Holt at his right, the severity gone out of the solid blond profile, the bushy eyebrows eased in a warmth of good humor and satisfaction, his roar simply cordial and agreeable, while before them the table was banked with the Durham colors, as at a football dinner—Benson Smith saw a certain irony in that—and spread behind their heads was an immense oblong banner, white on black.

Benson Smith sat and waited. He had that old sense of exhilaration; the charm of the impending, spectacular and unexpected, intrigued him. It would be entirely adequate, he recognized, and dinner over, he heard out, grave and attentive, what the Secretary of State had to say about their beliefs and hopes, the importance of secondary education in the life of the nation, the meaning of great schools like Durham—which, it developed very gracefully, was Doctor Holt. There was a warm crackle of applause.

Doctor Holt moved over the amplifier disk connected with the loud-speakers in batteries of fluted trumpets at each far corner of the room. He explained what a pleasure and an honor it was to have the secretary there.

"I have now," he continued, "a pleasure—and an honor—very personal to Durham men. Durham is proud and happy in the success and distinction that have come to her graduates, and our pride and happiness is very full to be able to welcome at this dinner—so important for what we hope will be the future of the school—one of Durham's most distinguished alumni. I do not need to introduce Benson Smith to the public, to our friends, but for the benefit of that table over there, where I seem to see an inordinate number of men from his class, I will say that it gives me very great pleasure to ask Smith III to say a few words for us."

Doctor Holt moved over the microphone stand and, in a sudden fury of applause, Benson Smith stood up. He had been applauded before with better reason, and it was wine to him, but he had never been applauded like this; it was a sharp and intense violence, deliberate and purposeful. He knew it even better when he raised his hand, smiling, and the noise broke off obediently to a perfect attentive stillness. He looked about at the hundreds of turned faces reaching to the corners, to the walls where more oblong banners—class banners in their several colors—ran a rank of numerals around the great room.

He said clearly: "Doctor Holt has been good enough to remember that, for everyone in this room, and I hope especially for him, I am Smith III. I mean, that to talk about Durham one must be a Durham man. . . . Mr. Secretary"—he turned easily and addressed him—"we have all heard with the warmest appreciation the fine things you found to say about Durham and about its head master. To know how the school is regarded by one of your eminence is far more important to us than anything I could say. I can only tell you"—his eyes swept back to the hundreds of faces watching—"how the school is regarded by those of us she has educated ——"

Grant Lindsay found him afterward, as the meeting was breaking up. "Listen, Benson, you missed your calling. I'll bet you netted him an extra hundred thousand."

"That's funny, isn't it?" Benson Smith said. "I came here to pan the whole outfit."

Grant Lindsay looked at him, dumfounded. Finally he had an idea. "Yes," he said, "the old place has sort of a hold on one, hasn't it?"

Some younger graduates, enthusiastic to the end, had persuaded the orchestra in the corner to play the Durham football songs, and they sang them. Abstracted, Benson Smith saw what Grant was talking about; just as he could see, with not-unmoving clarity, the sharp autumn afternoons, hear the roar of the big games—Hotchkiss and Kent and Choate and Somerset—but he shook his head.

"No," he said, "I wouldn't have cared about that. I meant to get even some day. I happened to find it was out of my hands."

"You mean you were carried away," said Grant, who understood that. He had been doing rather more cheering and reminiscing himself than he had intended to.

"That would be a nice way to put it," admitted Benson Smith. "Yes, I was carried away. I said what I had to. I couldn't have said anything else. Not with all those people who thought I was wonderful. I had to be wonderful, Grant."

"But what about Doctor Holt?" said Grant, perplexed. "Do you still feel the same way about him?"

Benson Smith smiled gradually. "I signed a pledge for much more than I can afford," he said. It took a long time, but in the end the account seemed somehow to get squared.

AMERICAN BUSINESS AND BUSINESS MEN

(Continued from Page 38)

entirely to the study of business. Some of the universities are specializing in foreign-service study. Princeton, for example, recently established a bureau of international finance for the study of the financial relationships of nations and world-wide economic problems. J. O. Malott, who is specialist in commercial education in the United States Bureau of Education, which is part of the Department of the Interior in the Federal Government, says that courses in business management nowadays enjoy the widest popularity and that a number of institutions have curriculums in which personnel management, credits and collections and accounting are integrated. Nor has the peak been reached, for as American interests spread out through the world, the opportunities for college men who have not only studied business administration and economics but have specialized in languages are likely to be manifold. As yet, the economic history of foreign countries and the economic geography of the world are not any better known by the students of other countries than by those of the United States, but the interest in both subjects is growing all the time, for in this economic era even universities have been stimulated by new contacts made possible by quick communication, better shipping facilities, increased production, and more interchange of products throughout the world.

PHOTO. FROM A. E. DUNN

A Lake in the Tetons, Wyoming

CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

HURRAH!!! . . . for freedom from trouble; from care, from undue wear . . . the Spirit of America in motoring made certain by cars "Timken Bearing Equipped".

The list on this page is your Declaration of Independence from the threat of thrust, torque, speed, and shock that seek to shorten your car's miles of youth.

But, eternally vigilant, Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken made steel, keep your car young while miles fly by.

Remember each name on the list. Study each location where Timken bearings are placed—then place your order for a car that seems never to grow old.

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CANTON OHIO

TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED

Crosses Indicate "Timken Bearing Equipped" Points

Make	Models	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	X	X	X	...	X
Austin	All	X	X	...	...	X
Cadillac	All	...	...	...	X	X
Chrysler	66, 70, 77	X	X	X	...	X
	Imperial	X	...	...	...	X
Cord	All	X	X	...	X	X
Cunningham	All	X	X	X	...	X
DeSoto	6	X	X	X	...	X
	8	X	X	X	X	X
Dodge	6	X	X	X	...	X
	8	X	X	X	X	X
Durant	614	X	X	X	X	X
	617	X	X	X	X	X
Elcar	75	X	X	X	...	X
	95, 96, 120	...	X	...	...	X
Erskine	All	X	X	X	X	X
Essex	All	X	X	X	...	X
Ford	All	X	...	X	X	X
Franklin	All	X	X	X	X	X
Gardner	All	X	X	X	...	X
Graham	Standard Six	X	X	X	X	X
	Special Six	X	X	...	...	X
	Eights	X	X	...	X	X
Henney	All	X	X	X	...	X
Hudson	All	X	X	X	...	X
Hupmobile	S & C	X	X	X	X	X
	H & U	X	X	X	...	X
Jordan	All	X	X	X	...	X
Kissel	73 & 95	X	X	X	...	X
	126	X	X	X	X	X
Kleiber	All	X	X	X	...	X
LaSalle	All	...	...	...	...	X
Lincoln	All	X	X	X	X	X
Locomobile	86 & 88	X	X	...	...	X
Marmon	69	X	...	...	...	X
	79 & H	X	X	...	...	X
McFarlan	All	X	X	X	...	X
Moon	All	X	X	X	...	X
Nash	Std. 6	X	X	X	X	X
———	All	X	X	...	X	X
Peerless	B & C	X	X	...	...	X
	A	X	...	...	...	X
Pierce-Arrow	All	X	X	X	X	X
Plymouth	All	X	X	X	...	X
Reo Flying Cloud	20 & 25	X	X	...	X	X
	15	X	X	...	...	X
Roamer	All	X	X	X	...	X
Roosevelt	All	X	X	X	...	X
Studebaker	All	X	X	X	X	X
Stutz	All	X	X	X	...	X
Whippet	All	X	X	X	X	X
Willys-Knight	All	X	X	X	X	X
Windsor	All	X	X	X	...	X

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

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"And brass pipe *isn't* expensive

Look at these figures!"

YOU'LL be surprised when your plumber tells you how little more Chase Alpha Brass Pipe costs than pipe that rusts.

For instance, in a $10,000 house it's less than 65 dollars extra! That's only about ¾ of a cent for each building dollar—and it applies to all types of houses (see the column at the right)... a mighty small difference compared to the trouble and expense it saves you in years to come.

Rustable pipe brings trouble and repairs—expensive repairs, too! They'll cost you many times the few extra dollars you spend for Chase Alpha Brass Pipe.

Chase Alpha Brass Pipe cannot rust. It always gives you clean, clear water at full pressure. Your laundry will never be spotted and stained with rust flakes. You can open a faucet downstairs without having the flow of water in the bathroom drop to a thin stream.

That's why it's wise to decide on Chase Alpha Brass Pipe at the very beginning—just as it's wise to decide on Chase Copper Leaders and Gutters and Chase Bronze Screen Cloth. Hidden water pipes are far more difficult and expensive to repair and replace.

"Why, Chase Alpha Brass Pipe only adds about ¾ of 1% to your building cost! Isn't it worth that much to be sure of having clean water at full pressure as long as your house stands?"

Ask your plumber about it. He'll tell you that Chase Alpha Brass Pipe never needs replacement. Chase Alpha Brass Pipe is available everywhere—through plumbers.

SOME ACTUAL COSTS

For this $10,000. house, Chase Alpha Brass Pipe costs only $60. more than rustable pipe. J. Bryant Heard, architect, Danville, Va.*

Less than $150. extra to equip this $17,500. house in Bronxville, N. Y., with Chase Alpha Brass Pipe. Robt. H. Scannell, architect.*

A $25,000. home at Great Neck, N. Y. Julius Gregory, architect. Only $125. more for Chase Alpha Brass Pipe.*

For this 9-family apartment in New Rochelle, N. Y., Chase Alpha Brass Pipe adds only $525. to the cost. Lawrence M. Loeb, architect.*

* * *

**Amounts will vary slightly in different localities, but are usually about ¾ of 1% of building cost.*

CHASE *Alpha* BRASS PIPE

A Product of CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.—Incorporated—Waterbury, Conn.

Chase Leaders and Gutters — Chase Bronze Screen Cloth — Chase Plumbing Supplies — Chase Copper and Brass Sheets, Tubes and Rods for every industrial purpose

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

(Continued from Page 17)

"If that's the way you feel about it," snapped Gadget, "why did you let us start demonstrating in the first place?"

"That was a mistake on my part," he admitted. "You talked me into this tractor idea before I had thought much about it. But now that I have had time to consider the thing at my leisure I see that it is impractical. It would cause too much trouble. There would probably be a fight about the proper wages for tractor operators. And the quiet routine of our administrative offices would be disrupted by the necessity of finding new jobs for a lot of men."

"But I am sure that all these difficulties can be overcome. If you would only let us continue our demonstration ——"

"For the present," said Signor Galbi, "I think you had better stop. I will meditate further on this matter, and perhaps in the course of a week or two I may think of some way to handle things. In the meantime I will suggest that you keep your tractor in the storehouse on the Molo Vecchio."

"But, *signor*," said Gadget, "we hate to waste a week or two sticking around here doing nothing. Why can't we thrash this thing out right now?"

"I do not care to argue the matter at present. I must have a lot of time for thought. If you cannot wait, the only thing we can do is to terminate the negotiations."

"In that case," said Gadget, "I suppose we will have to wait. Good afternoon! We will see you later."

We walked out of his office.

That was yesterday afternoon. I have been spending this morning at the hotel writing this letter, while Gadget has been down at the port looking the situation over and cautiously sounding out some of the men on their attitude toward tractors.

As I was writing the last few sentences, Gadget came in with some very interesting news which makes it necessary for us to leave at once for Milan and points north. I have no time to explain this new development, but before I end this letter I wish to make a few general observations.

You will note that I have given you a very complete report of our conversation with Signor Galbi. I did this, not because it was interesting but because it was so incredibly dumb that it ought to give you a very good idea of the difficulties we are meeting over here. Try to put yourself in my place and see if you can think of any way to make an impression on anything as solid as Signor Galbi's brain. If there was any sense to even a part of what he has to say, it might be possible to reason with him. But when he is so completely insensible to everything in the nature of a new idea, there isn't any place to start in on him. And yet, it is bozos like this that I must win over if I am to make any sales. I am in a very difficult situation.

And I wish you would remember this fact whenever you are tempted to make any hasty and ill-considered criticisms of what I am doing. Before you presume to bawl me out, please remember that I am one of the best salesmen you have ever had, that I know more about what I am doing here than you do, and that senseless fault-finding always does more harm than good. And whatever you do, don't let me hear any more remarks about my activities in the city of Venice.

Very truly yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR
ON BOARD THE GENOA-MILAN EXPRESS,
Wednesday afternoon, May 9, 1928.
MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: We are on our way. We are about to pull off a coup d'état which will show these railroad people how good we are and may even convince a pessimist like yourself that we know our stuff. Just at the moment when things were most discouraging we discovered a wonderful opportunity. And we are taking advantage of it in our usual energetic way.

When Gadget went down to the port this morning she heard that there had been an accident on the main line of the railroad in the Alps just south of the Simplon tunnel. A dam had given way. The water had rushed down and washed out quite a section of the track. Apparently no one had been injured, but the railroad line was destroyed for some distance and all traffic stopped. The Simplon-Orient Express—one of the finest trains in Europe—had come through the tunnel, but had been halted at the washout. This was naturally considered very serious, and the railroad authorities were working frantically to repair the damage and to get traffic moving again.

As soon as Gadget heard this news she decided that our chance had come. When it comes to cleaning away rubbish and making quick repairs on a railroad, the Earthworm is right in its element. The regular wrecking cars work slowly and ponderously from one or both ends of the washout. They cannot touch the central part until they have practically finished the repairs at the ends and laid new track so that they can get there. But the Earthworm can go right ahead over the roughest ground and do a lot of the preliminary work before the wrecking cars get anywhere near. If we could show the railroad how good we were in this work, it would give us a wonderful sales argument. Our machines would pay for themselves by their normal work in switching cars, and would be of tremendous advantage in times of emergency.

Gadget at once took the matter up with Signor Galbi, and he finally agreed to send me and Gadget and two tractors up to the scene of activities. I have a feeling that he fell in with our plan not because he thought it was any good—he is too dumb for that—but because he thought he could get a lot more rest if we were out of town. You have no idea how it annoys that man to have anybody around that is trying to bring to his attention anything remotely resembling a new idea.

We loaded the big sixty-horse-power machine and the thirty onto a sort of express car. These two machines had been in the warehouse here ever since they arrived from America two months ago. The express car, at Signor Galbi's orders, was coupled onto the afternoon northbound train. And now we are about halfway to the city of Milan. Gadget and I are riding right in the car with the tractors, so that there will be no danger of our becoming separated from them. We have with us written orders directing that upon our arrival in Milan we are to be transferred to the Paris Express. This, of course, will take us as far as the washout, where we will get off and proceed to astonish these Italians by doing our stuff. Gadget and I are both feeling fine. At last we are getting some action. And you can trust us to see that some real results will follow.

LATER. Thursday, May 10. 1 A.M.

All is well. We got into Milan after dark. After showing the written orders from Signor Galbi, we got our car attached to the Paris Express, which pulled out about midnight. We are now rolling merrily along through the night. And as we have a hard day ahead of us, we will now try to get a little sleep. At a time like this I certainly appreciate the fact that these Earthworm tractors have such soft and comfortable seat cushions.

LATER. 9 A.M.

We have run into some very hard luck. And it is all due to the incredible stupidity of Signor Galbi and the rest of these railroad officials.

When Gadget and I woke up this morning the train was just emerging from a tunnel. We peered out of the small window in our baggage car and were much pleased to observe that we were in the mountains. Far below us we could make out a little stream in a deep, dark valley, and far above us we had glimpses of tremendous snow fields and glaciers lighted up with a beautiful pink glow from the first rays of the rising sun. The train made a wide loop around the side of the little valley. It entered a town. There was a sign on the station that said Modane.

Gadget and I at once opened the door and got out. We strolled up and down the platform. We noticed that all the people from the passenger coaches were going into the station.

"I wonder how far we are from the big washout," I said. "We seem to be right up in the high mountains. We must be getting pretty close."

Gadget got out a map and began looking it over. "The name of this place seems to be Modane," she said. "But I can't find it on the map. We are supposed to enter the mountains at a place called Mergozzo. Then we pass Premosello and Domo d'Ossola. But I don't see anything called Modane."

"Maybe that is not the name of the town at all," I said. "Maybe it is just one of these signs like Dubonnet, or Cinzano, or Sortie, or Herren, or something like that."

"No," said Gadget. "It looks like the name of a town. And by the way," she continued, "what are those two bozos doing over there?"

She pointed toward our car, and I noticed two men in uniform who were looking in at the tractors and carrying on some sort of a discussion.

We walked over and asked them what seemed to be bothering them. One of them could speak English.

"Are those machines your property?" he asked.

"They are," I said.

"This is most irregular," he said.

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"We can't find any papers or any orders covering this shipment. There is no waybill, no invoice, no customs declaration. The conductor of the train here"—he pointed to the man beside him—"says this car was put on at Milan by a special order from one of the high railroad officials. But he says he has no information as to where it is going. It is most unusual."

"It is very simple," I said.

"Perhaps," suggested the man, "you have the papers covering this shipment?"

"I don't know what you mean by the papers," I said. "The only paper I had was the written order directing that this car be attached to the Paris Express, and I left that with the station master at Milan. But that ought not to make any difference. All I want to do is go along with this train as far as it goes. Is there any reason why I can't do that?"

"Plenty of reasons," said the man. "That order you spoke of may have been all right in Italy. But this train is going to Paris. The French railroad must have a waybill covering the freight charges, and I must have an invoice showing the value of this machinery, so it can be passed through the customs. Furthermore, you will have to have a passport in order to cross the frontier yourself."

"I have a passport," I said. "But that has nothing to do with this case. I am not going to France. I am stopping on the Italian side of the frontier."

"Oh, you are?" said the man. "Then why didn't you? Don't you know you are already in France?"

"Say," I said, "just where are we, anyway?"

"You are in Modane."

"Where is that?"

(Continued on Page 71)

«Just like lifting the top off a sugar bowl»

THAT'S right mother. Sealright Liftright Caps are so easy to remove that even a child can do it in a jiffy. Without splashing a drop of the rich top cream! The patented groove at the tip of the tab makes it easy to raise. Then the cap lifts right out—quick! Liftrights keep the goodness in and fingers out.

Sealright Liftright Caps are used by progressive dairies everywhere. If the dairy you buy milk from does not use them, send us the coupon below, giving the dairy's name and address, and we'll send you free samples of these better caps for home use on your bottled milk.

SEALRIGHT
Liftright
MILK
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FOR FREE SAMPLES

Sealright Co., Inc., Dept. SP-6, Fulton, N. Y.
Please send me free samples of Sealright Liftright Milk Bottle Caps.

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Hudson is now the top place "Eight." Every passing day adds to its leadership as more people come to know Hudson Beauty, Hudson Quality, Hudson Performance, Hudson Value.

For this Hudson Eight is "the car of the future." It offers today what the best future cars must follow. You will see next year how the industry takes this pattern.

This is a new type—a complete, new car throughout. New ideas, new beauties, with Hudson's same price advantage. Important in principle is the relation of horsepower to weight. It accounts for unusual alertness in get-away and in speed. It contributes much to operation economy.

Here, then, is performance more flexible and smooth in all ranges than any we know. Here is quicker acceleration, greater hill-climbing ability. Here is a motor so smooth and powerful that it imparts a new riding sensation—active, free and effortless.

Former owners of "Sixes" are delighted with its economy. And "Eight" owners find a whole new scale of low ownership costs.

With its beauty and rich distinction of fine bodies—and with its unique price advantage it frankly questions the wisdom of ever paying more for a car.

FEATURES

Great power in proportion to weight • Low set motor—straight line drive • Ten body types on two chassis lengths • Four 2-way shock absorbers • Engine starter on dash • Electrolock—electric oil and fuel gauge • Radiator shutters • Spare tire carrier in front fender • Tire lock • Luggage carrier • Your own choice of many colors at no extra cost.

(Continued from Page 69)

"Right here. You are in it now."

"No, no. I mean what country is it in?"

"In France, just across the frontier from Italy."

"You mean they have already fixed up the railroad line, and we have come right on through the Simplon tunnel?"

"You have just come through the Mont Cenis tunnel."

"I don't understand that at all," I said. "At Milan we got on the Paris train that was supposed to go by way of the Simplon tunnel."

"Exactly so," said the man, "but the Simplon line is closed on account of a flood, and the trains have been rerouted. Some of them went by way of the St. Gotthard tunnel. This train has been sent by the Mont Cenis route."

"And how far are we," I asked, "from the Simplon tunnel?"

"Several hundred kilometers."

"How many hours' ride?"

"I don't know," said the man. "Maybe eight or ten hours would get you there if you had good luck with connections."

For a minute or two Gadget and I were completely speechless.

"I am one of the French customs officers," continued the man in uniform. "If you will come with me into the customs office, perhaps we can fix things up. You can make a declaration as to the value of this machinery, and pay the duty, and I think we can let you go on in spite of the fact that you do not have the proper papers."

"I just told you," I answered, "that I don't want to take these things into France. I want to go right back into Italy and get up to the Simplon tunnel, where they had the big flood. These two tractors are to be used in repairing the line."

"Oh!" said the man. "You came this way by mistake?"

"Yes."

"And you want to go back to Italy again?"

"That's what I have been trying to tell you."

"Come with me," he said.

He took Gadget and me into the customs office and explained everything to his chief. The chief called in several advisers and we had a long and intricate discussion in French, English and Italian. At first the chief was going to charge us duty on the tractor because the frontier is in the middle of the Mont Cenis tunnel and consequently the tractor had already been brought into French territory. But after Gadget had argued with him for ten or fifteen minutes he consented to let us off, provided we took our machines straight back to Italy. After this it took fifteen or twenty minutes to persuade the train conductor to uncouple the car. Then we waited an hour or so until a train bound for Italy came along, and after another interminable argument we got our car hitched on and started back toward the frontier again.

I have written this report partly while waiting at the station in Modane, and partly since we got under way. We have now just completed the long eight-mile trip through the big tunnel, and we are on Italian soil once more. We are due back in Milan at a little after three this afternoon. If we don't run into more trouble there, we ought to be able to catch a train which would get us to the washout sometime this evening. We may not be able to do much tonight, but we should be on the job first thing in the morning.

LATER. THE SAME DAY. 1 P.M.

More stupidity, more trouble, more grief. When our train stopped at Bardonecchia, which is the first town on the Italian side of the Mont Cenis tunnel, a couple of bozos in uniform came up to our car, looked at us, looked at the tractors, and then started a long harangue in Italian. I am getting so I don't like these people in uniform. As Gadget understands the language, I let her deal with them. She has given me a complete account of everything that was said, and I will let you have the main points.

It seems that the men were Italian customs officers, or members of some sort of a border patrol. First they looked over our passports. Then they wanted the papers covering the shipment of the tractors. Of course we had no papers. And neither had the conductor of the train.

"What?" said one of the men. "You have nothing to prove that you have paid duty on these machines?"

"We are not paying duty," said Gadget.

"What? You are bringing these machines into Italy without declaring them—without paying the legal duty?"

"We are not bringing them into Italy."

"But they just came through the tunnel, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"Then they came from France."

"No, they just came from Modane."

"Modane is in France."

"I know," said Gadget, "but it is so near the frontier that it ought not to count."

She then gave them a long explanation of exactly what had happened. She argued that as the tractors had never been officially admitted to France, they had never been officially out of Italy. As Gadget talked this up very well, and as she is a wonderful persuader, we might have got by with it except for another legal point that bobbed up. As soon as the officials heard that we had gone through the tunnel last night, they made a careful reëxamination of our passports.

"If what you tell me is true," said the one who was doing the talking, "you have committed a very serious offense. The law provides that no one may cross the frontier to leave Italy without the official *uscita* of the government. Our men inspect each train before it goes through the tunnel. They examine the passports of the passengers and stamp them with the official *uscita*. But your passports are not stamped. Why?"

"We never saw your old inspectors," said Gadget. "We were riding in the baggage car."

"I see," said the man; "you were in hiding. It is a very serious offense and I am compelled to put you both under arrest. We will take your car off the train and hold it here until we have official instructions as to the disposition of your property."

They proceeded at once to have our car backed onto a siding and uncoupled. The rest of the train went on its way, and the inspectors took us to their headquarters, where they apparently intended to lock us up, or chain us to the wall, or something.

But Gadget, as I remarked before, is a wonderful talker and has a very smooth way of handling people. And, fortunately, these two men in uniform were pretty decent chaps, in spite of their cockeyed ideas about what the law required. Gadget succeeded, after much lengthy conversation, in convincing them that we were innocent of any criminal intentions, and were merely the victims of an unfortunate mistake. They finally agreed to forget about our passport irregularities, and they said that if we would go back to Modane, see the Italian customs officers who are stationed there, and get them to give us a written statement certifying that our tractors had really come from Italy, and had never been officially admitted to France, they would drop all action against us and let us take possession of our property once more.

As this was the best arrangement we could make, we had to agree. We are now waiting for the afternoon train to Modane, and we shall soon be on our way back through the tunnel again. To obviate any possible difficulties with the railroad, we have sent a long telegram to Signor Galbi in Genoa explaining the situation and asking him to send the necessary orders to the railroad officials so that we can proceed to Milan and then to the Simplon without delay.

MODANE.

LATER. THE SAME DAY. 7 P.M.

More delay. We left Bardonecchia late in the afternoon. This time we got the official *uscita* stamped on our passports. We reached Modane about suppertime, and found that the Italian customs man we have to see had gone off duty. We can't get anything done until tomorrow, so we have taken a room at a little hotel here. This thing is beginning to get on my nerves. How I hate these birds in uniform. When I am just raring to go, with all this important work waiting for me up by the Simplon tunnel, it is naturally most irksome to put in days and days riding back and forth through this Mont Cenis tunnel. If we don't get some action tomorrow, there will probably be dispatches in the papers stating that an American traveler by the name of Botts suddenly went insane in the Alps near the Franco-Italian frontier and shot a number of Italian officials.

May 11. 9 A.M.

It is now the next morning. The Italian customs man gave us the statement we wanted, and we are now on the train riding through the tunnel, once more on our way to Bardonecchia.

The guidebook says the construction of this tunnel was begun in 1857, during the reign of the Emperor Louis Napoleon of France. It was finished in 1871. It is almost eight miles long, is big enough for two tracks, and is considered a great engineering achievement. But it doesn't thrill me at all. After we get out of it, the whole thing can cave in for all I care. And I don't want to see or hear anything more about it for the rest of my life.

BARDONECCHIA. LATER. 10 A.M.

I don't know why I keep writing you this series of reports. Gadget and I seem to be engaged in a lot of activities over here, but all to no purpose. Our proceedings have been so futile and so completely pointless that I can't imagine anyone taking any interest whatsoever in reading them. However, as you people are paying the salary and expenses, perhaps you may have a mild desire to know what we are doing, or not doing.

We arrived at Bardonecchia about half an hour ago. We found a long telegram, collect, from Signor Galbi. Being translated, it reads about as follows: "Am sending orders for car with tractors to return to Genoa. Simplon line now repaired. We are advised that much of the work was done by a salesman demonstrating some other tractor, who has so impressed officials there that they will buy his machine, not yours."

So that is that. We are starting back to Genoa by the next train. I have not yet shot any of these birds in uniform, but I don't know how long I can control myself. I will write you from Genoa and let you know my plans for the future.

Yours sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE
FOR THE
EARTHWORM TRACTOR
GRAND HOTEL-MIRAMARE
& DE LA VILLE,
GENOA, ITALY. May 12, 1928.

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON,
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY,
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR HENDERSON: We got back to Genoa last night. This morning, in a rather despondent state of mind, we called on Signor Galbi.

"I am glad to see you," he said. "There are a couple of gentlemen here who wish to talk to you."

He took us into an inner office and introduced us to a very large, very pompous, and very important-looking man. He was not very tall, but he was heavily built, and had a brown mustache and a luxurious brown beard, which was evidently very well taken care of. It was neatly trimmed and of a beautiful silky texture which indicated much brushing and combing.

The man's name was General Brera. He came from Milan, and was one of the big brass hats of the railroad company. Beside him stood a tall and muscular young man who looked vaguely familiar. It was not until he shook hands with me that I recognized him.

"Well, well, well," I said, "if it isn't good old Marco himself—the demon tractor driver."

[NOTE: It was indeed Marco. He is the young Italian whom I taught to drive the tractor which I sold a month or so ago to Signor Luigi Bontade in Venice. He is a very bright lad and he talks English fairly well.]

"I have come," said Marco, "to ask you for a job as salesman. And I have brought you a prospect."

"Tell me all about it," I said.

"I will," said Marco. "About a week ago Luigi finished clearing up his garden and had no more use for the tractor. I had saved up a little money, so I bought it very cheap and took it to Milan to see if I could sell it to a cousin of mine who owns a farm near there.

"At Milan I heard that the railroad needed to make some quick repairs on their line near the Simplon. I got them interested in my tractor. I shipped it up there and it did such good work that they have bought it. General Brera here was so impressed that he wishes to buy a half dozen. If these work out well, he may get a lot more."

"It seems incredible," I said.

"Not at all," said Marco. "Your Earthworm is such a good machine that I think I can sell quite a number of them in other places. I want you to give me a job as salesman."

"Marco," I said, "this is more than I seem able to grasp all at once. Suppose we sit down and go over everything slowly and carefully, so that what is left of my mind can have a chance to get hold of it."

We sat down. The general told us clearly and simply what he wanted, and it was a delight to talk to him. He is a man of action.

He was confident that he could easily handle any labor or wage difficulties that might result from using tractors. And his thinking is as clear and sound as Signor Galbi's is muddy and devious. Perhaps that is why he is one of the main guys in the railroad, while old Galbi has merely a second-rate local job. Within a few minutes the general had signed up an order for six machines.

Then I hired Marco as our Italian salesman. I know I have no authority to do this, but I have gone ahead anyway. The company needs this guy. His wages will be three thousand lire a month, and I want you to cable me that amount at once, so that he can get his first month's pay promptly on June first.

In conclusion, I wish to take back the request I made in a former letter that you refrain from making any further mention of the tractor which I sold in Venice. Hereafter you may talk about it as much as you wish.

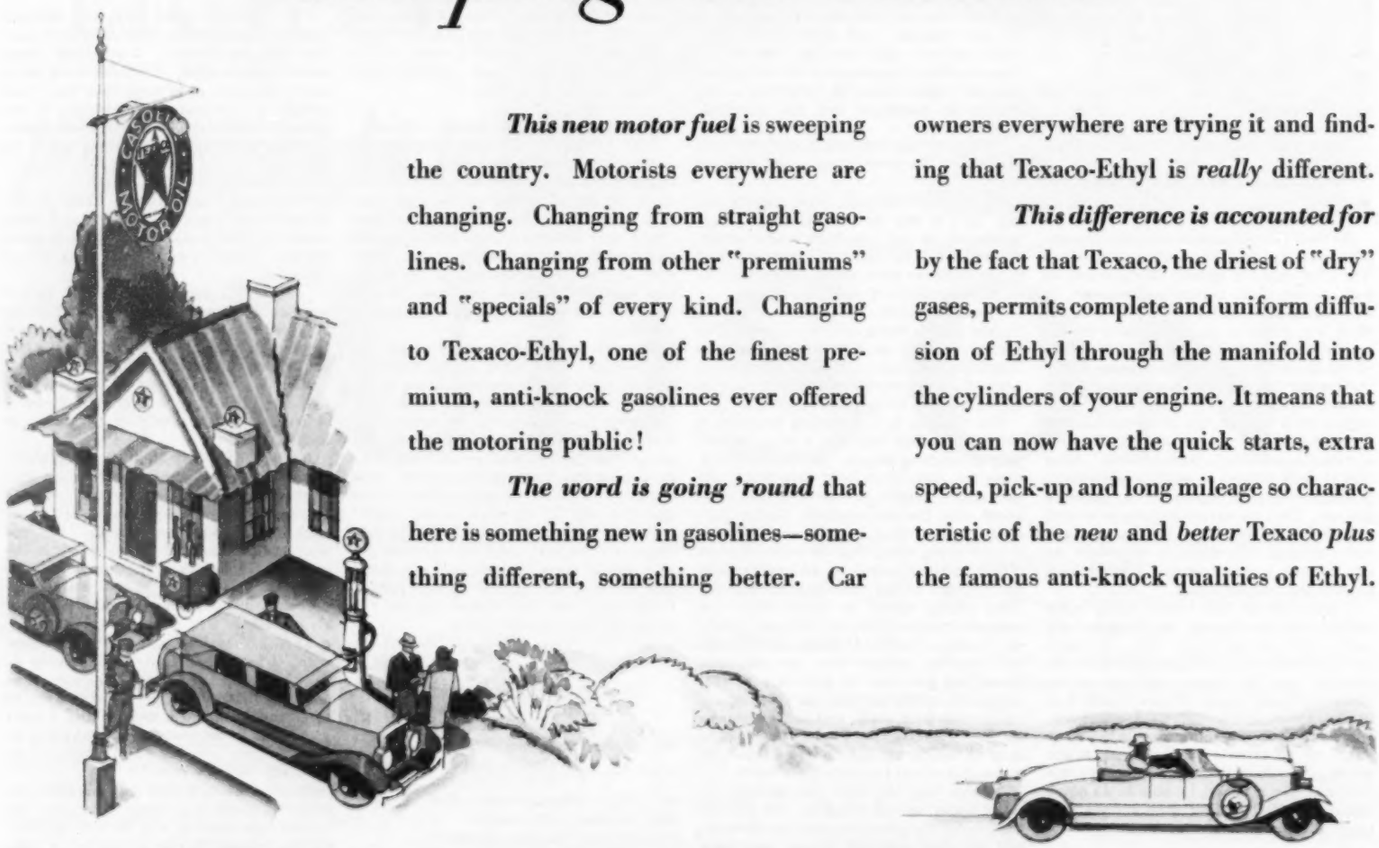
And in this connection I would like to refer you to the famous remark made many years ago by a certain gentleman of New York City and Charlottesville, Virginia. You will remember that this gentleman, under circumstances slightly similar to those in which I find myself, telegraphed his family the simple rhetorical question, "Who's loony now?"

I beg to remain your very respectful servant, ALEXANDER BOTTS.

TEXACO-ETHYL

THE "DRY" ETHYL GASOLINE

sweeping the nation



This new motor fuel is sweeping the country. Motorists everywhere are changing. Changing from straight gasolines. Changing from other "premiums" and "specials" of every kind. Changing to Texaco-Ethyl, one of the finest premium, anti-knock gasolines ever offered the motoring public!

The word is going 'round that here is something new in gasolines—something different, something better. Car owners everywhere are trying it and finding that Texaco-Ethyl is *really* different.

This difference is accounted for by the fact that Texaco, the driest of "dry" gases, permits complete and uniform diffusion of Ethyl through the manifold into the cylinders of your engine. It means that you can now have the quick starts, extra speed, pick-up and long mileage so characteristic of the *new* and *better* Texaco *plus* the famous anti-knock qualities of Ethyl.

TEXACO
the original
"DRY" GAS

+

ETHYL
nationally famous
ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND

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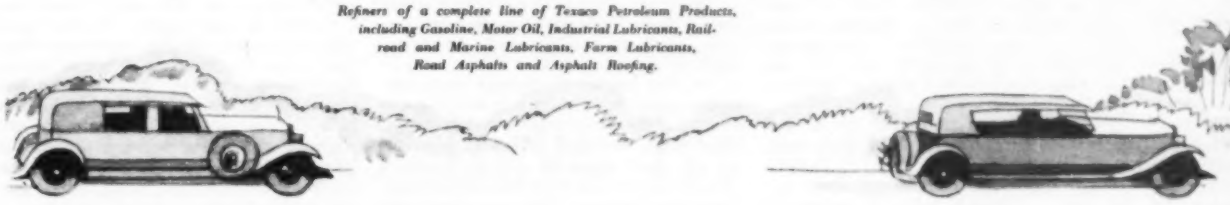
Look at it this way—The Ethyl compound cannot perform miracles. It's the gasoline base that makes the difference in Ethyls. The better the fuel you begin with the better the resulting Ethyl Gasoline. Only the *new* and *better* Texaco, the original "dry" gas which vaporizes instantly, can give you Texaco-Ethyl. This new anti-knock gasoline is creating higher standards of speed and power, for all types of cars. It is the last word in motor fuels.

But that is not all! The Texas Company offers another definite plus. Today Texaco-Ethyl, the "dry" anti-knock Ethyl, is available in all of our 48 States.

You can drive from Coast to Coast, from Border to Border, and never be far from a Texaco-Ethyl pump. No longer need you switch from one brand of unknown premium gasoline to another as you tour the country. Just stop under the Texaco Red Star with the Green T.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial Lubricants, Railroad and Marine Lubricants, Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.



TEXACO-ETHYL

THE "DRY" ANTI-KNOCK GASOLINE

MIRTHFUL HAVEN

(Continued from Page 23)

growin' plants. I'd like to have 'em tell me why coral isn't petrified vegetable, plants turned to stone; I'd like to have 'em answer me why this polypus insect that they claim makes coral turns it all out to look and grow exactly like plants. Insects don't grow branches, do they? I've seen islands made o' coral raised up fifteen feet above the water—I'm not a learned man myself, because I shipped as boy on The Star of the East when I was eleven years old, and all the schoolin' I ever got after that was at sea—but I'd like to have somebody that is a learned man show me any insect that could h'ist up a rock fifteen feet in the air!" He turned to Mrs. Arden and inquired with some heat: "Would you believe a learned man who told you any such a nonsensical thing as that?"

"Not if you didn't, Captain Embury!"

"Of course you wouldn't!" he said emphatically, unaware in his testiness of her tactful implication. He closed the door of the cabinet decisively; then turned to his visitors, beaming again, his good nature restored. "Now we'll go back to the dinin'-room, and, if the ladies'll permit, I'll offer the gentlemen some Manila cigars that have been kept in tea leaves for thirty years."

He went ahead to open the door; Mrs. Arden and Warbeck followed him, and the three passed out into the hall and turned toward the dining room. For a moment young Gordon Corning did not move, but stood staring after the Captain and frowning.

"Aren't you coming?" Edna asked.

"Not if I can get another few seconds with you," he answered. "Curious old bird, isn't he? He seems to be pretty wise on some points and a queer kind of ignoramus on others—like his ridiculous notion of coral. But I don't want to waste any time talking of anything except when I'm going to see you again and ——"

"I do!" she interrupted sharply, and he was astonished to see that her color heightened instantly and her eyes sparkled with anger. "I do! I do wish to talk of Captain Embury! How dare you say he's an ignoramus about anything? What somebody else has told you and me about coral at school doesn't count very much compared to what he's learned of life and this earth for himself, I think! If you haven't intelligence—and imagination!—enough to appreciate him ——"

"Oh, misery!" Gordon groaned. "I'm out of luck if you're going to keep on looking at me like that! What's the good of being furious with me for nothing? You're trouble enough to me without quarreling with me because I made a casual remark that has no reason to count with you one way or the other. The Captain's a fine old sailor, with a lot of tang and flavor to him; but, good heavens, you aren't going to make him a reason for treating me worse than you already do, are you? After all, he's only ——" He stopped.

"'Only a native'! That's what you were going to say, wasn't it?"

That had been, indeed, what he was going to say, and there was no denying it, although he had checked himself, leaving the sentence incomplete. Like most well-to-do young Americans, Gordon had learned that undemocratic assumptions of superiority, when definitely expressed, have an unchivalrous sound, incite attack and are impossible to defend becomingly. Suspicion that Edna herself might be a native had not the remotest lurking place in his mind; she was a girl of the Branch School, Mildred Kerr's friend, of Stony Brook, and, although Captain Embury's ancestors might have known hers three hundred years ago, the old man had claimed this as a distinction for himself and shown her great deference. Gordon felt that he had put himself in a poor light by his unfinished speech; but he failed to understand why it expelled her risen color and left her pale—pale with rage, apparently.

"I didn't mean anything of the slightest consequence," he said. "For heaven's sake, don't be unkind to me any more! It hurts worse than you know."

"Does it?"

"Why, just look at me," he said huskily, and upon this plea her eyes stared full and straight into his.

During that exchange, something even more eloquent than the genuine pain that he simply and pathetically put at her mercy moved her. Her color returned; her gaze softened to a wistful sweetness. "You mustn't mind anything that I say or do," she said then, hurriedly, in a troubled, low voice.

"But that's all I do mind—what you say and what you do. You don't hate me—I've just this moment seen that you don't and that I could mean something to you, if you'd let me. Why won't you let me? You won't keep up this nonsense of hiding from me any longer, will you? You'll tell me now where you're ——"

"They're waiting for us," she interrupted, moving away from him. "We can't talk now."

He stepped between her and the door. "We can talk long enough for you to tell me what I want to know! My mother's been asking me where to find you and I had to tell her I'd forgotten to ask. I know you're not at any of the cottages at Great Point, but I don't know every house in the village, naturally. Are you ——"

"No, not in the village."

"Then you're ——"

"I told you I'd see you again. Isn't that enough?"

Just then, at least, it was almost enough to content him, for as she spoke he had from her eyes one of those soft blue flashes like a sudden, unhoped-for caress. Without saying anything more, or indeed feeling a need of further speech for the time being, they stepped out into the hall, walked side by side down its strip of faded carpet and came into the dining-room together.

Mrs. Arden and Warbeck were examining the inscription upon an old silver punch bowl, a jovial and capacious shape unabashed among the other severer silver of the famous sideboard; the Captain stood firmly implanted, with his back to the fireplace, his short and manly figure not to be swayed whatever shock of waves or tortuous heave might move the deck beneath him.

"Guess it means the people o' the coast towns presented the punch bowl to that Hon'able old Embury for abusin' the Indians," he was explaining. "Got his sword upstairs—heavy and with some wicked hacks out o' the front of it—never heard he was much of a peaceable man; died in church, though, he did. Right in his pew in that old church up at the head o' Church Street. When I was a little boy I heard sermons there myself long enough to do that to almost anybody; those old-time preachers made piety a dreadful gawky load on a body's shoulders." He paused, and added in an apologetic tone, "I hope the ladies won't think I mean to be sacrilegious."

"No," Edna assured him, for he had turned toward her. "We won't think that, Captain."

"I wouldn't like to have you think it," he said. "What's more, I believe in churches, and I believe in God too."

"Do you?" she asked, coming near him and looking at him gravely. "Do you?"

"Why, of course I do," he said, addressing her with great earnestness. "It isn't reasonable not to. Just look at this universe and this little speck of it, the globe we're on, all scrambled over by millions and millions of different colored people—every one of 'em wantin' to go about his own business his own way and pay no attention to anybody's interests except just his own and his own family's—and this globe and all the other planets keepin' true to their courses, and our tides and the moon and the Gulf Stream and the Humboldt Current and all the ocean rivers, and land rivers, too—everything movin' regular as clockwork, except sometimes the moon maybe driftin' a degree or two off her course, and the Gulf Stream edgin' over a mite—why, the greatest human mind that ever lived couldn't begin to imagine the awful tangle everything would get into in the hundredth part of a second if there wasn't Somebody at the head of it and always watchin' over it. Isn't that so? How could it be any other way?"

Edna did not answer; but the attention of Mrs. Arden, drawn from the inscription upon the punch bowl, was caught and held. She had an impression that for reasons now elusive she would long afterward remember the picture before her—the sturdy figure of the old sailor, ruddy in the firelight, as he stood looking up earnestly into the face of the tall and graceful girl beside him. Warbeck, too, turned from the punch bowl to listen to the Captain, with attention sharply arrested, and murmuring, "'He holds her with his glittering eye. She listens like a three years' child: the mariner hath his will.'"

"Why, it's plain as day," the Captain went on; but now he turned, and, in the tone of a man who pleads reasonably for certainties, addressed himself to all four of his guests. "This universe would blow up in one minute higher than Krakatoa went if there wasn't any God over it! But the Chinese worship many Gods; they say there are hundreds and hundreds of 'em, and I believe they're right, because there are hundreds and hundreds of universes—some of 'em thousands of times bigger than this one we're in, and awful far apart. Time and time again I go out on my front doorstep and look up and down the sky until I can see the star Algol; it's so dreadful, dreadful far away that sometimes you can't find it at all, even on a clear night. Why, a learned man told me that the star Algol was likely worse'n four hundred quadrillion miles away from that front doorstep—it's in a universe four hundred quadrillion miles away. That's a terrible distance—the star Algol would be too dreadful far away for our God; Algol must have a God of its own. Every universe must have its own God—that's why I think the Chinese are right, and these hundreds and hundreds of universes all have their Gods. How can anybody think any other way?"

"So every man makes vast his own image," Warbeck whispered to Mrs. Arden. "It's a gorgeous picture—unthinkable black space traversed by the shining universes, each with its own Captain commanding from a quarterdeck of blazing suns! The infinite void of Cosmos an ocean for Captains to navigate eternally!"

"Yet whose guess is better?" she returned, under her breath. "Not mine! Listen."

"'Way out there on Algol," the Captain was saying, "learned characters are lecturin', likely, on how this earth of ours was made by us polypuses that swarm all over it. If they can see us through their telescopes, guess they wonder why we behave to each other the cussed way we do sometimes. Must think we need all the disciplinin' we get, and I guess we do! Old Captain Cisapah Jordan was the worst disciplinarian I ever sailed under. 'Call me a hard captain, do they?' he used to say. 'Well, the devil's got a reputation for bein' a pretty hard man, too; but look who he's got to deal with.'" Here, Captain Embury remembered an admonition he had delivered to himself earlier in the evening, and laughed apologetically. "There I go, doin' all the talkin' as usual! Told you ladies that bright eyes have a terrible effect on old sailormen! Forgettin' that cigar for Mr. Corning, too, I was. Came from Manila thirty years ago and been deep in tea leaves ever since, it has, Mr. Corning," he concluded, as he made the offering.

"Thank you," Gordon said, and, a moment later, after a first gasping inhalation of smoke, he easily comprehended why the ash of the similar dark cigar held between two of Warbeck's fingers was slight and without a glowing rim. Recovering, he wiped his eyes with a handkerchief, and, observing that Mrs. Arden was moving forward to utter the preliminary courtesies of departure, he turned to Edna. "You'll go with us, won't you? We came in Mrs. Arden's car, but I'm sure she'll be glad to ——"

"Indeed yes!" Mrs. Arden assented quickly. "You'll let us take you to wherever you're staying?"

"Thank you; I'm not leaving just yet."

"Indeed she's not!" the Captain intervened warmly, and began to protest against the breaking up of the little party at so early an hour. "Nobody must go," he insisted, and continued his hospitable pressure all the way to the front door.

Gordon could linger for no more than a final urgent word. "You might let me wait for you."

"No, no! I said I'd see you again."

"But you ——"

"Soon. I promise."

Again he had to be content; his friends near the door were waiting for him. Mrs. Arden pointed to the wall above the staircase where between flattened outspread wings the stuffed head of an albatross was mounted.

"Good heavens!" she cried. "I thought that was a frightful omen! But perhaps you didn't shoot him yourself?"

"Yes, he did," Warbeck informed her. "But you see he's avoided the curse pretty successfully, so you needn't ask him, 'Why look'st thou so?'"

"No," the Captain said, chuckling, and, somewhat to her surprise, "nor say, 'God save thee, Ancient Mariner!'" he added, "Yes, 'I shot the Albatross,' though not with my crossbow, and they didn't hang him round my neck either. I wanted him because I thought when I left the sea I'd like to have a soul like my own to keep me company in this old house."

"A soul like your own!" the mystified lady exclaimed. "Why, what ——"

"It's what was used to be believed by some on shipboard," he explained, continuing his chuckle. "They used to say that albatrosses were the souls of drowned captains, and the gulls were the souls of drowned mates, and Mother Carey's chickens were the souls of drowned old sailors. Thought I'd better keep one o' the captains with me."

"I don't think you need another," Mrs. Arden said. "At least, only one was necessary to make complete the pleasure of this evening." Then, when she and Warbeck had gone out, drawing the reluctant Gordon with them, and the door had closed upon their still hospitably murmuring host and the motionless taller figure behind him, she added, in a thoughtful, lowered voice, "Of this strange evening," and when Warbeck asked the meaning of her adjective, she delayed her reply until Gordon was some paces in advance of them, on his way to open the gate. "Undercurrents and enigmas. Something curious in the relation between your 'grand old party'—he's certainly that!—and that lovely, silent girl. Our young friend yonder, by the way, is furiously in love with her."

XVII

BY NO striking coincidence, this final thought of the departing fair visitor was simultaneously occupying the mind of Captain Embury, as he and his remaining guest sat down, facing each other across the ruddy, marble hearth in the dining-room.

"A little bit thin and hollow-eyed maybe," he observed reflectively. "Handsome, though, and not so full-bodied as the rest of his family. Got what I remember

(Continued on Page 76)

She bags the *bouquets* but never a *Beau*

Many in Chicago society can remember when Mildred caught her second bouquet. The year was 1917. "Surely now, she will be the next to marry," they said, remembering the old adage. Everybody was marrying; war, romance and matrimony were in the air. It was almost a foregone conclusion that the groom would be one of the nice young men training at Fort Sheridan. But somehow or other, none of them seemed interested in her after they really got to know her. The years rolled on . . . Mildred was still attractive, still catching bouquets. But there her luck ended. Matrimony seemed further off than ever. The truth was that Mildred repelled others without knowing why. And none of her friends had the courage to tell her.

You never have it? – *what colossal conceit!*

Surveys show that not one person in ten escapes halitosis (unpleasant breath). It may be absent one day and present the next. Its causes are many: excesses of eating or drinking, decaying teeth, pyorrhea, fermenting food particles in the mouth and slight infections of the gums, mouth, nose or throat, from which unpleasant odors arise.

Whatever the cause, halitosis is an unforgivable social fault. It is unforgivable because it is inexcusable. And it is inexcusable because it can be promptly overcome by the use of full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as a mouth wash.

Being a germicide capable of killing 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds, Listerine checks decay and infections which cause odors. Being also a powerful deodorant, it promptly gets rid of the odors themselves. The breath is left sweet and clean.

Rinse the mouth with Listerine before any business or social engagement. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. It puts you on the safe, polite and acceptable side. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis.

End halitosis with LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

• *An inquisitive friend tested my* 2 MORE *Shaves per Blade Guarantee*

Now.. I've gone scientific!

"JIM, we both win," he wrote me, "Mennen made good on your *guarantee, but it made* better *on my skin! Those 2 more shaves aren't the most important thing about Mennen. They are just proof that every Mennen shave is a better shave. Now, how does Mennen do it, and why?"*

•

Well, here's how:

A magnified hair follicle and a whisker *before* you apply Mennen lather. The dots are the dirt particles that can cause infections, blackheads and blemishes.

Mennen lather is applied. The razor is ready to cut. Notice how Mennen lather dives down after those dirt dots. It clings to the whisker and soaks all the toughness out. Less work for the razor. No yanking. No wear and tear on the skin. Longer blade life.

After the Mennen shave. The whisker cut clean and close. *All* the dirt gone—no chance for infection, blackheads, blemishes. The skin refreshed . . . toned up, good to look at!

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Now...isn't it easy to understand why this Mennen action means *at least* two more good shaves from every blade.

Which Mennen Shaving Cream—Menthol-iced, or Without Menthol—does the trick better? Have a heart! Can't *you* decide that! Isn't it enough that *only* Mennen gives you 2 creams to choose from? Test my guarantee for yourself. It goes for both Mennen creams. Money back if I'm wrong.

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Jim Henry: I haven't made the test yet, Jim. Send me the free trial tube.

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Address.....City.....

Send me Mennen Menthol-iced ☐
Send me Mennen Without Menthol ☐

(Continued from Page 74)

the young ladies long ago used to call 'burnin' eyes.'"

"Who?"

"Who?" He laughed at the futility of the disingenuous monosyllable. "Guess you knew well enough he had burnin' eyes when he was starin' at you, young lady. No call for you to feel upset over it," he added, as Edna put her hand uncertainly to her cheek. "All three of 'em looked at you as much as they could with politeness, for that matter."

"I ought to have slipped away when I heard them in the hall. I should have——"

"No, you shouldn't, either!" he said emphatically. "Where's anybody got a better right to hold her head high and face people——"

"But that's just what I didn't do," she interrupted, in a voice of distress. "I called myself Shellpool and made you call me that."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, it's a treachery to—to my father. I think already he may have guessed that I've committed one treachery to him—he saw me swimming up the harbor from the beach, the day I went there; but he didn't speak of it. What I did tonight is worse; it's a treachery to him and a lie to Gordon Corning!"

The Captain gave her troubled face a grave scrutiny from the side of his eye; then sat looking into the fire for some moments before speaking again. "You like this young Corning a good deal, do you?"

She bent her head, and her voice was so faint that the word just reached him: "Yes."

"I see," he said gently. "Matter o' fact, I thought so pretty soon after they came in."

She looked up. "You mean you thought that was why I called myself Shellpool?" Then, as he nodded slowly, she went on: "Well, it was! It seemed pretty cowardly to you, didn't it?"

"No, it didn't. It only seemed to me that he'd known you by that name and you liked him—maybe a little more than liked him—and that you thought maybe—maybe——"

"That I thought he wouldn't go on liking me if he knew that I'm Edna Pelter," she finished for him, as the Captain hesitated. "Well, that's a part of my cowardice, yes! Another part of it is that when I feel like Edna Pelter and not Edna Shellpool, I know that I ought to hate him and all his cold-hearted crew that have treated my father as they have treated him."

"But even when you feel like Edna Pelter, as you say, you don't hate him, do you?"

"No, I can't."

"I see," the Captain said again, still looking into the fire.

"But I ought to! I think you know better than I do what they've done to my father. They've forced him into something—something he never would have touched if they'd let him go on making a living as he used to. It's this business with Antoine Charette—I don't know what it is; he hasn't been willing to speak of it to me, and since I was a child we've never asked each other questions—but I'm horribly afraid I've almost guessed what it is. I think you know what it is, Captain Embury."

"No." He shook his head slowly. "I don't *know*. Guess the village has its ideas; but there wouldn't be any danger from there, even if the ideas are founded on fact. Close-mouthed people, we are, except sometimes just among ourselves mainly."

"Yet you think there is danger for him from somewhere—in what he's doing?"

"Danger?" He turned to look at her disturbed wide eyes and smiled reassuringly. "Why, even when a body's at sea in a fine staunch vessel, there can be times when there's some danger. Ashore, nobody ever knows what's goin' to happen from one minute to the next; but when there's ice on the sidewalks I put on my rubber overshoes. Your father's about as active a man as I ever knew, when he wants to be, and I guess he knows how to look after himself. Don't you worry."

"But I do!" she said huskily. "I—I'm frightened—and I'm—I'm so terribly confused! I don't know whether what he's doing is right or wrong, and I'm confused because I don't care. I only care for him to be safe. I'm confused because I don't seem to know the difference between right and wrong. I don't know the difference between right and wrong in what he does, or in what I do myself. Sometimes it seems to me I'm back just where I was before I went away with grandmother. I didn't know right from wrong then—everything was just the way of least resistance. We had a lecturer on art at Miss Branch's; he said we must never be banal enough to say of a picture or a statue, 'I don't know whether it's good or bad art, but I know what I like!' Yet it seems to me that's exactly my attitude toward life itself—I don't do what's good or bad, I just do what some unreasoning thing within me makes me do. And I do it no matter how dangerous it may be."

"Dangerous? To yourself you mean, Edna?"

"Yes, to myself, too." Then, as though a flash of intuition had vaguely, yet surprisingly, illuminated some depth of darkness in her mind, she suddenly put a hand out toward him in questioning appeal. "Do you suppose that's what it is?"

"What what is?"

"The difference between right and wrong—that wrong's what's dangerous to anybody and right's what isn't? Do you suppose that's all the difference there actually is?" She waited for him to answer; but he sat gazing fixedly at the dancing lights upon his polished brass andirons. "Is it?" she asked urgently, as if his age had given him certainty of the right answer.

"Right and wrong," he said, and shook his head with an amused ruefulness. "Old-time church preachin' would answer you straight off and tell you, 'Yes, that's all the difference. Anything you do is wrong if it puts you in danger—danger of hell fire!' Then it'd go ahead and give you a set o' rules for keepin' out o' that danger. If you broke any o' those rules you were doin' wrong, as would be proved to you by torments after you died. But since the time I was a boy there've been more and more that lost their faith in hell fire, until nowadays, although the bulk o' the population is just as ready as ever to put a finger down on one o' the two sides of any question and say, 'This side is right and good, the other is wrong and wicked,' why, they haven't got any way to back up their opinions with proofs. There's only a handful left o' those who can do that, and the trouble even in their case is that we still don't get the proofs they offer until after we die."

"You mean you don't know?" she said, with naïve wistfulness. "Yet you said you believed this universe had a God."

"Of course! Looks as if our troubles come on us because we're too ignorant to understand the word o' command. Have to get knocked down sometimes for not obeyin' it, because it's got to be obeyed; there's no two ways about that. It's got to be obeyed, no matter if we're too stupid even to know the language it's in."

"Then I guess I'm going to be knocked down—again!" she said with a brief, disconsolate sound of laughter, as she rose to go. "I don't know the language—I don't know anything. I don't even know what I'm going to do."

"You mean about that young Mr. Corning, I guess."

"Yes."

"Might leave some o' that question to him," Captain Embury suggested, rising too. He took her hand and patted it, and her fingers, grateful for this friendly touch, closed warmly upon his. "He's a man, I take it, and it might be expected of him that he'll act like one. Judgin' from the way he looked at you all evenin' long, I guess he'll do most o' the doin' himself—if he gets the chance!"

The closing phrase of this prophecy contained a cautious implication, leaving a question open and suggesting that in spite of Edna's assertion that she was only a mechanism moving in response to reasonless impulses from within, she had, nevertheless, the power of free will and might or might not give Gordon his chance as she deliberately might choose. But as she sat on the back porch at Pelter's, the next morning, thinking over what Captain Embury had said, she was not sure that he had left the question quite open; the fact that he had added "if he gets the chance" seemed significant, and she began to feel gently but earnestly advised that the course of wisdom would be to avoid offering the chance. Within her, there was a spurring urgency to offer it; indeed, she had intended to yield to the urgency that very morning, and under a workingman's blue overalls and an old jacket of her father's wore her bathing-suit.

How easy it would be, she thought, to slip into the water and glide down the harbor, just to see if he happened to be waiting near the breakwater; if he didn't happen to be there, then no harm would be done. Why shouldn't she just go and find out? From where she sat she could look out through the harbor mouth; the midsummer sea lay in an inviting sweetness under a hazy sun, and twice Edna made a movement to rise and drop the coat and overalls from her. Twice she resisted and sank back; but, when a third such impulse came, she rose, muttered "I will!" and dropped the coat from her bare shoulders. Instantly she picked it up, put it on doggedly and spoke aloud, through her teeth, "I won't!" Then, the better to hold to her resolution, she went into the house and set diligently to work with a mop and a bucket of soapy water. "I won't!" she said again. "I won't! I won't! I won't!" Thus she used this fierce reiterating to build props for a determination already so tattered and sagged that soon it might consist of little more than the props themselves. They saved her from offering Gordon his chance that day, and a few other days, too; but every time they saved her they were weakened by the effort.

The young man whose eyes had burned when he looked at her, as Captain Embury thought, was principally occupied, meanwhile, in trying to make a chance for himself, but had his trouble for his pains. He even contrived to secure an interview with the Captain under the pretense that a pair of gloves had been left behind upon the occasion of the Warbeck expedition; he got nothing of what he wanted from the Captain, though the old man was even loquacious upon the desired subject. "Finest girl that ever lived—yes, sir! Noble as she is handsome, too! Where she lives, guess that might be a question, now she's lost her grandmother. Not goin' to live at Stony Brook any more—told me that much. Where she might be found around here right now, I couldn't say. Might be one place one time and another place another time. Didn't happen to mention to me where she's stayin', no."

"I know she isn't at the Point and not in the village, either; so there's no other place she could be, except visiting in the country somewhere about here. I thought, perhaps, you——"

"Yes, sir, a splendid girl! Never saw one more so. Educated too! Talk to you about art, or anything. Grandmother an old friend o' mine, a fine, good woman—knew her well when she spent some time here—quite a while ago, that was, and Edna was only a little child then, of course. Not many with that nice, keep-to-herself manner, are there? Not talkin' much, but ready to be obligin'—that's what I like. Lively, too, sometimes, I guess, if she felt like it; got a pretty laugh, even if you don't hear it so often. Sorry about the gloves, Mr. Corning, but you're heartily welcome—any friend of Mr. Warbeck's is welcome here at any time, day or night. Come again! Come again!"

Gordon told his mother, desperately, that Miss Shellpool would not easily be obtainable for Great Point hospitalities; she was

(Continued on Page 78)

Luxury-loving ladies of Merrie England in Robin Hood's day journeyed forth in gayly draped and softly pilloued litters, borne by two stout horses and accompanied by men-at-arms

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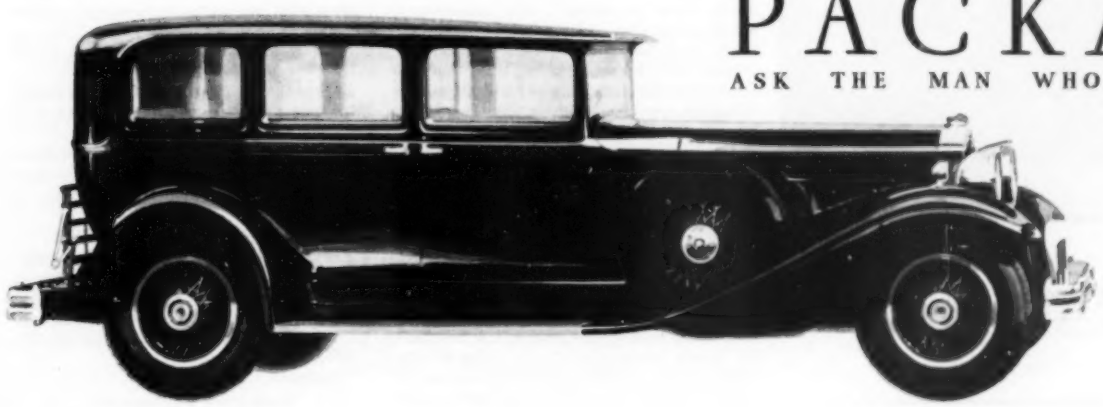

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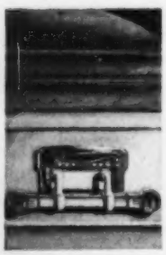

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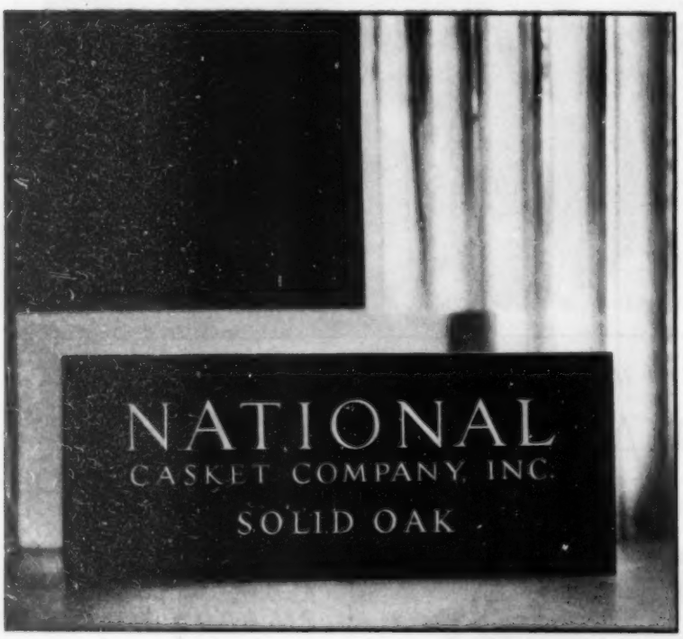

NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY, INC.

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(Continued from Page 76)

visiting friends at a camp on an inland lake many miles distant from Mirthful Haven, he said, being forced into this explanation by remarks on the part of Warbeck and Mrs. Arden at the beach.

"A picturesque young woman," he heard Warbeck saying to Mrs. Corning. "Captain Embury's manner to her and his praises of the nobility of her lineage made me feel as though I were a spectator of some scene out of an Eighteenth Century play—a sturdy old retired British admiral visited in his quarters by a great young court lady; a cousin to royalty, no doubt. We were delighted to see that your son approached her on terms of equality, even of intimacy—a Miss Shellpool ——"

It was then that Gordon made his explanation to his mother, and, upon pressure, he added to it the promise that the next time he saw Miss Shellpool he would urge her to motor over to Mirthful Haven for tea or luncheon upon a convenient day. Then, when he had betaken himself to the surf, Mrs. Corning asked Warbeck if he noticed the change for the better that had taken place in Gordon since the beginning of the summer. "Doesn't he strike you as a great deal more cheerful?"

"Well, if not more cheerful, at least a great deal more alive."

"That's just it!" the mother assented, with a nod of satisfaction. "It's precisely what his nervous system needed—to come to life again. Wallace is to go into his father's business in the autumn, and Mr. Corning has been very anxious to take Gordon in at the same time; but the specialists said that unless a bracing outdoor summer made the poor dear boy show more signs of life, they thought it wouldn't do. But now it really does begin to look as if the plan could be carried out. Open air, sunshine, and salt baths—and a little flirtation with a nice girl, who is so ideally correct for the purpose that she keeps the flirtation mild by remaining out of reach most of the time—by the middle of September I think the cure will be complete and Gordon ready for stocks and bonds and decimal figures! He seems to take so much more interest in everything, lately, than he did a month ago."

In this detail she was mistaken, for Gordon's interest had lessened in all persons, places and events, except those traceable in his imagination to some faint connection with the evasive girl. The seaward end of the breakwater, the bit of beach beside that granite bulk, the waters of the harbor and Captain Embury's house had a wistful, haunted eloquence for him, like shrines with the saint's figure gone. Captain Embury, Warbeck, Mrs. Arden and Wallace he saw shimmering in a vague radiance because they had spoken with her; but the fluctuant routine of pleasure-seeking was duller for him than ever before. All these people so busily employed in making for themselves, over and over, day after day, the same incomprehensible petty joys were a little like insects, he thought; they fluttered and chirruped in the sun, and he was amazed by the chirruping. How in the world did they ever find so much to laugh about, he wondered, and how in the world, too, could they be so inconsistently serious about their pleasures? His father and other older men held earnest conclaves, hours long, before a golf-club election; in groups they maneuvered against one another over the managing of the Casino like Venetian potentates over the Dogeship. Mrs. Corning took the dinners she gave as seriously as if something worth listening to would be said by any of the diners; but when the festival was made for older people there would be a decorous preliminary cocktailing and caviaring, a somewhat livelier buzz of sound signifying nothing over the glass of wine or two that accompanied the eating, and afterward a long, almost silent solemnity at the card tables. When the dinner was for younger people, the cocktailing would be sprightlier, the noise at the table would be fuller of sound and the fury of laughter signifying nothing, and later would come the dispersal for dancing at the Casino or at Langley's Rocks, or even at a combined speakeasy and cabaret at New Yarmouth. Sometimes, before the night was over, Wallace would drink a little too much and Gordon would have to cover the entry of the brothers into their cottage, for their father's opinions in the matter of alcoholic lapses were rigid. Not at such dinners and not at such dances, Gordon knew, could he hope to catch the gleam of eyes that were still blue above the water three waves out from the shore, nor a glimpse of brown hair that seemed red in the glow of Captain Embury's firelight.

One night Wallace was more convivial than usual at New Yarmouth, and so was Sally Gordon, his cousin; Lena, Sally's sister, drove them home, with Gordon sitting between the two merrier spirits in the rumble behind, and trying to keep them quiet. They were quiet enough, indeed almost comatose, when Lena stopped the car upon the crest of Great Point at a little distance from the Cornings' cottage, an hour before dawn; Gordon descended with Wallace, the car went on and, after an interval of five precarious minutes, the brothers were safely in Wallace's room.

"Shame to give you all this trouble," Wallace said, with some difficulty. "Trouble with me, I get so sore every time I see Agatha with that Munson sheik, I got to get myself jolly to keep from doin' sumpin 'bout it. Got myself a little too jolly tonight, didn't I?"

"'Jolly'? Is that what you call it? Do you remember trying to knock a waiter down because he was 'too polite,' you said?"

"No. Did I? But don't tell me 'bout it—I don't want to know 'bout every little thing that happens that I don't remember. Hope I'll remember to give Agatha a piece o' my mind tomorrow, though. She's got no business in a place like that—anyhow, not with that spaniel. Told her so, and you know what she did? Swore at me—our own sister! Bet I land on that silky-haired Claudio some day!" He giggled plaintively, then complained that he'd lost his cigarette case. "Heard sumpin clink when I got out o' Lena's car. Let me sleep now, but you go get it, like a good old Gordie, and give it to me in the mornin'."

Gordon descended the stairs softly and went out to look for the cigarette case; he found it, and was returning to his own gate, when suddenly he stopped and stood staring across the highway at the rocky crest of the cliffs just beyond the low thicket of juniper and bay on the other side of the road. The late moon, in a clouded sky, shone clear just then, hanging low over the tip of the crescented shore to the west, and its light had revealed something moving on the peak of the cliff: Gordon had a stirring, strange impression that a figure had risen there, and a white hand had waved to him in the eerie light.

"What?" he whispered under his breath; then he crossed the road, pressed through the bordering thicket and began to make his way out upon the rocks. There was no wind; he heard no sound except the intermittent small splashings of the almost pulseless sea below. Stepping with care, for the soles of his dancing shoes were slippery, he went forward until he reached the point from which had seemed to come the white shimmer of that beckoning hand. Then he uttered a half-suppressed cry and stood still.

Bareheaded and wrapped in a long cloak, Edna was sitting upon a shelf of rock with her back against a higher ledge.

"Yes," she said quietly. "I didn't mean to do it; but I did, and you saw it. Now it's done, come and sit here beside me—a little while."

XVIII

HE OBEYED without speaking, and, after an interlude of silent tension as they sat together, she became aware that his shoulder, touching hers, was trembling.

"You mustn't do that," she said gently.

"Do what?"

"Tremble."

(Continued on Page 80)

PEOPLE...*enjoy shopping* in the smarter-looking shops

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and its affiliated companies write practically every form of insurance except life.

(Continued from Page 78)

"I can't very well help it, I'm afraid. Perhaps it shows you what it means to me to find you again. How long have you been here?"

"About three hours."

"Not—not waiting for—for me, Edna?"

"No."

"I thought not," he said. "I know, of course, I couldn't be the reason you'd do anything."

"Yes, you could."

"But you've just told me ——"

"Wait," she said. "I'll tell you all I can. I've seen you and your brother come home at night before this. I didn't dream I'd ever let you know I was here; but when you came out alone just then I—I couldn't stop myself. Before I knew what I was doing I found myself standing up and waving to you. Then I hoped you hadn't seen me—but you did."

"Why did you hope I wouldn't see you? Why are you ——"

"Wait! When I promised you at Captain Embury's that I'd see you again, I meant I'd come to the beach perhaps—just one more time. Then I thought that I mustn't do it—that I'd better not see you again, even though I'd promised to. Well, it seems I couldn't stick to it—for here I am—and here you are." She laughed faintly and helplessly. "It's just happened! Could you be kind enough to me not to ask me any questions?"

"I don't think so."

"Couldn't you?" she said pleadingly. "I promise I'll tell you all I can. I come here sometimes—that's all. There's no one to forbid my being out at night if I care to be, and there's no reason anyone shouldn't be out here on these rocks at night if she likes to be. I used to come here years ago; I've always liked to come here. Doesn't that answer you about why I happened to be here?"

He seemed uncertain. "Perhaps—but ——"

"Wait," she said again. "I hate being mysterious to you more than you hate my seeming so. Can't you believe that I wouldn't be if I could help it? After all, too, I needn't be if you don't want me to be."

"What?" Gordon cried. "Then in heaven's name tell me ——"

"No, no!" she said, checking him. "You don't understand. I mean the real I—the person that I am—needn't be mysterious to you. Only things about me—background things—have to be that. You could know me without knowing them—couldn't you?"

"How? What you call 'background things' are a part of anybody, aren't they? I don't mean that I have to know whether you're staying now at somebody's country place or at a farmhouse or at a camp in order to know you; but doesn't every more essential thing that I know about you help me to know you better? For instance, I knew you better because of your being at Miss Branch's school and because you were Mildred Kerr's best friend. When Captain Embury spoke of your coming of a fine old family I felt I knew you a little better. Wouldn't I know you better if I knew what your daily life is now, what you're doing, what people you spend your time with, and all ——"

"No, you don't understand." She pointed down the western crescent of the sea to where at its tip there twinkled a minute white spark. "That's Old Bareface Light atop of Old Bareface Rock. Did you ever hear of the Mirthful Lady and Old Bareface?"

"No."

"No, I suppose not; yet any of the village people would have told you if you'd ever got them to talk of old Mirthful Haven. The Mirthful Lady was a barque built and rigged above the old locks on the river here, a long, long time ago. She was made and manned by Mirthful Haven men, and when she was ready for her maiden voyage they warped her down to the harbor mouth yonder and said good-by, with all the town cheering and drinking toasts to her from the shore as she got under sail. She went straight out as far as Mile Rock, in sunlight, with a breeze behind her, and then, all at once, the wind shifted and the sky clouded over and there was such a thickening in the northeast that the people on shore hoped she'd turn back; but she didn't, and the Northeaster struck her. They could see her all afternoon trying to beat out far enough to clear that point; but she couldn't do it, and just after dark she drove in on Old Bareface, and that was the last of her and of the forty Mirthful Haven men aboard of her. I often think of them when I come here and look over yonder to where I know that cruel, old, straight-up-and-down rock rises out of deep water. I often wonder what those forty souls said to one another just after their bodies were drowned. Don't you wonder what they said, Gordon?"

"I?" He shivered, and laughed ruefully. "Why, no, and I don't see why you want to dwell on such gloomy things. I thought you were going to tell me ——"

"About our knowing each other, yes. I mean that those poor old sailors who died over there so long ago weren't sailors after they died. Maybe their souls began to talk to one another in sailor fashion and using sailor language; but they must have understood that they weren't sailors any longer and really never had been—that even the names they'd had on earth and ocean weren't real and didn't mean anything. Don't you see? I mean that then, as those souls came up out of the water and began to talk with one another, they must have begun to feel at the same time that at last they could understand one another and really know one another better than they ever had before. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't."

"Ah, don't you?" she said with eager entreaty, in a tremulous, low voice. A cloud had obscured the moon, night was deep about them, but Gordon could see that her eyes, close to his own, seemed to beseech him. "I don't know any way to make it clearer—it seems so clear to me! Between us—our real selves—there needn't be any mystery, and there really isn't any. Here you are and here I am—there isn't any 'background' for either of us here; we're just ourselves, and we could know each other just as well as if we both were dead. I can think of you without remembering your father and mother or that you live in that cottage behind us, or even that your name is Corning—I'm thinking of just you yourself. Can't you think of just me myself, and can't we be just our two selves—for just this little while?"

"'For just this little while'!" he repeated, with a trace of bitterness. "That means you'll be kind to me for a few minutes now, and then be mean to me again."

"So you can't!" She turned from him and her head drooped; he heard from her a deep sigh and the words, "We can't have—even that—together."

He made no immediate response, but becoming aware of almost imperceptible movements of her shoulders and of mere breaths of sound from her lips, he asked abruptly and harshly, "Are you crying?"

"No," she said in a voice that made the denial futile, and went on brokenly, "I see—it couldn't be—it couldn't be at all. I was—I was a fool to hope it might be—some time. All it does, it just makes you think I'd be—mean—to you other times. I wouldn't be mean to anybody—last of all to you. I never would ——"

"Edna!" he exclaimed. "Is that true?"

"Of course, you think I'm crazy!" She fumbled at a fold of her cloak to bring it to her eyes, but he caught the groping hand and pressed it against his cheek.

"Edna!" he cried. "You do care for me! You ——"

"It would never be of any use," she sobbed. "Never! Never! Not to either of us!"

"But you've told me ——"

"No, no! There's no use saying it. We can't have anything—never, I tell you!"

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633

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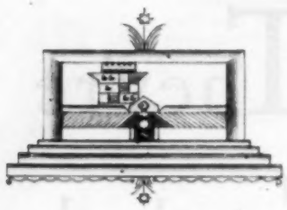
633



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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY *DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS*

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His arms were about her now, though she tried feebly to push them away; then suddenly he felt her give a great start, and she sprang to her feet, uttering a half-choked cry of fright.

He jumped up and caught her about the waist. "You can't deny what you've practically said to me! Edna, you can't ——"

"Be still!" she said imperiously. "Listen!" She was staring intently out to sea; far away, a faint, long cone of light had come abruptly into being and moved upon the darkness of the waters. Gordon, thinking that he understood her nervousness, laughed reassuringly.

"It's a searchlight on some torpedo boat or a yacht or maybe a rum-chaser, Edna; but even if they turned it on this shore here, it would be too dim at that distance for anybody to recognize us; and besides, there isn't anybody within miles of us that isn't asleep. You needn't be the least ——"

But she checked him again. "Listen!" In the air was a faint deep sound of whirring and beating. Gordon at first mistook it for the humming of a night flyer's motor; then, as it grew louder, he perceived that it came from the water.

"That must be a motorboat pretty well inshore, Edna. It's a powerful one, but throttled down—very likely it's that coastguard patrol boat that comes in here sometimes for supplies. Probably the searchlight out there, way off shore, was from a revenue cutter signaling this other boat. Look. The searchlight's disappeared."

"Listen!"

The deep humming grew louder, was dulled as it passed upon the other side of the breakwater, became almost a muffled rolling of far thunder from the flat water of the harbor, dwindled away and was heard no more. Gordon felt the relaxing of the hand he had taken in his own.

"There, you see, it's nothing. You'll sit down again here with me now—dear?"

"No; it's time for me to go."

"But why ——"

"Look there in the east, Gordon," she said gently, and with her free hand pointed to where a grayness hovered above a vague revelation of horizon line. The moon was down; the clouds were slowly in retreat before the first dawn breeze, and momentarily the plane of the sky was becoming visibly separate from that of the sea. "I must go, Gordon—I must."

But an exhilaration possessed the young man who had put his arms about her—had called her "dear" and now clasped her hand—all unrebuked.

"You can't!" he said, laughing happily. "I haven't any chance with you at all in the water when you want to get away from me; but I don't think you'll shake me off so easily on land!"

"Ah, but you won't ——"

"Yes, but I will!" he assured her. "Every step of the way wherever you're going!"

At that, she gave him an uneasy look, but said only, "Very well," and, turning, walked slowly back with him to the highway before the cottages. "Don't go any farther," she pleaded, halting there.

"Every step!" he returned gayly, and was surprised when she nodded as if resigned to his persistence and, with no more words, set off upon the highway in the direction that led not down toward the harbor but away from it.

Keeping pace with her, he called her "dear" again, and once more called her that, as she turned inland at the entrance to Old Road and the forest. "Through the woods—dear?" he asked. "I don't mind!" And when they had gone a little farther into the woodland darkness, where no grayness of dawn yet penetrated, he added, "I can't see my hand before my face, as people say, but at least I can use it to keep tight hold of yours."

"Can you?" her voice breathed, close to his cheek, and he felt a pressure of her fingers upon his. "No—good-by."

"'Good-by'!" he laughed. "Not that! I'm going to keep tight hold of you."

"No." Again he heard her whisper, close to his cheek; then felt the ineffable light touch of her lips upon that cheek. He cried out with happiness, releasing her hand and extending his arms to enfold her, but she was not there. There was a swishing of bushes at the roadside; then her voice called softly from a little distance, "Good-by!"

"No, you don't!" he cried, and plunged blindly into the thicket in pursuit of the voice. "Where are you?" he called, pressing forward, scratching himself and tearing his clothes. "Where are you?" Within two minutes he was irretrievably lost until light should come. "Edna, where are you?"

For answer he heard a sound that he thought was laughter; it came to his ears mockingly and from a distance. "I'm lost!" he called. "Where are you?"

Suddenly she seemed to speak from just behind him. "Walk straight ahead!" He obeyed, and in a dozen paces found himself upon Old Road with his face to the sea and the growing light of morning in a sylvan frame before him.

"You're all right now, aren't you, Gordon?"

"Where are you?"

There was a light crackling in the thicket not far from him, but the sound diminished rapidly. Helpless to follow her and knowing himself to be so, he stood and heard her voice call to him once more; already it seemed to come from far away:

"Good-by—dear!"

XIX

SINCE her return to Mirthful Haven Edna had discovered that the paths through the woods were the same that she had known in her childhood; then she had often been in the forest after dark, and she found her way as easily now as she had ever found it. She walked quickly and with assurance while the obscurity about her began to form itself into mass and silhouette so that leafy interlacings became dimly apparent and narrow, baroque vistas opened mistily before her. Imperceptibly the ghostly shapings took color; moss was green upon a gray rock, and yet, down a crevice in the foliage high above the path, there came a wisp of starlight. Edna saw it and pressed forward less hastily; her father had gone up the river in his boat to make his delivery to Antoine Charette's motortruck, she knew, and she could easily reach Pelter's and her own room five or ten minutes before Long Harry set foot upon the pier. He was safe again, for this one more time, at least; and she, for this one more time, too, was safe from his discovery that when he went forth upon his night excursions to sea she slipped out of bed, dressed and watched from the crest of Great Point for his return.

She could not watch for him from there again; she must find another coign of vantage for the vigil, and this night's folly had been enough. She had the memory of it to treasure, for it had been a folly beautiful to her. Gordon had not understood her thought that they could know each other as if they "both were dead," but that was, nevertheless, how they must know each other henceforth and how she must continue to care for him. She could do it now, she was sure, and, being young, she thought that the lovely memory, ever alive and bright within her, would enable her to do it almost happily. Youth attempting foreknowledge of itself readily dips a brush in gilding furnished by the still romantically generous imagination, and a girl of nineteen who has been forced into long, long thoughts and dreamy broodings by a bad beginning of life for herself may easily resolve to gild with a little martyrdom her atonement for the bad beginning. But there were reasons within reasons for her to see Gordon Corning no more; beneath what she had defined as the treachery to her father involved in these meetings, and behind all plainer risks and chances, she felt the presence of a vague impending—something evasive and indefinite that must not be allowed to happen. Whatever it was, it need not happen now, she thought; the nocturne just finished was music enough to suffice her, and, when she stepped forth from the brightening woods with only a short path across a marshy meadow between her and River Road, she was smiling.

She crossed the meadow, climbed the embankment of the road and the old wooden fence above it, and her smile vanished. Opposite her upon the board sidewalk and just before the gateless gateway of Pelter's, a loutish, big young man in a black jersey, blue overalls and rubber boots had halted, and stood staring broadly at her with a roguish and familiar interest. An old, old dreariness came upon her, and as she went toward him she had the feeling that she was repeating an action that had already been repeated, over and over, in lives she had led before she had been born into this one. He showed no inclination to step out of her way.

"Well, by Godfrey!" he exclaimed. "I'll eat my pants if it ain't Edna! Saw you from back yonder as I was comin' down the road; saw you slickin' it out o' the woods. What I says to myself then, 'I'll eat my pants,' I says. 'I'll eat my pants if it ain't Edna Pelter right now!' Been wonderin', too, when I was goin' to get a chance to lay eyes on you; every time I've passed Pelter's lately wondered where you was keepin' yourself. On my way now to take out a fishin' party from the hotel—got a boat down at gov'ment wharf—but I never thought I'd get a look at you this early. Guess I wouldn't, either, 'cept it's like what the man says about the leopard. Ever hear that? Leopard never changes his spots, the man says, and it looks like he had the right infamation!" He laughed with a too friendly, heavy insinuation that a bit of unctuous knowledge was shared between them secretly. "How 'bout it, Edna?"

"I can't stay to talk now, Hugo."

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute, Edna!" he said, still laughing. "Guess if a married man like me can take a chance, why, you can! Heard Nina Grier and me been married pretty near two years, haven't you? Yes, sir! Only had that one year at high school; didn't pass, and started right in makin' a livin'. Old settled married man, I am now, and raisin' a family; but I guess I could still kind o' cut up some if there wasn't too many lookin' on! Guess you'd 'a' laughed if you'd heard what Nina says when word come through the post-office that you was back in town again. She spoke up right pecky-like. 'Bet she ain't brought my sweater back with her!' Nina says. Never mind, though; I'm only tellin' you fer a joke; Nina was jest buzzin', like all the rest, 'bout your landin' here at Pelter's again and gettin' letters under the name o' Shellpool and all so on. Woodbury Fogg's wife and old Miss Mary Thomas and the Reverend Beedy's old maid sister and all them church-goin' people—they've been in quite a big stew, some sayin' 'Live and let live,' and some puttin' in with 'Jest watch and see how she conducts herself,' and the rest shakin' their heads and gruntin' a good deal. Wait a minute—you haven't heard the best!"

"Please let me by, Hugo."

"Now you wait; you'll laugh when I tell you," he insisted, and gave her shoulder a jocular and lingering push with his big hand. "It's 'bout Henry Ma'sh. Seems Henry found out he'd set right next you in the bus when you come from New Yarmouth and never reckanized you—not a mite! Thought you was some swell summer boarder and hardly took more'n a peek at you. Plumb missed his chance to set up close to you! Henry says he never had no business to let Vinnie Munson coax you away from him in school days, and he's sore on himself now because o' missin' his chance in the bus; says he could 'a' give his old sweetheart a pinch on the knee slick 's a whistle and nobody the wiser. Henry swears he's goin' to slip up to Pelter's first chance he gets after dark and fix up a date with you. Henry means it, too, and he's comin'. How 'bout me beatin' him out on that, Edna?"

"Let me go in," she said huskily. "Let me by."

He pushed her again, his hand remaining longer upon her, and once more he uttered the laugh of a confederate sharing with her a sly bit of knowledge. "Little late gettin' home, ain't you, Edna?" Then, as he burst into louder, rallying laughter, Edna heard an ominous undertone to this treble raillery—the bass throbbing of her father's boat coming down the river.

"Let me by!" she gasped, thrust Hugo aside with a fierceness that made him laugh the more, and rushed into the house.

Coming in silently by the opposite door a few minutes later, Pelter paused to listen while the dog nuzzled his hand in affectionate greeting. "Asleep all right, is she, Prince?" Long Harry whispered; then nodded, satisfied, and added confidentially, with a noiseless laugh, "Give me quite a run fer my money tonight, they did, over off Bareface, Prince! Well, let's git to bed, old boy."

The light sound of the dog's feet upon the worn stairway made no more noise than did the footfalls of his master as the two went up to Pelter's bedroom together; there, Prince lay down at the foot of the bed and straightway fell asleep. The morning would be warm, Long Harry thought, and left his door ajar for a better circulation of air, though none at all seemed to be stirring. When he was in bed he heard the single-cylindered motor of a lobsterman's boat sputtering as it was cranked beside a wharf in the village three-quarters of a mile away; then he could trace the moving boat as it came down the river and down the harbor, uttering explosions significantly irregular, and Long Harry laughed softly to himself.

"Finn Peters goin' out to haul up traps," he thought. "If that old put-putter breaks down on him he'll have a long row home!"

The jerky explosions fluttered into distance, became inaudible, and the sunrise stillness was complete; but in the dusky interior of Pelter's that silence was disturbed by the sound of a long, quavering sigh—a broken sigh upon a convulsively indrawn breath. It came to Long Harry's ears through the flimsily built corridor, and he thought it the whispered moan of a sleeper unwillingly roused. "Woke her up," he thought drowsily, and then passed into slumber.

Waking at nine, he heard her moving in the room below, and when he came down to breakfast he was prepared with his usual slightly embarrassed apology for oversleeping. "Did it again," he said, keeping his gaze upon his lifted coffee cup. "Takes a terrible while to sort out all them shorts, and I had to go quite a piece up river, too, because we fixed another place fer the truck to meet me, and I had to wait fer it some little time, besides. Too bad to hold up your breakfast as long as this." He drank his coffee; then gave her a brief sidelong glance. "Look 'sif maybe you didn't git so much sleep yourself. Look kind o' peakid again. Guess Finn Peters's old one-lunger waked you up and you couldn't git back to sleep."

"Yes. It's a noisy boat, isn't it?"

"Guess they don't make no noisier. Shouldn't wonder if it maybe wakes up a few o' them high-steppers atop the Point, too. Shouldn't wonder if maybe Corning says a cuss word or two to himself when he can't git back to sleep again after Finn goes out. Well, that wouldn't upset us none, I guess—Corning stewin' around 'bout losin' his reg'lar sleep!" Long Harry laughed carelessly; but his daughter was aware that he looked at her averted face furtively again and that his glance lingered. "Things that fret the summer people got no call to mean much fret to us, I guess!"

"No," she said, and, as his coffee again absorbed his attention, looked at him with as furtive a scrutiny as he had just given her.

Later, when he had lounged out upon the pier while she was washing the dishes, she glanced through the open doorway and saw him standing at ease, smoking, his

(Continued on Page 86)

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hands in his pockets, his whole attitude casual; but his eyes were full upon the doorway and within them she perceived a profoundly reflective questioning. Uneasily she went back to her work, conscious that her habit of anxiety for him and her furtive watching of him had its fellow anxiety and watchfulness on his part. She was almost certain that he had an inkling, some vagrant, vague suspicion of the truth and of her treachery to him. He would never be reproachful, she knew; he would never speak of it to her, nor could she speak of it to him. She could talk of it to Captain Embury—she could tell Captain Embury anything—but all her life matters had so stood between her father and herself that the more she adored him the less she could say to him. Well, there should be no more cause for any unspoken reproach from him, however gentle. Whatever he might have guessed, if he guessed henceforth that she had gone again among his enemies he would be mistaken, and some day perhaps she could tell him so. She did not stir from Pelter's all that week, nor for the dozen days that followed it. When Long Harry went to sea at night she watched from the breakwater and he came home safely, though twice she saw, far offshore, the searchlight that had frightened her as she sat with Gordon Corning upon the crest of Great Point.

Then, one morning, a barefooted village boy brought her a note from Captain Embury:

Can't find my copy of old Parker's History of Mirthful Haven. Only other copy I know of is your father's. Could you lend it to me for a day or so, as I want to read it over. Touch of rheumatism. No doctor, but I don't need one to tell me I can't get out of the house today. My best regards to your father and God bless you. If it is not too much trouble, will you send the book by the boy. He is dirty, but I made him come in and wash his hands.

Edna found the book, but before delivering it, questioned the messenger. "The Captain isn't sick in bed, is he?"

"He's awful cross," the boy said. "Layin' on a sofie by a window; called out of it to me, made me come in, give me a quarter, made me git all cleaned up at a washstand and told me to skedaddle down to Pelter's, bring this note and wait fer an answer. He's terrible cross."

Edna turned to her father. "He's there alone. I think I'd better go and take the book myself. Perhaps I'd better get lunch for him, too."

Long Harry assented heartily; she went forth upon this errand and thought it safe to be prettily dressed, the better to please the Captain. The summer season was at its August topmost, like Carnival dancing its maddest on the eve of Lent.

River Road was crowded with the flashing, bright-colored cars; along the wooden sidewalk the laughing groups of pedestrians merged into an almost continuous procession, and overhead the sunshine was flurried by the wings of squadrons of yellow butterflies.

"He wouldn't notice me among all these people," Edna thought. "He'd go by too quickly, and it's all right. Only two weeks to Labor Day, and then that will be all right—forever."

"All right," that phrase of pleasant sound, may sometimes mean no more than desolation when followed by the chilled word "forever." The reassurance lay like ice upon her heart; but she carried matters off cheerfully at Captain Embury's. His crossness disappeared into a delighted astonishment at the sight of her; they had even a merry meal together in the noble dining-room, and before she left him that afternoon he was convinced that she had cured his twinges.

"Nothin' but little bits o' twinges anyhow!" he said, at the door. "Mighty glad I had 'em, though! I'll be out tomorrow, but I'll bring 'em on again pretty soon, now I know what's liable to happen when I get 'em!"

Edna went down the street, laughing and calling back to him; the contours of gayety to which her features had molded themselves were just subsiding into an expression more melancholy when she reached the juncture of the Captain's street with River Road, and a voice she knew cried out to her.

One of the gayly-colored open automobiles had drawn out of the swift procession and stopped; two bareheaded blonde girls sat in the rumble, Wallace Corning was at the wheel and beside him a bright-eyed, exquisite little brunette in vivid silk was screaming loudly.

"Edna! Edna Shellpool! Look! No, look here! Don't you see me? It's Mildred Kerr!"

She leaped to the ground, ran and caught Edna about the waist. "You blind thing!" she cried. "Don't look so dazed. I've got you now and you're not going to get away, either! You get right in this car with us and begin telling me why on earth you're behaving the way you do! You've got to ——"

"Mildred! Let me go! I can't ——"

"Yes, you will!" Already Mildred was dragging her toward the automobile and its laughing occupants. "There's room between me and Wallace, and that's Sally and Lena Gordon; I'm staying with 'em. Gordie Corning says you're off at some old camp; but you're not going back there now. You're not going to get away from me, I can tell you! You ——"

"I can't! I can't, Mildred! I can't!"

"Yes, you will!" They were close beside the car, so determined was the vigor of the smaller girl's attack upon her friend, and all at once it seemed to Edna that everything was being taken out of her hands. Strickenly, and with a helpless recklessness, she set her foot upon the running board while Mildred continued to shout, "Get in! You'll not get away from me very easily, I can tell you, young lady! Don't stand staring at Wallace as if you never paralyzed the whole school ballroom by dancing the tango with him! Act like a person! Get in!"

XX

THE aged Wye, making his way through the throngs of strollers upon the boardwalk along the river, as he came from the village late that afternoon, indulged in a habit not infrequent among old people and those who lead solitary lives—he talked to himself, speaking aloud, though in a muffled voice, indistinctly. All these people made him cross; they smiled and stared as the old man went muttering by, and they supposed him to be probably a little insane—harmlessly so no doubt; but they might have had a second thought about his harmlessness if they had understood the purport of his mutterings.

"Pesty dam dogfish—hot dam 'em! Like to drown every hot dam pestified one of 'em! Wouldn't care if I never sold 'em another hot dam codfish! Blunderin' into a man, walkin' all over him, steppin' on his feet, pushin' him sideways, pushin' him behind, shovin' into the front of him, gigglin' and puffin' right in his face—ought to be took out in a motyboat and fed to the herrin'! Git so used to bangin' into each other in all them hot dam cities where they come from hain't got sense enough to give a man room to walk in. Wisht I smelt wuss o' fish 'n what I do; 't's the only way a body can git any room fer himself up to Labuh Day. Up to then they'll take and stick their dressed-up backs and slicked hair right up agin a man's nose! Drown 'em—hot dam 'em, drown 'em!"

As he approached Pelter's, however, he enjoyed a few moments of unexpected high pleasure. The crowd of automobiles was so thick that there were intervals of blockade, and it was during one of these temporary cessations of movement that the venerable fisherman's annoyance reached its climax. In the line of cars nearest the sidewalk there was a blue cabriolet exorbitantly trimmed with polished nickel and guided by a rigid chauffeur in gray livery. Behind him sat a plump middle-aged woman whose large, uninterested face was apparently supported upon a bust ornate in varicolored brocade and agleam with pearls; but the most conspicuous garniture of the display was a dog—a dog poignantly to old Wye's distaste. The dog was a Sealyham of parts, a precious winner of bench-show ribbons, though of neither of these facts had the aged pedestrian any information, nor would he have attached a better than negative importance to them had he been aware of them. It was enough for Wye that the animal wore a silver-trimmed collar, looked restlessly about him with pink-rimmed, querulous eyes, and, projecting his head over the side of the cabriolet's collapsed top, had the air of both threatening and despising the commoners of the sidewalk.

"Pink-eyed sculpin!" the old man muttered, addressing the dog. "Nasty pink-eyed, sanctified, long-haired ——" But here his discourtesy was forced to extremes, for a bevy of lively hotel waitresses, frolicking out from the village and chasing one another upon the way, swept regardlessly by the old man; two of them caromed into him, dislodged him from the sidewalk, and for an instant forced him to endure an undesirable familiarity; his face was brushed by the heavy moustache of the Sealyham. The dog, deeply affronted, snapped venomously and Wye saved himself only by an activity he did not like to exert. "Hot dam dog!" he shouted, regaining the sidewalk with some difficulty. "Hot dam pink-eyed slobbery dog!"

The blockade came to an end and the cabriolet moved on, with the Sealyham barking in a voice louder and hoarser than his dimensions would have led anyone to expect, and his hot gaze fixed upon his late assailant. An event of the next moment, however, not only distracted the ribbon winner's attention and set his truculent heart fairly on fire, it was also what brought pleasure to the aged spectator upon the sidewalk. Life at Pelter's was sometimes monotonous for Prince; he had no interest in swimming, and an environment all water, mud and planking offered him few diversions. Thus, when he felt a strong pressure for amusement, he fell back upon an immemorial pastime of dogs and went out to pretend to chase something. At such times the fiction he established with himself was that his duty compelled him to keep the neighborhood of Pelter's free from automobiles; he would dash out from the wooden yard, barking threats that he himself well knew could never be fulfilled. With ardor and confidence perfectly assumed, he would charge a passing automobile, swerve at the last moment and maintain himself vociferating beside it in an amazing burst of speed until it was far down River Road; then he would return slowly and complacently, but ready to be conscientious again at any instant in defense of the home. He was playing this game now, though not with much conviction, for the automobiles were moving so slowly that nobody's imagination could have pictured them convincingly as frightened trespassers in flight. Nevertheless he tried to interest himself and made short dashes here and there, barking mechanically; then all at once his demeanor altered and he abandoned pastime for war; he heard the angry voice of the Sealyham and knew it for the horrid and detestable production of a lifelong enemy. Exerting his own strong voice to its utmost capacity in challenge, Prince rushed upon the blue cabriolet.

"Git 'im, Prince!" Wye cackled, delighted. "Git the pink-eyed son of a bilgewater bug! Git 'im—by Orry, git 'im!"

Encouragement was superfluous; the feudists' recognition had been mutual and the Sealyham answered challenge with challenge as the big mongrel, ravaging, rose in the first of a series of remarkable leaps. There burst upon the air that conglomerate sound of passion at its acme, of fury perfected to a complete expression, yet agonized to be incapable of an even fuller eloquence, that vocalizing, ever unbelievably in crescendo, of emotions impossibly increasing beyond their utmost, that profoundly murderous zoölogical uproar only to be heard in the vicinity of an unquestionably sincere dog fight. The Sealyham was as desirous of entire contact as was his opponent; and he would have had it except for the plump white-gloved hands that restrained him with great difficulty by clutchings upon his rearward parts. There were moments when the heads of the combatants mingled in spite of this prevention. Injuries were accomplished and human screams came from the cabriolet; the chauffeur, leaning out upon one side, beat at Prince with his cap, and, trying to drive at the same time, underwent imminent peril of collision, with a natural provocation of louder screaming behind him. Thus this glittering blue cabriolet, lately peaceful, passed down River Road, carrying with it a loud turmoil of rage, fear and violence, and, turning into the highway that leads over Great Point, was lost to the sight of the exultant Wye.

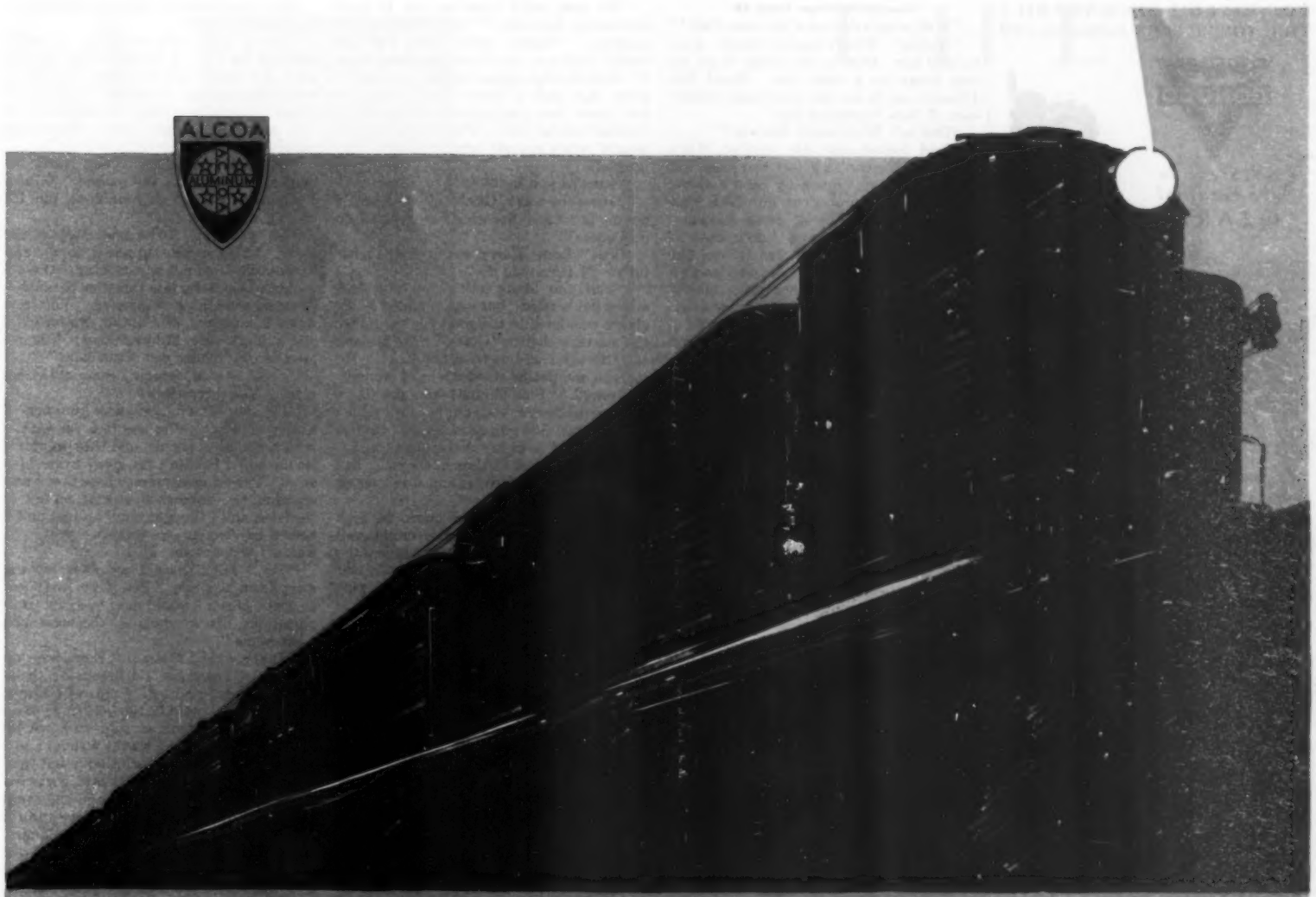
"Did give it to him, by Orry—did give it to him, hot dam, Prince did!" He laughed aloud in his pleasure as he walked on, with all his former irritation soothed from his bosom. Prince, returning, joined the old man at the entrance to Pelter's and received the first affectionate greeting he ever had from this source. "Good dog! Good dog!" Wye said, patting the lowered brown head. "No, no, dun't hold your head down that way and look up at me from the top of your eye 'sif you'd done somethin' to be 'shamed of. That's right, give the side o' your face a lick or two. Guess you might have couple o' scratches there you'd ought to be tendin' to, but hold your head up and look proud, like you got a good claim to do. Good dog! By Orry, you made that fat woman holler enough to raise up old Jezebel outen o' where they throwed her! Come on, let's me and you go find your master—got a couple o' facks might as well be let knowed to him, maybe. Come on, old Princie! Good dog! Good dog!"

He shuffled round the house to the rear veranda and Prince followed, furtively assuaging the wounds upon his cheek and not feeling confident that he merited the praises so warmly bestowed upon him by his newly won admirer. Pelter, begrimed and in overalls, was upon the pier, returning from his boat; as he approached he addressed himself with affected severity to the apologetic dog. "I heard you! Needn't think I didn't! Never heard so much dog swearin' and cussin' in all my life! Ever hear me usin' any such profan'ty? No, sir; you know you didn't. You never had no example from me to take and use all them expressions, did you? Yes, you better hold your head down and stow your tail away like you didn't own none at all! Bad dog!"

"He ain't!" Wye intervened enthusiastically. "Best dog in Mirthful Haven! Good dog! Hain't never fergot the fight he had with them Gordons' dog fust time they come here, have you, Prince? No, suh! See him a-settin' up in that automobile 'longside o' that highty-tighty fat woman, Prince did, while ago, and took and let out a beller fit to rise up old Jezebel, and jest took and went fer him. Then they had it and I never see no better! Highty-tighty fat woman squawkin' and screechin' bloody murder and the showfer slashin' at Prince with his cap—guess 'tain't much of a cap no longer, because fer a minute they was fightin' right through it, and the showfer might 'a' got his hand a mite skinned up, too, between the both of 'em—and a truck jest missed 'em by a hair and the Point bus must 'a' took some paint off one o' their mud ga'ds, besides. Last I see of 'em they was makin' round the corner with Prince jumpin' higher'n ever and the showfer yellin' and old highty-tighty Jezebel takin' on wuss'n a whaler's cook on shore leave! No, suh, Prince, you're a good dog! Good dog!"

Prince still retained a doubt of his own virtue and continued to look dubiously upward from a humbled head until his master relaxed enough to pat him and indulgently tousle one of his ears. Then Long Harry went indoors to remove his overalls and wash his face and hands at the sink; he returned with his pipe in his mouth and comfortably settled himself into his customary seat facing the harbor.

(Continued on Page 88)



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(Continued from Page 86)

"Well, what's the rest o' the news, Cap'?"

"Nothin'. Wind's haulin' round; goin' to hold fair. B'en to the village to git me new hooks fer a trawl line. Heard Ben Pibuddy say he see the rum-chaser makin' east off New Yarmouth bay."

"Did he? What else'd Ben say?"

"Said looked like his brother Milt's woman was gittin' a goiter and they was talkin' o' movin' down to Eeler's Cove. Said he heard Wimble run into New Yarmouth with up'ards o' three thousand pound' o' swordfish, but didn't know if 'twas so or not. Said looked to him like that rum-chaser might 'a' b'en doin' as high as twenty-five knot' more less; makin' down east, though, she was. Ben see seven o' them Portagee boats after mack'rel a good ways out. Freem Wicks and Rem Bailey took and hauled in a four-hunderd-pound sunfish yestaday; goin' to take it up to New Yarmouth beach with a tent and a sign that's got Sea Monster painted on it—goin' to zibbet it fer one dime 'dmission if they can git it and come down to a nickel and nothin' fer nusses if the crowd holds off like. Said looked to him like that rum-chaser must 'a' had a new muffler or somethin' on her, because she wun't hardly makin' no noise 't all, fast as she was goin'."

"Thought so, did he?" Pelter inquired indifferently. "That all?"

"Guess 'twas." Wye glanced thoughtfully westward where the light was beginning to show a warmer tone. "Well, got to be movin' along to fry me up somethin' fer my supper. Edna's cookin' as good as 'twas 'fore she went away?"

"Better. Took cookin' lessons at her school, and they certain'y was a benefit."

"Guess so," Wye said, coughed, and asked casually, "Upstairs, is she?"

"No, she's at Cap'n Embury's; he's ailin'. Guess she decided to stay the whole day."

"Oh, that's where she is, is she? Thought 'twas 'bout time fer her to be startin' supper if she was here. Up at Cap'n Embury's, is she?" Wye seemed to muse, then added, "Funny, too."

"Funny? What's funny 'bout her bein' up t' the Cap'n's?"

"Nothin'. Nothin' 't all. I only mean 'twas kind o' funny me seein' her away from there, if so be she's at the Cap'n's."

"Where'd you see her?"

"Seemed like 'twas in an automobile," Wye said reflectively. "On my way to the village 'bout half-past three o'clock this aftanoon, see her in a slick-lookin' black-and-yellow-colored automobile that sets low to the ground, with shined-up nickel platin' all over it and them two fluffy yellow-haired Gordon high-heelers settin' behind. Whizzin' out towards the Point, they was, and what causes me to say it seemed funny-like, it's them two girls settin' in the same automobile with Edna, and Prince, here, comin' nigh to drive their mother out o' the little amount o' rightful wits she's got, later in the day. Had another high-heeler settin' in front with her, Edna did, and one them Corning boys was drivin', and all of 'em laughin' and jokin' together. Might 'a' see me or might not; never let on like she did, and, come to think of it, guess she didn't. They was other moty cars between and the sidewalk fairly crawlin' with summer boarders. No, guess she didn't."

There was no visible alteration in Pelter's expression, nor in his absent gaze at the farther shore of the harbor. He drew slowly upon his pipe, then asked, "Sure 'twas Edna? Might 'a' been someone 't looked like her, mightn't it?"

"My eyes hain't failed me yet, to your knowledge, have they?" Wye returned with asperity. "Hain't spiled 'em with no readin' that you can throw up to me, have I? Had on a light-green jacket and a light-green hat and a white dress 'bout to her knees and natchul-colored stockin's. Couldn't see her feet. What clo'es was she wearin' when she left here fer Cap'n Embury's?"

"Same as you say."

"Guess she was! Dun't tell me I hain't got my faculties! See what I see when I see it, I guess!"

"Yes," Long Harry assented thoughtfully. "I guess you do."

"Glad you 'dmit it!" Wye said, still somewhat nettled; but was mollified as his glance wandered to the good dog sitting by the master's chair. "Guess Prince and me can still tell a sardine from hay rick!" He stooped and patted the dog's head tenderly in farewell. "Fine animal! Yes, you *like* a body to make over you, dun't you, Prince? Fine animal! Bid you good evenin', Prince. Bet that highty-tighty fatty jumps in her sleep tonight when she 'members you. Bid you good evenin', Prince, and dun't never fergit you're a good dog!"

He shuffled away, once more in high spirits, leaving the pair by the veranda rail engaged in an enigmatic communion, the dog looking up gravely at the master, and the master with equal gravity meeting this gaze.

"'Funny,'" Long Harry said after a time, quoting this word of his recent guest's. "Think so, old boy? Guess you do. 'Funny'—yes, guess 'tis."

Prince's gaze relaxed; drowsiness came upon him and his head drooped to the planks. Long Harry finished his pipe and another; the water of the harbor slowly shifted its wine colors from amber to a deep Burgundian red, and dusk began to gather under the clumps of pine trees upon the opposite shore. The dog awoke and jumped up reproachfully as his master's boots came down with a clump upon the veranda floor.

"Guess you and me better begin to fix up some supper ourselves, Prince, if we're a-goin' to git any."

They went indoors; Pelter lighted a lamp, built a fire in the stove, and had taken the coffeepot to the sink for water when he heard the sound of hurrying feet outside; they crossed the wooden yard lightly, the front door was thrown open and Edna came in, breathless.

"Oh, dear!" she panted. "I'm so sorry! Don't bother; I'll have your supper for you in a few minutes. I did the best I could, but I couldn't get away any earlier. I'm so sorry!"

"Nothin' to fret 'bout," he said, not turning toward her as she took the coffeepot from his hand. "Wun't really no call fer you to come back jest to git supper if you had a mind to stay out. Git my own easy enough."

"No, no; of course you shouldn't. Of course I ——"

"No call to fret," he repeated, and went to sit at the table, where he engaged himself in cleaning the bowl of his pipe with a pocketknife.

Edna continued her apologies uneasily as she began to work.

"I'm so sorry—I'm so sorry. I really couldn't help it. I knew it was getting later and later; but it—they—I mean it was embarrassing. I couldn't think of—I didn't know what to say. It seemed to be just impossible to get away. Something happened. I want to tell you ——"

"Pipe's all caked up," Long Harry remarked musingly, as she paused. "Guess I'm makin' a mess on your floor, but I'll clean it up myself later."

"No, you won't," she said, busy at the stove. "You're not supposed to do any housework—and not any cooking, either. I couldn't help being late this time because—because something happened. You see, when I came out of Captain Embury's I ran straight into Mildred Kerr. You remember my telling you about her?"

"Yes," he said, scraping earnestly at his pipe. "Yes, I remember."

"I simply couldn't get away from her—I simply couldn't! She was in a car with—with some other people, and they wouldn't let me go. I couldn't get away from them at all! They'd heard somewhere that I was spending the summer at a camp on one of the lakes and I thought maybe—maybe I'd better let 'em go on thinking that. At least—I thought so. I—I ——"

"Yes," Long Harry said, not looking away from his pipe. "Yes, guess 'twas jest as well. Guess 'twould help to avoid complications, like we spoke of the night you come home."

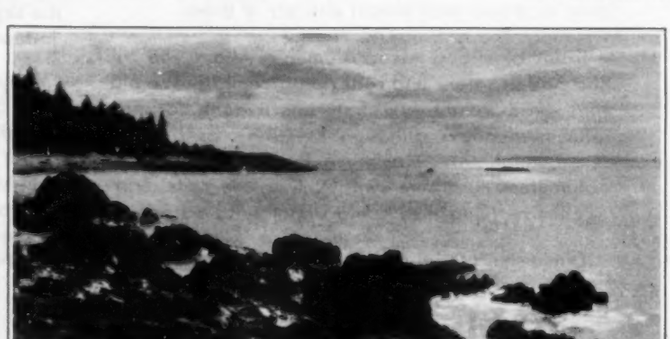
"That's what I thought," Edna went on quickly. "I thought I'd better try to do that. It seemed better. I mean I thought probably that would be the best thing to do and that you'd think so, too; so I just let them go on thinking I was at a camp and I told them I had to get back there; but they said they'd take me. Then I said it was too far, and besides, the people from the camp were going to drive over here for me and I'd have to meet them at Cargo Square. So they—I mean Mildred—Mildred said they'd drive me down to the Square and wait there with me until the people came, and I said they mustn't do that because one of these people from the camp was a nervous invalid—a woman that I was taking care of and in such a peculiar state that anything upset her and made her ask questions all night—the doctor said she mustn't be allowed to get started with her questions, but I knew she would if she saw me with other people. It was a terrible story; but I finally convinced them and they let me telephone for one of the summer taxis from the Square, and that's how I got away at last. I was even afraid they might follow me in another car, at that, so I stopped the taxi as soon as it got away from the Point and jumped out and ran all the rest of the way. I'm so sorry—so sorry—but that's all ——"

"Yes, guess that's all," Pelter said slowly, in a gentle voice. Then he moved out of her way as she began to set dishes upon the table. "Wind's worked round inshore again; another good day tomorrow."

"Isn't that splendid!" she exclaimed, and in her voice there was a tremor of excitement that her father did not attribute to prospects of fine weather.

He understood, too, the cause of the relief that was expressed in both her voice and her look, and, glancing up as if carelessly, he saw more. It seemed to him that her eyes were happier and brighter than he had ever seen them—for they were shining with the light that gleams from eyes thrice merry tonight because merriment dies tomorrow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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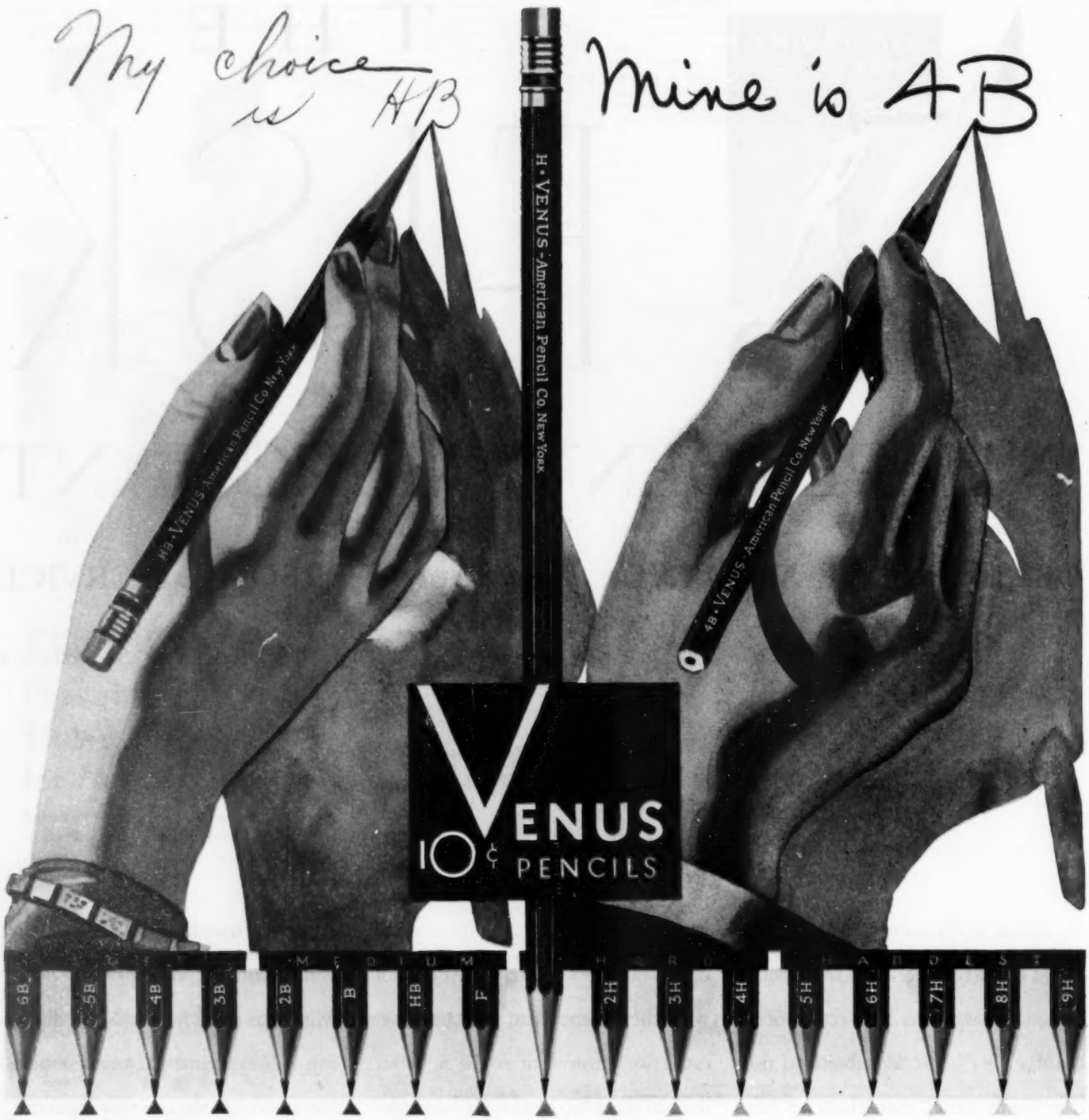
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O'MEARA AT TROY

(Continued from Page 19)

deities did not urge wan side or another forward, there was nothing doing. So King Timothy O'Meara, out of patience with the situation, sat down wan day with a quill pen and a sheet of parchment and drew up an ultimatum which went like this:

PROCLAMATION

To All Ye Greeks and Trojans

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Hereafther and from now on us deities from Olympus will take no notice of the brawls and contintions of ye Greeks and Trojans unless so be ye make thim snappier.

Ayther ye are at war, or else ye are not. If ye are, us deities would like to see some action we don't have to be starting oursilves. If ye are not, 'tis time ye dropped the foolish pretinse of it.

'Tis our intintion to hold oursilves aloof for the space of three weeks and give ye the final chance to fight to a conclusion as real warriors should, without fear nor favor from anny of us deities. If so be ye have not the guts to take up with this fair offer and go through with it, at the end of the three weeks us deities will gang up and utterly destroy both armies.

A word to the wise is sufficient, and ye can take it or lave it.

Who do ye think ye are, annyhow, that ye should monopolize the exclusive attintion of us deities that may have important business elsewhere that ye know nothing about?

Signed. ZEUS, head heathen; ARES, deity of battle; HADES (X) his mark; POSEIDON, deity of the sea; HERMES; PHŒBUS O'POLLO, et al., and company.

Olympus, Greece, June seventeenth, 1589 B. C.

"Now thin," says Tim, "we'll make a couple of dozen copies, and me and some of you lads will slip into town tonight and post some of thim up on the street corners, and others we will tack to the Greek ships."

IV

BUT instead of inspiring thim to action it seemed to paralyze the Greeks and Trojans. Day afther day wint by and nothing started. The truth was, they'd niver got anny communications from Olympus in black and white before, and they was perturbed in their minds.

Wan day Tim went ashore alone from his island where the Shamrock was moored, and sat down in a nook of rocks fronting the beach. His harp was with him, and above him and behind him to landward was the dunes of sand. He was thinking this whole expedition was a failure, and he'd be hard put to it aven to get a good ballad out of it all—for Tim niver thought much of that stuff he called The Iliad himsilf—when he heard the padding of horses' hoofs muffled in sand, and the soft slur of wheels, not very far away.

He judged a chariot had driven by on the sandy plain on the landward side of the barrier of dunes, and thought no more of it. But afther a few minutes a woman emerged from behind a hill of sand, not thirty yards from him, and ran down to the sea to bathe.

A bit of a scrap of a wan-piece bathing suit she was wearing, and a gleam of brightness she was as she raced and plunged into the sea and battled through the surf. Had it been early dawn instead of afthernoon, ye might have thought she was a ripple of the rose-and-golden morning moving on the dark blue wathers.

"By the powers," says Tim to himsilf, he says, "it may be there's something in the heathen superstitions of these parts afther all; for ayther that's a goddess swimming there or else me eyes need the expert attintion of a physician."

And his hand fell upon the strings of his harp, though he scarcely knew it, and his harp began to talk. "Are ye but a crest of golden foam upon a green-blue wave?" says the harp. "Come hither, foam upon the wave! Are ye goddess, are ye woman, are ye creature of the sea? Have all the tides of all the wathers of the world gathered their gleaming beauty to wan point, to thrust it like a spear's point through the heart of me? Come hither; here is my heart, point of the spear of beauty! All the seas of life are breaking in me soul and all the surf is beauty; and all the seas of all the world are ringing all the coasts with song; and all the waves of all the seas are an army of strong warriors, and ye are the sharp sword they have plunged through the heart of me! Come hither, woman, if ye be woman! Goddess, come hither! Gleaming arrow from the curved bow of the ocean, bright arrow from the twanging string of ocean, ye are sped to pierce the heart of me."

'Tis such nonsense as that a harp will be speaking when 'tis left alone with a young fella under such circumstances—and always 'tis "Come hither!" will be the burden of its speech.

Out in the wather the woman heard. She swam farther out, as if to be beyond the reach of it. Thin she turned and floated and listened ag'in. For a minute the music stopped; betwixt his lifted finger and the strings a moment's silence gathered, and farther out ag'in she swam. And thin the song—for Tim had no consciousness that he had annything to do with it himsilf personal—the song, like a queer fisherman, reeled her slowly in, and she drifted ashore like wan in a dream.

Straight up to him she walked, and he rose; and the dream and bewilderment of the music was on both of thim.

"Are ye a god?" says she. Considering the looks and bearing of the man, and the woman's superstitions, 'twas an entirely logical question. "Are ye a god?" she says, simple and frank and in all good faith.

"Do ye judge of it," says Tim, aquelly simple and direct, and dropped an arm about her and kissed her.

"Ye are!" she says, says she, afther a moment or two, with a long breath.

"I've had me moments of feeling like wan," says Tim, quite sincere, "but niver before a moment like this."

"I niver knew before," says she, sizing him up in wonder and admiration, "that there was anny red-headed gods. Are ye Pan—ye with your music—or are ye O'Pollo?"

"Which would ye rather, mavourneen?" says Tim, always anxious to plaise the ladies, and this wan in particular.

"If ye're not a god," says she, looking a little worried, "'tis terrible unconvintional and indiscreet me kissing ye like this, for I'm a married woman mesilf. I'd rather ye was O'Pollo."

"Thin ye can call me O'Pollo, mavourneen," says Tim, with a smile.

"Oh! Oh!" she cries, alarmed by his smile and his tone of voice. "Ye're not a god at all! Ye're a man! And ye've tricked me by your music into a most unconvintional situation! What will ye be thinking of me? Oh, I hate ye for it!"

"Arrah, now, mavourneen," says Tim, he says; "make your mind aisy. I'll prove to ye agin that I am wan."

Which he did.

"Yes, oh, yes!" she says, says she, with a sigh, "ye are wan; I know ye must be wan now—and the most convintional woman is hilpless entirely agin the gods!"

"Of course," says he; "let your mind be at rest."

"It is," says she. She gave him a wondering look. "I'm sure ye are wan," she says, "but 'tis strange that, too. 'Twas always in me mind a god would be a little different from this, somehow."

"How?" says Tim.

"More like a ghost, maybe, some way," she says. "More kind of loose and mistylike in the material he's made of," she says. She wiped her lips where he had kissed the salt wather from thim, with the back of her hand. "Ye're not misty at all, at all," she says. "Ye're more like a god would be if so he was a man at the same time," says she.

"Tell me about yoursilf, colleen," says Tim, charmed with the childish simplicity of the creature. "Are ye maybe wan of the goddesses of these parts?"

(Continued on Page 93)

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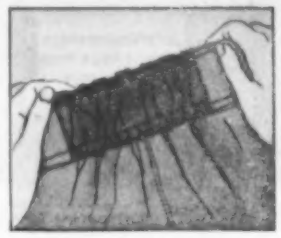

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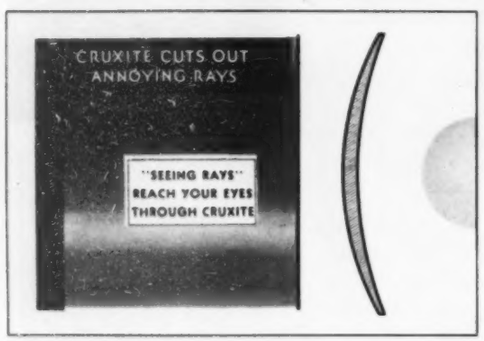

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The American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.

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AMERICAN OPTICAL

TILLYER CRUXITE LENSES

(Continued from Page 91)

"I'm related to a number of thim," says she, so solemn that Tim saw she really believed that ignorant superstition. "I come from over there," says she, pointing across the wather in the gineral direction of Greece. "But at prisint," she says, "I'm living in the city down yonder." She motioned towards the towers and walls of Troy, swimming in the sunlight half a dozen miles down the coast.

Tim O'Meara had a sudden mind.

"And next," says he, he says, "ye'll be coming with me to Erin! Get yoursilf dressed and we'll be off at wance!"

"Dressed?" And thin she cried: "Oh, ye're not a god at all, at all! 'Tis a man ye are! No god would be afther noticing the kind of clothes I was wearing!"

All wan blush of anger and confusion she was; and whin he tried to speak ag'in, she snatched up his sword which he had unhooked from his belt and laid on the ground, and banged him across the face with it. Lucky for Tim, 'twas in the scabbard. "I hate ye!" she cried, and flung the weapon at him and turned and ran. She was up and over the line of sand dunes in an instant, and him feeling of his face and wondering was his nose broken.

"The wild cat!" he says. But he liked thim like that. He stood for some minutes looking towards the town of Troy in the distance, and already forming a plan to take it. Of a sudden a pebble rolled from the top of a sand dune and bounced and pinged agin the strings of his harp. He turned and looked up. There she was, in her proper street clothes, gazing down on him with a countenance all lighted up with curiosity.

"Where is that Erin ye spoke of?" she says.

Before he could give her that lesson in geography she had vanished ag'in. Tim struggled to the top of the dunes, but she was scampering towards a chariot with two attindants that was waiting fifty yards away. She jumped in and the horses was off at a gallop towards Troy. 'Twas ayther the breeze of their gallop or her own hand that waved a bit of a bright scarf back at Tim.

V

THAT night Tim reconnoitered. And the next day at dusk he was in the town of Troy himsilf, in the guise of a profissional minstrel. There was a canal cut inward from the sea through which the Trojans got the greater part of their supplies; and this entry was definded by great ballistas and catapults. The Greeks had sea force enough to harry and discommode this commerce, but not enough to stop it entirely. Nor had the Trojans the superior naval force to sally out and destroy the entire Greek fleet. The war had been a queer kind of a stand-off. The Greeks controlled the plains in the near vicinity of the city, and had destroyed all the crops there and taken all the livestock, but at a distance the allies and countryfolks of the Trojans still carried on and slipped materials into the town in barges.

'Twas through this wather gate to the city that Tim entered, with his harp and in a small boat. He played some chunes to the guards and cracked thim some jokes, and they passed him on from station to station. Whin he had tied his boat to a wharf and begun to wander through the streets wan of the first things he noticed was long lines of people waiting at the wells of the town. Officers were rationing out wather very carefully.

Terrible thronged was that big town, and ivery male person Tim saw from fifteen to sixty was bearing arms. The city was laid out like a great wheel; at the center, where the hub would be, was King Priam's citadel. It stood upon a height of rocky land and was both a palace and a fortress. Terraces led up to it from the city streets, and ivery terrace was capable of definse. Long streets, splendid, and so broad that six chariots might drive abreast, radiated like spokes of the wheel from the citadel to the gates in the walls; and at each gate was a watch tower. Tim judged the price of real estate in that town was high, for the tindincy in building had been to go up in the air. Ivery building had its tower, or became a tower itsilf, like we're putting thim up in New York and Brooklyn today; and manny families lived in each building.

In the blue dusk, with lights flaring high above in the manny windows, and the whole city crowned and adorned by King Priam's lofty citadel with its own flares here and there upon its scarps and battleminta, and billows of shadow and cloud rolling in from the sea, perhaps the town seemed taller than it was. For to Tim's mind it seemed to thrust itsilf up towards the yellow moon and early stars that hung above it; 'twas hard to tell where city left off and sky began, and that gave it all a touch of shifty magic to his eyes. Indade, wance or twice he had the feeling, as he took his way towards the citadel, that he had built it all himsilf out of the music of his harp, for the amusemint of his own fancy, and could tumble it into nothingness ag'in with a slam of discontented discords. The dream of that woman was strong upon his soul, and the mood of his intellect glimmered with the extravagance of poetry and love.

"I'm the minstrel that King Priam sint for," he said to the guards, and all of thim was impressed by the port of the man and the conquering glamour that walked with him, and into the citadel he went. He was sure that the lady he'd met on the seashore would be somewhere about the King's palace, for there was quality in ivery line and look of her.

And she was the first thing Tim seen whin he entered the King's council hall. A great and lofty room that was, with a high vaulted roof. At the far end was a dais, with a great fat man upon a throne and a fat woman upon another throne near him. A group of half a dozen others stood or sat near King Priam and Quane Hecuba; and this woman of Tim's was by Quane Hecuba's throne. A man's voice said, as Tim entered and strode up the hall:

"Your Majisty, suppose we lave that point to Helen hersilf."

Tim's colleen opened her mouth as if to speak. Thin she seen Tim and recognized him. She closed her mouth ag'in, and stared at Tim and said nothing. With that, all prisint turned and stared. Tim stepped forward boldly.

"Your Majisty," he says, says he, bowing mannerly to King Priam, "I'm the minstrel was brought the word ye wanted me at the palace here this night."

King Priam opened his eyes wide and rubbed his forehead. "I don't quite remimber ye," he says, "but sit down somewheres, minstrel, and I'll spake to ye prisintly."

Tim sat down quietly and pretinded to be studying the condition of his harp, and they all give him a long look. Calm and placid he received it, and prisintly they wint on with their hot argumint ag'in, and ignored him—all excipt Helen, and kape her eyes from him she could not.

They was all so heated with the business in hand, excipt King Priam himsilf, that in a minute they forgot Tim. King Priam was robed in fine white wool trimmed with purple and clasped with gold. Tim, as the argumint wint on, might have thought most of the time that the King was aslape; for his eyes was mostly shut and his head drooped forward so that his crown was tilted crooked on his white poll. But his hands was clasped over his enormous stomach and now and thin ye could see he was twiddling his thumbs. And now and thin he opened both his eyes and mouth and aimed at a golden cuspidor was set convenient to the throne; for the King was chewing betel nut—a most unroyal habit he'd picked up from a wandering Hindu sage. Quane Hecuba was a red-cheeked ould dame like a dumpling, with manny gems that twinkled and a blond wig was all awry. With a pair of bronze knitting needles she was clicking away at a stomach band for wan of her numerous grandchildren.

By the look on Helen's face, where she stood near Quane Hecuba's chair, she was wondering wance more was Tim a god or not. She was pale and red by turns, and her breath was quick. She was in a bad enough jam before Tim strolled in, as he seen whin he realized who the others were. There was Paris, whom she had eloped from Sparta with. There was Menelaus, her former husband, whom she had run away from. There was Hector, Paris' brother. There was King Agamemnon, Menelaus' brother, with his ferocious visage and the yellow fangs that showed whin he opened his mouth.

"Helen should come back and mind her house like an honest woman," says this King Agamemnon. "If she does not come back, we must have an indimnity in place of her. Is that not right, brother?" he says to Menelaus.

This Menelaus was a boyo with a bull neck set on heavy shoulders, and a twirl of hair on his forehead was altogether like a bull's. He glared at Helen and nodded to his brother.

Tim had walked in on an attimpt to settle the whole war.

"Ye've not been able to take her, ye dog face!" says Hector to Agamemnon. And Paris laughed and trifled with a golden-plated spear.

"Now, boys, don't be afther calling names!" says King Priam, with his eyes closed. "Remimber this is a peace parley, and not wan of your famous contists of strength and skill."

"Himsilf there," says Quane Hecuba, nodding towards Priam, "is getting nigh his dotage, or he would tell ye that the gods is tired of all this strife—'tis themsilves has said as much. For me own part, does Helen go or does Helen stay, it matthers little to me. The wan thing I want is the end of this war."

"'Tis well I know ye'd be glad to be getting rid of me, Quane Hecuba," said Helen, with a glance at Tim.

"Sorrow came with ye," says the Quane, still knitting and placid, "and the divil can take ye, for all I care. I'm not the kind of woman has trouble with anny of me daughters-in-law as a rule, but afther ye strife follows, as plague follows drought. Howiver, if 'tis so decided we kape ye here, kape ye I will, and spake ye civil whin ye spake me so."

"Nobody loves me," says Helen; and ag'in her voice was for Tim. "Nobody wants me!"

"I do!" says Paris and Menelaus in wan breath.

"Ye do not, nayther of ye!" flares Helen. Maybe she was anxious Tim should get the rights of the story. "The only reason Menelaus wants me back is because I'm Quane of Sparta in me own right, and he'll niver feel aisy on his throne unless so be I reign beside him! He was niver the man to come storming across the seas for the love of anny woman, not him. And as for ye, Paris," she says, says she, turning on that handsome lad; "'tis often ye say ye love me, but whin did ye ever have the nerve to face Menelaus here and fight for me with your own hand?"

"Always there was wan of thim Olympian deities on his side," says Paris, smiling and waving his hand, airy and graceful. "Ye know full well, mavourneen, I'd fight anny man in the world for ye, so none of thim Olympian deities comes meddling into the matther."

Menelaus says to Paris, with a scowl, dropping his hand to his sword: "All thim Olympian deities is laying off this war right now, and you and me can sittle this affair in wan minute."

"Ye spake so bold because ye know I can't fight ye now," says Paris; "and ye here under word of honor and flag of truce."

"Now thin," says Agamemnon; "it's got to the place where ye can no longer sittle it personal—ye two. Too manny others has become involved. King Priam, here is me terms to ye: Give us Helen and ten thousand head of good cattle and fifty of your best ships, and we go in peace. Or kape Helen, and give us twinty thousand head of cattle and wan hundred ships."

"'Tis exorbitant, dog face," says Hector, "aven if ye were in a military position to demand it, which ye are not. The walls of this town is still intact."

"And the wells is all but dry," says Agamemnon.

"And your own people back in Greece is half of thim rising in revolt agin ye," retorts Hector.

King Priam nodded and took a little golden box from the bosom of his royal robe and hilped himsilf to another chew of betel nut.

"Himself here does nothing all day long but sit and chew and let the world go by," sighs Quane Hecuba. "Ye fools all!" she cried suddenly, and laid down her knitting. "Stop this war!" she says. "Both the human sinse of mortal intellect and the warnings of the gods tells ye the wan thing—stop this war!"

"There's something in what hersilf here says," King Priam remarks, his chew in his cheek and his thumbs twiddling. "I didn't want anny war, nor anny Helen nayther—there was none more surprised than mesilf whin Paris comes bouncing home with her, expicting iverywan in Troy to be as plaised as he was himsilf. And now there's no doubt the gods is all stirred up inimical to all of us. Agamemnon, I'll settle with ye on the basis of the *status quo ante*—take Helen, and be off with ye, and be damned to ye!"

"No!" cries Hector, jumping to his feet. "Our Trojan honor demands we keep her!"

"We'll take her, and we'll have ships and cattle too!" says Agamemnon.

"I hate ye all!" cries Helen, so vehement that Quane Hecuba dropped her knitting and King Priam swallowed his betel nut. "All of ye I hate! Ye pass me back and forth, and bargain for me with cattle, like I was a prize cow mesilf—and me a quane in me own right! I hate ye all!" And with that she turned and ran from the room through a door was back of the thrones, and slammed the door afther her. But before she slammed it she give wan look at Tim.

The discussion rose high and loud ag'in, promising annything but peace, and Tim watched his chance and slipped unnoticed from the hall. He had the intuition she'd be making for the open air. And 'twas on wan of the terraces he found her, high above the flare and rattle of the city. She was at the base of a bronze statue, leaning agin it; and whin Tim came up to her she was beating her head against the bronze and weeping—maybe she'd seen him coming, and annyhow, the thick hair on her head proticted it from real injury.

Tim slipped an arm about her.

"Lave me die, redhead," she says, says she; "niver before was woman or quane humiliated as I have been, and there's nothing left but death!"

And she give her head a real bang, and maybe it hurt her more than she intinded, for she left off that diversion.

"There's me left," says Tim. "And there's Erin left, mavourneen."

"Is it like Olympus?"

"Practically the same," says Tim.

"And which wan of the gods are ye?" she says. For the certainty he was wan had returned to her in full force. "Are ye O'Pollo?"

"Listen, mavourneen," says he; "I love ye so much I must be truthful with ye. I ain't anny deity at all, at all. I'm an Irishman."

"That must be the same thing, darlint," she says. "'Tis no use your telling me ye're a mortal man; for mortal men I have been married to, and I know the difference. Oh," she says, all wan blaze of rapture from head to foot, "'twas the dream of me girlhood to be abducted by a deity, and now the dream's come true! All us girls in Greece used to talk about it," she says, "but I'm the only wan it's happened to! Whin do we start for Erin?" she says.

"Now," says Tim.

But 'twas not to be that aisy. Wan of the palace doors had opened soft behind thim and Quane Hecuba came out, walking fat and quiet-footed in her sandals. There was

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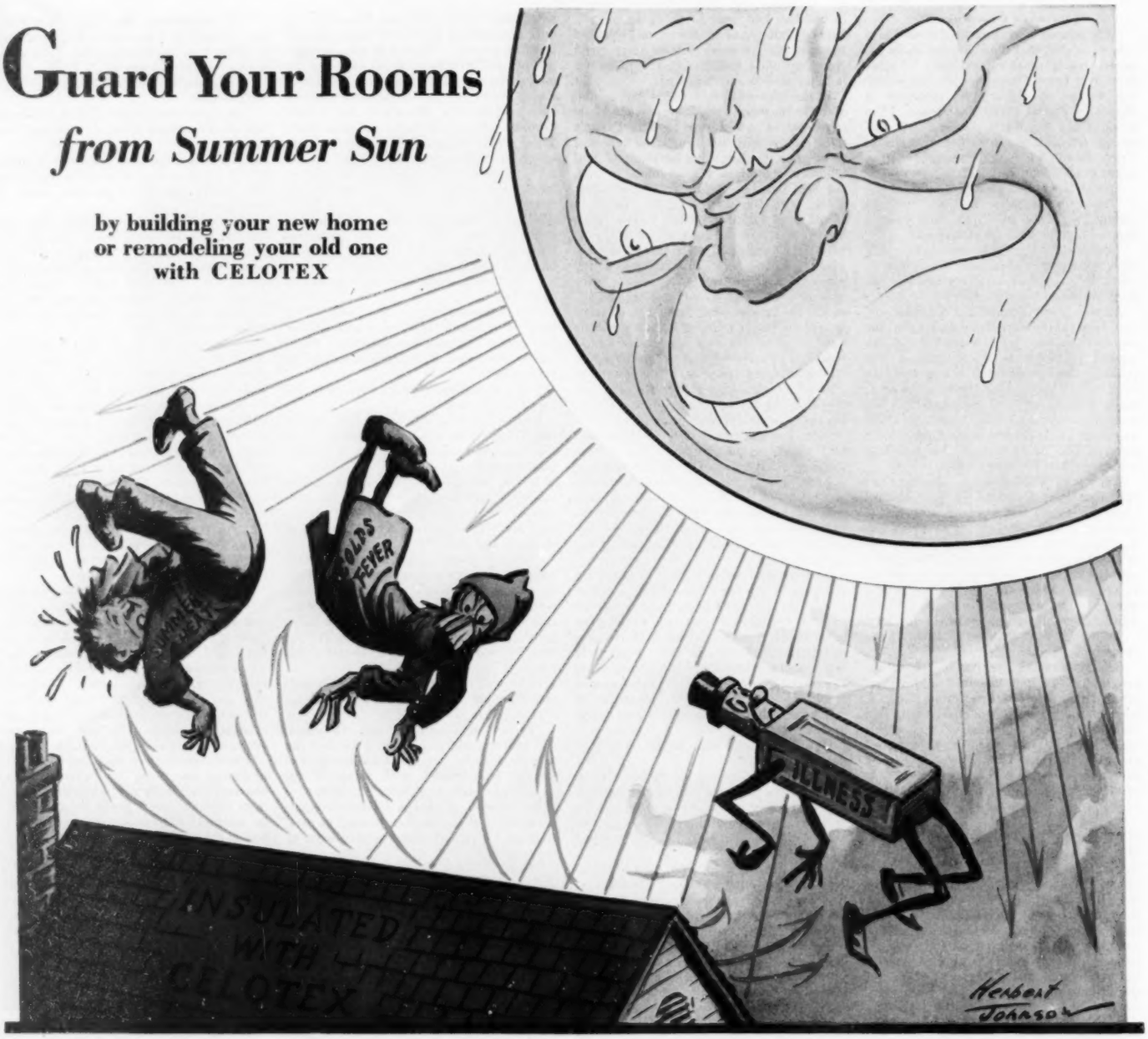

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(Continued from Page 93)

half a dozen respectful guards behind her, and wan of her grandchildren was suffering with the colic laid stomach down across the muscle of her left arm. The Quane looked at thim two lovers and chuckled scornful, and the child she was jiggling gurgled in a most knowing way, and the Quane said to Tim, very skeptical and pointed:

"So ye're a minstrel, are ye? Minstrel! Huh!"

Tim looked at her guards, and he looked down the slopes toward the city streets. A company of a hundred spearmen was coming up the terraces toward their barracks in the citadel. 'Twas too manny, aven for Tim O'Meara. He did not reply to the Quane; he murmured, quick, to Helen: "Be at this spot two hours before daybreak."

With that he was off through the dusk before Quane Hecuba could make up her mind to shout to the soldiers to stay him.

VI

TIM was out of the canal with his row-boat and back at his island with his Irish lads in but little more than an hour. He told thim the situation, and they got their gear and arms in shape as quick as might be, and 'twas not long afther midnight the Shamrock was under way for the shore. 'Twas Tim's idea him and his Irish would presint thimsilves at the Skian gate as deities, and as deities march to the palace and carry off the girl.

But things had took a turn. Whilst they was still five miles out at sea, Seaumas O'Kelly cried out: "By the powers, Tim, Your Majisty, there's something doing yonder!"

A fire was burning by the Skian gate. While they looked, from the top of the watch tower at the gate there suddenly spouted a burst of flame; 'twas on fire inside. And thin a flame within the town leaped higher, so that they saw it above the walls. In a few minutes more they began to hear a confused great noise and the shouts of men and the clanging of arms.

"The Greeks are in the town!" cried Tim, and they all bent to their big oars.

The parley had broke up in a row. 'Twas scarcely over before that Greek O'Day, who called himsilf Odysseus, appeared at the Skian gate with a big wooden horse on wheels, and the tale that 'twas intinded as a prisint to Quane Helen from her loving Spartan subjicts overseas, who continued to regret her absence—and for all he knew what 'twas for, says this O'Day, she could use it to dry clothes on or something. Whilst he parleyed with the doubtful guard, his men wheeled it agin the gate itsilf, which was made of great oaken beams braced and reënforced with bronze. Thin this wily divil O'Day sets fire to its tail, which was made of tow soaked in oil, and steps back. In a minute there was an explosion like ye had thrown a torch into a room full of celluloid collars; for the inside of that wooden horse was filled with hundreds of gallons of naphtha and oil. The burning fluid was flung all over the beams of the gate thimsilves, and they was dry as tinder, for 'twas a hot, rainless summer. The Skian gate was a good mile distant from the salt-wather canal, and the only well near was almost dry. Whin the charred beams weakened, a thousand Greeks crashed thim and forced their way through the flaming breach; and thin they rushed a long row of wooden barracks near the gate and set fire to thim. The alarm was given in all quarters of the town, but the Greeks were pouring through the Skian gate by the hundred, and lancing deep into the city, and fires climbing and spreading iverywhere, long before Tim and his Irish beached the Shamrock and made their own way into the doomed capital.

VII

'TWAS a mad town that Tim and his Irish entered, with bells clamoring and trumpets screaming and the shouts of warriors and the shock of arms and the yells and squeals of chariot horses and the whirl and roar of racing fires. For the Greeks carried fire to ivery house they took and ivery street they assaulted, and the Trojans had to fight agin both the Greeks and the fires. The wather shortage licked thim from the start. Some of the buildings was masonry, and some tile with stucco over it, and some made part of wood and plaster, but whativer the outside material, the inside of all was braced and lined and floored with wood. Tall towers they was, and that was their undoing; for whin a building caught inside, it became just wan terrible high and roaring chimney.

Tim, as he entered mixed up with a streaming tide of Greeks and unnoticed amongst thim for the moment, saw a company of Trojan cavalry flanked by chariots trying to form in wan of the broad streets for a dash at the thick of the Greeks. But just as the horsemen got the word to charge, a big tower came roaring down right across the street and the whole company disappeared amidst the smoke and thunder. Out of the crash squirmed wan hurt horse with its hind quarters smashed, and Tim himself put his sword through its heart out of pity, for 'twas screaming like a woman. More and more Trojans was hastening from ivery quarter, and more Greeks surging through the gate; and 'twas a terrible street-to-street and house-to-house struggle, with aven the girls and women flinging down crockery and brass kettles upon the invaders, and iverywhere a most eruptive tumult like hell, saving your prisince, was sick at its stomach.

In wan compact body like a steel fist, Tim and his Irish hammered their way straight across the turmoil toward the citadel—not that they had to do much hammering at this stage of the game, nayther. For iverywhere they was seen, under the heave and swing of those fiery skies, the cry would go up: "The gods! The gods!" And whether 'twas Greeks or Trojans, all men that saw thim scampered from before thim.

'Twas through strange scenes they approached the citadel. Horses raced loose and riderless, cattle milled and clashed their horns and bellowed, dogs ran here and yon, singed cats wailed and scurried, and rats from the falling houses, red-eyed and insane, kept pace, fearless, with the cats—all these, and men and women no less mad, were before thim, and behind thim the main strife of battle and the Greeks advancing and the jumping fires. Wan small boy Tim saw astride a white bull; he'd nothing on but his undershirt, and was blowing a trumpet and having the time of his life. And there kipt pace with the Irish for a mile or more an old woman gone mad, who'd saved a mattress from her burning home. A drunken trooper came from a wine shop and took it from her; he stood befuddledlike with it for a moment and thin cast it to the pavement and laid down on it. And the old woman reached down and took the drunkard's sword and plunged it in hersilf, instead of him, as if with the loss of the mattress the world was at its end.

VIII

AND madness was in the citadel itsilf. Tim and his men slashed their way through a moil of broken regiments that was trying to re-form in the plazas and parks and open spaces at the foot of the citadel, and up and into the hall he'd left but a few hours before; and there he came on a dozen of the Trojan leaders in a council. Paris was there, and Æneas and Hector, and Helen, sitting dumb at the foot of King Priam's throne, and ould Priam himsilf, sprawled in fat slumber with his kingdom toppling.

"We'll make a stand below," Hector was saying, as Tim came in; "and if we lose, we'll burn the palace oursilves, and perish with it. And Helen too!" he cried, with an angry look at her who was the author of all their woes.

"Helen too!" says Æneas. And Paris said nothing, but looked around him, running his tongue along his dry lips, as if seeking his own way out.

With a gust of gray smoke from the burning town, and the red fires behind thim, the Irish swept into the hall.

"'Tis the gods! The gods!" cried a Trojan chief, and all the warriors shrank back. But Helen jumped up with a cry, and was in Tim O'Meara's arms.

"Gods or not," cried Hector, beside himsilf with desperation, "'tis me own hall and me father's!" And with that, with a most magnificent bravery, he loosed a javelin at Tim O'Meara—a courage more than mortal was his, for he thought 'twas more than mortal man that he assailed.

The spear glanced from Tim's shield. It swerved and laid open the blue jaw of Seaumas O'Kelly. The red blood spurted. There was a roar wint up.

"Not gods but men!" cried the Trojans. "Not gods! They bleed!"

With that, the fight was on.

"There's some satisfaction in this!" says McCarty, hanging sword and sword with that Æneas. "'Tis no fun at all, at all, unless they stand up to ye!"

"Right ye are, Mac," says O'Reilly, putting ten inches of steel through a Trojan's neck. "There's the makin's of a sweet little brawl here!"

Tim drove straight at Hector; and that splendid warrior whirled up his sword and met him halfway. The most distinguished swordsman the world iver saw was Timothy O'Meara—me ancestor he was, and your own, but ye are not worthy of him! 'Twould have been pleasant pastime for Tim to have given him a fencing lesson before he disposed of him, but 'twas no time for mere diversion now, and Tim regretted the necissity for haste, aven as he laid him low with a thrust under the arm.

"So ye'd burn the lady, would ye, Hector?" he says, as the toughest Trojan of thim all fell clashing to the marble floor. But aven as he spoke an arrow pinged agin his breastplate, and an instant later another wan splintered on his helmet. 'Twas that Paris, peering from behind his father's throne and shooting with a horn bow. Helen had located him before Tim had, and as Tim cut down two spearmen and strode toward him, she slipped a spear through him.

"That's me sicond husband, Tim," she says, looking down on him. "He was niver anny good, and I'm glad to have me freedom back nice and legal."

"Arrah, darlint, here comes your first wan!" says Tim. 'Twas so. For into the hall burst Menelaus, and Agamemnon was with him, and Ajax and Achilles, and a score more of thim Greek lads. The vanguard of the Greeks had lanced through the Trojans in the streets below, and up into the palace, seeking Helen hersilf. What Trojans was left was still shouting: "Not gods! Not gods but men!" and the Greek lads took the tip at wance, and came rushing at the Irish.

What had gone before was child's play to what happened now, for the Greeks was wild with victory and crazy with the wine of bloodletting. 'Twas a strange fight. All about the palace the wild city reeled and roared, and the great slashing blades of fire tore at the dark heart of the night; thousands of the Trojans still battled in the courts and streets below, and there was the constant thunder of the falling buildings; all up and down the terraces the warriors strove, and all up and down the sky blue shadows and yellow flame twined about each other like serpents and bit and struck. The citadel itsilf was afire now, and smoke and flames was within the great hall—and that queer fat king huddled in his throne and sleeping through it all.

With the Trojan leaders trampled under foot, the Irish turned to meet the Greek rush.

"This was worth waiting for," says Duffy to Regan, smiling happy as he took that big Ajax to pieces, neat and scientific.

"Give them the point; they ain't used to it," advised Cavanagh to O'Brien.

"Hark to King Tim singing!" says O'Neill to Murphy. "That means the boss' blood is getting up, indade!"

Tim was. 'Twas a way he had whin he was happy in battle; and happy he was now, for Menelaus was in front of him, and he hadn't liked that man from the first minute he set eyes on him. He pleasured himsilf in the job, and took pains to make the combat interesting—for was not Helen hersilf looking on?

"Don't fence wide, Tim," warned Keogh; "that boy ye have there is not without the rudimints of the art himsilf."

"King Tim's showing off," laughs O'Toole to O'Connel, as he freed his blade from the throat of Agamemnon.

"King Tim's in love!" laughs O'Donnell to Nolan. "King Tim's in love!" laughs Nolan to Rooney, and Rooney laughed and lifted the head from a Spartan prince with a backhand sweep; and Hickey and O'Sullivan laughed, and all the Irish laughed—and a terrible thing for their foes to hear is that Irish laughter whin it rises from the din of battle.

"Gods afther all!" said Menelaus, whin he heard that laughter. Thin Tim killed him quick, lest his superstitions come back on him and spoil the fight.

"There's your first husband, mavourneen," he says to Helen. "And we'll be out of here quick." For parts of the citadel itsilf was beginning to crash and fall.

"I'm glad both thim fellas has passed on," says Helen to Tim, looking from Paris to Menelaus. "It makes no doubt of me being a legal widow, darlint. I've always been a convintional woman," she says, says she, "and discreet."

"I admire ye for it," says Tim, protiicting her with his shield, as he slashed his way at the head of the Irish towards the outer door. 'Twas just at the door itsilf that O'Kelly put the finishing touches to Achilles.

"I could have made something of that man, with a month's tuition," says Seaumas O'Kelly, looking down on him regretful. "Well, good-by, cousin," he says, says he; "'tis too late now!"

Down the slope the Irish cut their way, and through the blazing town, with Helen in their midst. Plunderers and drunkards was abroad in the burning ruins, and there was the cries of women and all the hell of a sacked and taken city. Three or four times Tim had to stop and face about and fight off bands of Greeks that hung upon their flanks or disputed their way; and of more than a score of Irish that wint into the town that night there was but twelve came out ag'in, and all of thim was hurt.

'Twas dawn whin they reached the seashore and found the Shamrock. Red dawn came up out of Asia behind the red city, for now the citadel itsilf was blazing high, and 'twas like two terrible red roses of destruction was flaring in the heavens.

"Ye have fine flowers for yer wedding day, Helen," says Tim, pointing to thim.

"Yes," says she, contentedlike; "aren't they beautiful? Oh, Tim darlint, I'm so happy! And it all goes to show," she says, says she, "that does a girl cling to her ideals, and always seek for the finest and the best, she'll be rewarded in the end," she says.

Just thin they seen ould Quane Hecuba, sitting on the sand, staring with queer eyes out at the wather; and she was alone, excipt the child she'd comforted the night before was sleeping in her lap.

"'Tis wan of Hector's little boys, Tim," says Helen, good-natured. "Let's take thim along with us."

But the ould Quane gave her a glare of hate, and rose and clasped the child to her bosom, and stumbled off along the sand.

IX

"WELL, dad," said Terence O'Meara to the narrator, "that shows where our ancestor, Homer, got the material for the Iliad. But how about the Odyssey?"

The old gentleman reflected for a moment. Then: "Two or three years later," he explained, "comes that O'Day, that called himsilf Odysseus, to Ireland. He'd been wandering here and yon, and got himsilf mixed up with a woman somewheres, and he was afraid to go home, for he could not think of annything to tell his wife. So Tim, he sits down wan afthernoon and writes him the Odyssey, so he could go home with a good story for Mrs. O'Day."

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Whipped - in place of cream and costs

DO YOU think a thing that costs so much less than cream must be less good? The contrary is true! It's better!

For frozen and gelatin desserts Pet Milk, whipped, gives you three qualities you will very much prize:

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3. *The better, more wholesome quality at less than one-third of what they'd cost if made with whipping cream.*

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Pet Milk—more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—contains the same percentage of food (solid) substance as ordinary cream. But the Pet Milk richness is a *better* richness. Cream is rich in only one of the milk-food substances—fat. The Pet Milk richness comprises all the food substances of milk—not fat alone, but the bone and tissue-building substances as well—the substances that make milk—*not* cream—the most nearly perfect food. Children may eat as much as they want of Pet Milk desserts. The richness is the *good* richness of whole milk.

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2. It is more easily digested than ordinary milk—important for infants and children.
3. Every drop of Pet Milk is uniformly rich—more than twice as rich as ordinary milk. No one can take the cream out of Pet Milk. It stays in the milk.
4. By using this extra-rich milk in your cooking, you can put more milk in the diet of every member of your family. That's the rule of health prescribed by every authority on modern nutrition.
5. And Pet Milk—used as milk—costs less than ordinary milk—used in place of cream costs less than a third as much as cream.

Pet Milk is sold in two sizes only—six ounces and sixteen ounces. The cans are of the same size, contain the same quantity and the same quality of milk at all stores. The tall can (16 ounces) can be bought generally for ten cents—never more than eleven.

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Because Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk—in butterfat and in all the other food substances of milk—you can whip it and use it where you'd use cream for making desserts and sauces.

Method: Place the unopened can of milk in a pan and cover with cold water. Heat to the boiling point. Remove can and chill thoroughly. Whip in a shallow enamel or china bowl 4 to 4½ inches in diameter across the base, with a rotary egg beater. Surround the bowl with an ice and salt mixture—have the whipper and bowl ice-cold.

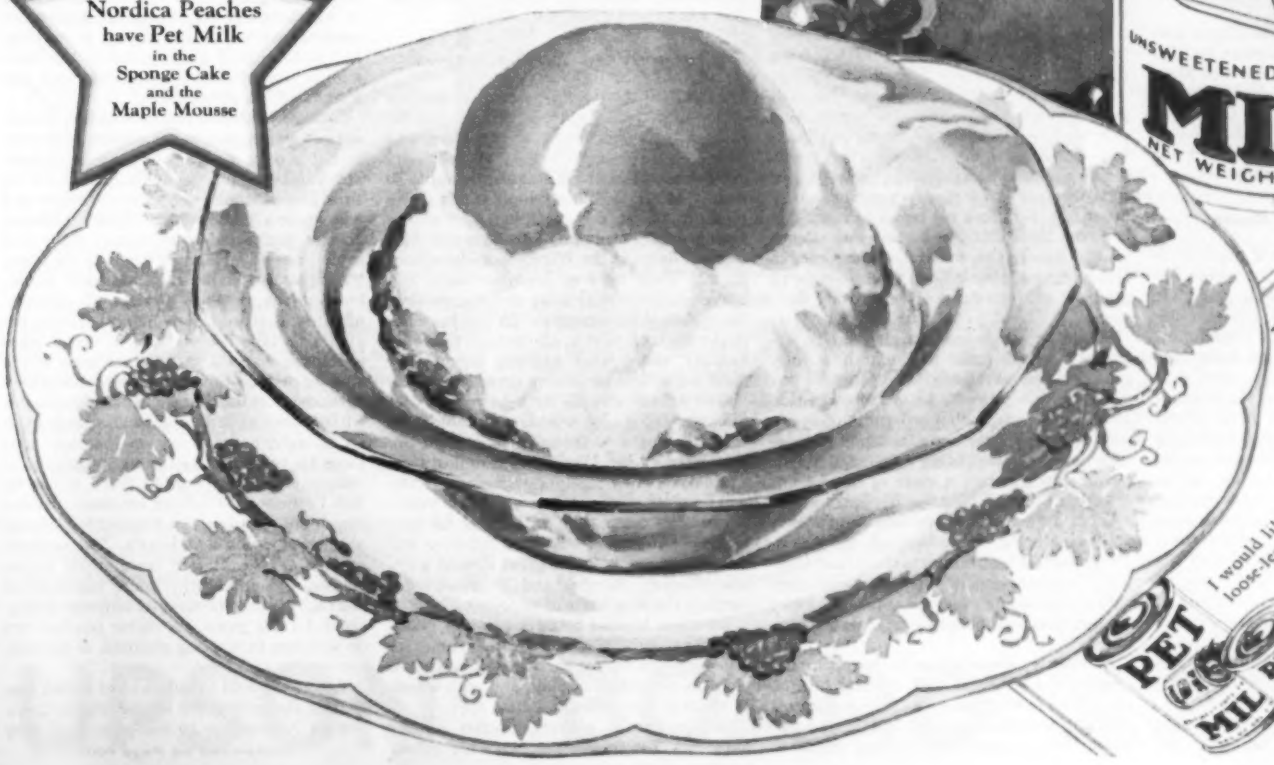
Maple Mousse For Nordica Peaches

1 cup maple syrup
Pinch salt
4 egg yolks
2 cups Pet Milk

Boil syrup 5 minutes. Remove from fire and pour slowly over well-beaten egg yolks, beating constantly. Add salt and cool. Fold in milk that has been properly chilled and whipped until stiff. Freeze in a mechanical refrigerator tray or in mold packed in a 1:2 salt-ice mixture. Serves 8.

Toast rounds of Plain or Sponge Cake and cool. On each round put a tablespoonful of Maple Mousse. Top with a fresh or canned peach and pour some of the syrup over all.

Nordica Peaches have Pet Milk in the Sponge Cake and the Maple Mousse



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THE SPIRIT OF TENNIS

(Continued from Page 9)

a shock to the white-accustomed eye of Wimbledon. The rules of a tennis club in Paris will not permit any player to go on the courts dressed in any color but white. In the United States, designers are making dresses in delicate shades of green, pink, blue and yellow for tennis, and though these are admirable for sports wear, they can never supplant white for the practical purposes of tennis; no other color is as cool-looking and no other appears as fresh after the game.

While speaking of color on the court, a word should be said of color around the court—color not only in the dress of the onlookers but in the general atmosphere of the various centers where tennis is played.

In Los Angeles, under the cloudless sky, there is each year an interesting gallery for the big fall tournament. All around the gray cement center court are rows of boxes, most of which are taken by the stars of Hollywood, who come to see and to be seen. There is, however, a genuine liking for tennis on the part of the film colony, many of whom play for exercise and recreation. It is interesting to note that the liking for tennis is not confined to the motion-picture people, but is found among those on the stage as well. Katharine Cornell once won a tournament in Buffalo, and always comes to Forest Hills to see the matches. As leading American actors and actresses are seen at Forest Hills, so is the British stage represented at the championship games at Wimbledon.

On the other hand, tennis players seem to have a leaning toward dramatic art! For example, William Tilden; and one hears rumors that Mademoiselle Lenglen is to go behind the footlights.

The Riviera is the scene, each winter, of a series of ten or twelve tournaments, where the most enthusiastic match player can find more than enough tournaments. It is a very entertaining season, with a tournament each week in a different place—Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone and several smaller towns. Here gather players from every country, and one finds a cosmopolitan entry, with English, American, French, Italian, Spanish, German and Austrian players; with a few from Holland, Sweden and Denmark. The standard of play is high, the surroundings attractive, the onlookers of every nationality, and although the days are not altogether cloudless, one who enjoys tournament play has it here to his heart's desire.

In my opinion, however, the player who plans to enter the most important tournaments of the summer, which come in May, June, July and August, can easily overdo, if he "does the Riviera" as well. One of the charms of tournament play is the novelty of it each year, which is taken away if one does the whole round of meetings.

An Exotic Locker Room

The summer months, for a number of reasons, are the best suited for tennis. It is a game to be played in the sunshine. It is a mistaken idea that a cool, overcast sky is better for tennis. I find that I can follow the ball with my eye much more easily on a bright day, and I think, also, that it is easier to play one's best when the weather is warm. This is true with most sports where quick action is required. Speaking of sunshine brings to mind the eye shade; that very useful invention—which, sad to say, I did not originate—which was worn in California long before it was used elsewhere, and which I wore because it seemed the thing to wear in California, with the bright sun. As a junior player, I believe I was one of the first to wear the eye shade on Eastern courts, and in England and France, too, four or five years ago. Should I desire to change my identity, I would but have to remove my eye shade, and my friends would not know me on the court.

The tournaments abroad are interesting in that so many different countries are represented. One has an opportunity to see the different nationalities under unusual circumstances. This is always entertaining, and more amusing than, say, a tournament at your own club at home, where you know everyone.

In the locker room one hears the twitter of French, the murmur of Dutch, the slow drawl of English from South Africa. Frequently a mother whose daughter is playing in the tournament comes in and calls, "Lili!" or "Didi!" or "Cilly!" There is plenty of flutter of white-plaited skirts, a rattling of tennis rackets, the smell of talcum powder and eau de Cologne, the knocking on the door by the referee who comes to tell the late ones to hurry; the return from the court those of whose matches are over, one gay and one not so gay, for one must win and one must lose. Caught in the atmosphere, one can almost think for the minute that tennis is the beginning and the end. It is the very alertness and excitement in the atmosphere that make it so.

Troubles of a Tournament Manager

Have players superstitions? Do they carry some good-luck charm or amulet to bring good fortune in their games? I think if they do, they do not often tell about them. Last year, at Wimbledon, pretty Bobbie Heine from South Africa had a large black Krazy Kat that she kept in the locker room. One year there appeared in the center court with tall Jim Anderson a small toy kangaroo, which, the story goes, fell over when its Australian owner was going down to defeat before the whizzing drives of his opponent. But not generally do tennis players who take part in tournaments show their good-luck pieces. I know of no American players who bow to the god of luck except one leading woman player, who can find four-leafed clovers on any lawn before her matches.

Though not favoring good-luck charms, I am always careful about having a supply of good rackets on hand during a tournament. Whether it is bad luck or bad weather, one finds that if the courts are slightly damp or if there is any rain, the tightly strung strings pop without warning. And it is well to know, when you are awakened the night before a final by the loud report of racket strings breaking, that you have enough rackets so that at least two or three will be left for the following day.

Can a bad decision by the umpire or linesman mean the loss of a match for a player?

Under certain circumstances, yes, but generally speaking, no. If the wrong decision is given at point-set-match, obviously yes. If the wrong decision is given at point-set in one of the earlier sets, perhaps yes. If the player is extremely nervous, easily upset, quick to lose his temper over a bad decision, there could be a very good chance of his losing the match. Sometimes a highly strung player finds it impossible to get back into his game after a wrong decision.

If the wrong decision is given at an extremely crucial point in a match, it may cause curious psychological reactions upon either or both players. I have seen the tide of a singles match changed completely by such an occurrence; and sometimes doubles take the most astounding turn, each player seeming to contract a state of mind from the other. Then there are other players who seem to be unaffected by anything which happens during the course of the game. These are the best match players, and they will sometimes defeat opponents who have better strokes and tactics, because they can remain calm and collected at a trying moment.

Obviously, linesmen must be accurate, prompt and certain in their decisions. And they must have good eyes. Bad lining can ruin an otherwise splendid match, and the havoc that a poor umpire may cause is beyond mention. I have known blind linesmen, barking linesmen, sleeping linesmen and timid linesmen, but perhaps the worst is the last mentioned. He is the linesman who calls out, "In," or "Out," as the ball may be, but in such a feeble voice that the umpire doesn't hear. Then the umpire, with reproving look and tone, asks for the decision. Thousands of pairs of reproving eyes from all over the grand stand fasten their gaze upon the embarrassed linesman, and he suddenly loses confidence in his decision. What did he see, anyway? And then, thoroughly distressed, he makes signs that he doesn't know what the ball was, while all the time the player nearest him heard him call the ball correctly at the beginning.

Much attention is being paid to the securing of efficient linesmen, and at the championship meetings there is not much cause for complaint by the players. In the United States there is a National Umpires' Association, and the members donate their services to the championship meetings. Abroad there are, besides the amateur umpires, professionals, who are paid. The manager or referee, or whatever his official title is, at Wimbledon is paid to run the meeting as efficiently, quickly and smoothly as possible. As it is a two-week affair, with men's singles and doubles, ladies' singles and doubles, and mixed doubles, and a consolation men's singles as well, it requires someone who thoroughly understands the working of a large tournament, as well as one with infinite tact.

The greatest difficulty lies in arranging the matches of the best players—who often stay in all three events for most of the two weeks—so that no two matches will conflict, and so that no players will have more to do than is fair. A competitor never is expected to take part in a doubles match before a singles, as the latter is regarded as more important.

But when a leading player goes to the referee's desk and says, "I want to play doubles tomorrow instead of singles—I have hurt my foot—and I think you might arrange it. I have come three thousand miles"—or six thousand or nine thousand—"to play here. My foot will be all right day after tomorrow"—then what is the referee to say? It may rain, the schedule of matches may not be finished before night, another player may sprain an ankle. The referee has a thousand problems.

Outstanding Doubles Players

I spoke of the strange turns that doubles games may take. Doubles can be, at times, more entertaining, both for the player and onlooker, than singles—that is, a really good doubles—and nothing can be quite so deadly as a poor ladies' doubles. It was a pleasure to see the sparkling play of the young American team, Van Ryn and Allison, last June, in the Wimbledon championships. They were so keen, so alert, and played so decisively, using at the same time the strategy of veterans. In the matches that they took part in all through the tournament, there were exciting encounters, good angles and surprising speed. The fair-haired Allison and his dark-haired partner did something, by winning Wimbledon's title, that no one thought they could do. And later, in the Davis Cup doubles, they again covered themselves with glory. They will be most helpful members of this year's Davis Cup team, and, with René Lacoste absent, who knows what the outcome will be? There will be three great French players—Cochet, Borotra and Brugnon—defending the cup, instead of four.

Doubles, besides being a game of many exciting possibilities, is a sociable game. It is great fun to have a partner with whom to plan the procedure of play, and with whom to share in the rallies.

Of the French players, Cochet is perhaps the best in doubles, with his quick, flicking volleys, whose direction is so disguised that it is frequently impossible to tell where the ball is going. With the exception of Allison and Van Ryn, the United States has recently had no outstanding doubles players. Going back a few years, we find Peck Griffin, a remarkably clever doubles player. Jack Hawkes, of Australia, is another.

Among the women doubles players are Elizabeth Ryan—the best today—Mrs. George W. Wightman, Miss Mary Browne and of course Mademoiselle Lenglen. Almost all the top-ranking women players in England seem to have a natural talent for doubles, as has been shown in our many doubles defeats in the Wightman Cup matches.

What is the most difficult shot to do in tennis? I rather think that most players will agree that the drop shot and lob volley share the honor of being the most difficult shots to execute. Actually, the idea is quite simple. In making a drop shot, you do as the name suggests—merely drop the ball just over the net, with as little bound as possible. With the lob volley, you volley the ball at the net, but send it over the head of your opponent. This shot has more practical use in doubles, when both teams are striving for a net position. But both shots require the most delicate touch in order to make them successful. Both of them, if off the least fraction, are turned at once into hopeless blunders. You can do a poor drive and get by with it, but never a poor drop shot or a lob volley; for you have given your opponent what is called in tennis terms a set-up.

The Value of the Professional

What about professionalism in tennis? Has it been a success? There seem to be two kinds of professionalism. One is of the type that Mademoiselle Lenglen and her traveling troupe of players practiced. This kind of tennis can never be successful unless the leading player is a star of such magnitude and unusual picturesqueness that people are drawn to the exhibition matches out of curiosity. The actual tennis fails to thrill one, for there is lacking the real spirit of competition. I saw Mademoiselle Lenglen play professionally in San Francisco and was struck by the absence of the true realness of the game, and I had been fascinated in watching her play as an amateur a few seasons before. Tennis belongs to sunshine and to the joy of playing, not to the hired auditorium, with its blaze of electricity and a smoke-filled atmosphere.

The other kind of professionalism is most praiseworthy, and is, of course, not new. But it is only of late that there have been any number of professionals. These are the true professionals, who give lessons and who make a business of it. They are almost always connected with some club, and sometimes have, along with their teaching, the right to sell balls, rackets and equipment to the members at the club. In tennis, just as in golf, it is helpful for the beginner to take lessons, and in many cases absolutely necessary, if he has none of the leading players to observe and from whom to receive pointers. An honest professional is a hard-working individual who spends from six to eight hours a day on the court and earns his pay. Among the outstanding professionals in this country there is one in San Francisco—a former amateur doubles champion—who has an astonishingly large number of children for pupils. Two or three schools engage him to teach their tennis classes, and among the junior members of the club he has encouraged unusual enthusiasm for the game. A clever teacher can do wonders in starting children in the correct stroke and form.

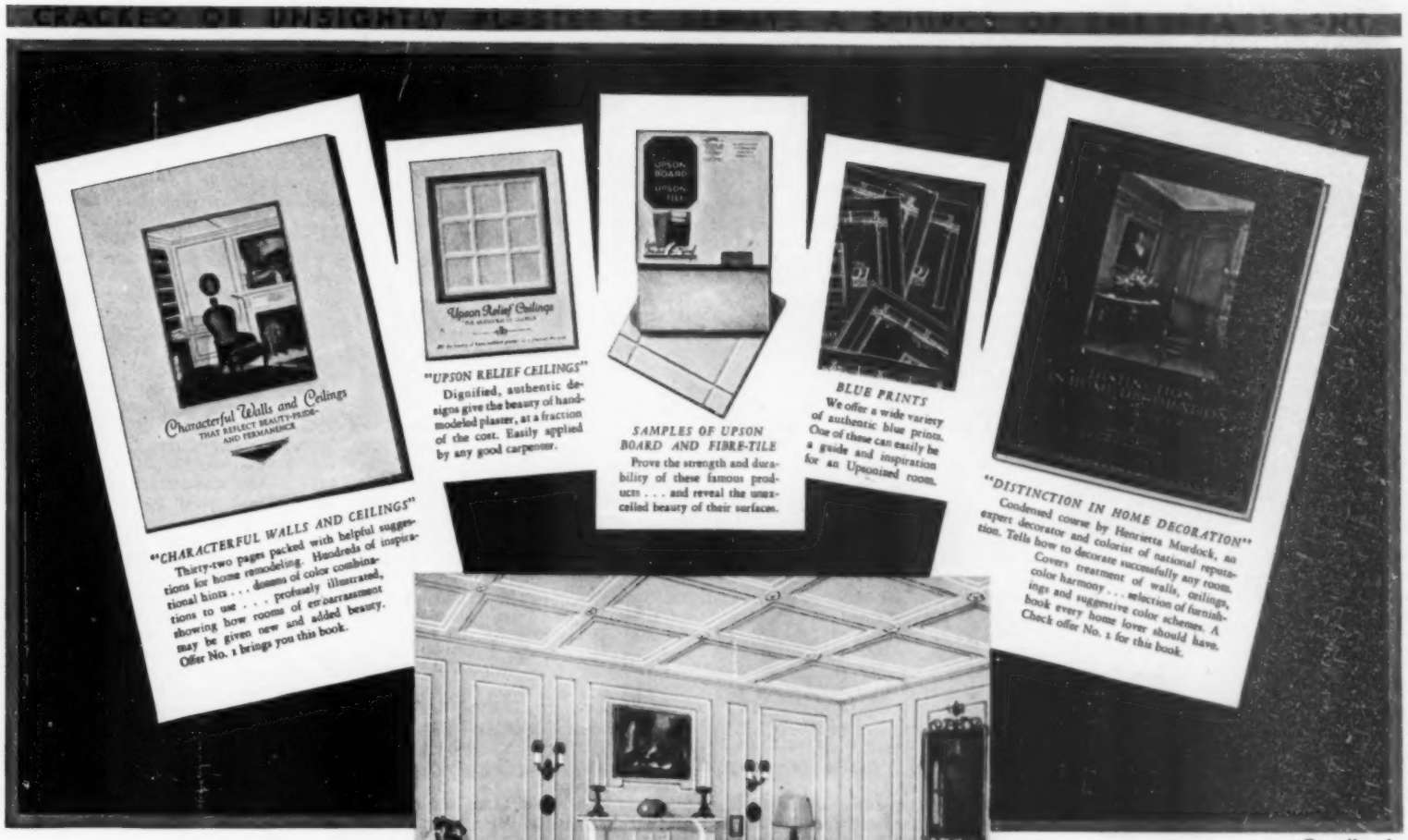
A laudable and broad-minded action was that on the part of the United States Lawn Tennis Association to recognize and give

(Continued on Page 100)

This is remodeling year

and here are 5 practical helps

for MODERNIZING YOUR WALLS and CEILINGS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A case hardened steel drawn cap that cannot wear out—carries an inverted pivot on which the caster rides.
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New York Chicago Grand Rapids
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Makers of Quality Casters for a Third of a Century

(Continued from Page 98)

official sanction to the National Championship Tournament for Professionals. The association was also favorable in its attitude toward the establishing of a National Open Championship which would be open to both amateurs and professionals. This might have turned out to be an interesting affair. It is said that the English association did not regard the innovation unfavorably either, but that several other members of the International Federation were not enthusiastic over the idea, which was dropped for the time being. It is probable that the ultraconservatives of the tennis world do not favor the Open Championships and can never be brought round to this point of view.

Is tennis a game of much humor? I have wondered about this, especially when I have been asked to tell some amusing stories about tennis. Certainly it would be far more difficult to write a humorous story or play about tennis than about golf. I am sure there are many more droll and funny golf stories and certainly more jokes upon this honorable sport. The golfer has come in for almost as many jokes as the Scotchman. Nevertheless, tennis is fundamentally a happy, joyful game, full of brisk action, with the constant chance of a thrill. Some players make it very amusing to watch, as, for example, the jovial Borotra, who, like a jack-in-the-box, bobs up to the net and takes a volley at a delightfully absurd angle. Little Fräulein Aussem makes one think of a round-eyed doll dancing over the court, and delights the onlooker with her naïve and youthful manner, while Señorita de Alvarez has the sophisticated humor of the Continental.

Hazards of the Court

Generally, when engaged in match play, the tennis player is forced to be intent and to concentrate on the game, because of the speed of the ball and the attention that is demanded. There are no in-between-times as there are in golf.

I am amused in recalling that once, at Forest Hills, in a final match, so absorbed was I in the play that I failed to realize that the match was over, which I had been fortunate enough to win. In a daydream, I went back to the base line for another service, while my opponent stood at the net, waiting to shake hands.

For those who have doubts that tennis is a virile game, or the least bit dangerous, let them hear of the time that Borotra was felled at the net by a ball smashed by Gerald Patterson, the powerful Australian. At the net there is always danger of being hit in the eye by a swift volley or a glancing ball. At my club, just before I left, a player, standing at the net and looking over his shoulder at his partner, who was about to serve, was knocked unconscious by the ball that followed from his own partner's racket. The fast action that tennis demands often results in strained muscles and falls. The only time that I have fallen down on the tennis court was at the Berkeley Tennis Club, when I was a little girl. Running after a ball really faster than my feet would carry me, I turned a somersault, head over heels, and landed in a heap on the hard asphalt.

In the long three-out-of-five-set matches in which the men players participate, more than one player has had to withdraw from a game on account of complete exhaustion or cramps in weary muscles. To last through such long matches as these the player must be very fit and must have excellent endurance. Yet when tennis first came in, it was jokingly called a sissy game.

Endurance is one of the important assets for the player. Witness Henri Cochet's ironlike strength and lasting powers. There is hardly another player, unless it is Borotra, who can go to the net consistently throughout a five-set match. Among the women players, Mrs. Mallory has phenomenal ability of endurance, and May Sutton Bundy, at the height of her game, surpassed all her opponents with her force of play and lasting strength.

Another quality which is foremost in value to the player who would participate in matches is the spirit for competition. Haven't you witnessed matches where the player with the best competitive spirit won in the end, even after it appeared as though the match were over? The player who can hang on when there seems little hope may surprise himself more than once. Miss Elizabeth Ryan, this winter, on the Riviera, won an interesting match in which she had lost the first set and found the score 5–0 against her in the second. Henri Cochet, again, seems to be an unusual player in his ability to win even though far behind. Indeed, the name that he has been given—Five-Set Cochet—means that he loses the first two sets as a matter of course, and then pulls out of the match to win at three sets to two.

"What kind of courts are the best for tennis?" "I am building a court. What surface shall I choose?"

These are questions that one often hears. In my opinion, the only court for tennis is the hard court. Grass may be wonderful, if it is perfect, but there are only about eight really perfect grass courts in the world, and the rest aren't tennis courts at all. There may be a few others—private courts hidden away, that the traveling player does not see—but usually the private grass court is worse than the usual club court, because it receives less care and attention.

Grass courts are lovely when they are perfect. But anyway, the hard court is the modern surface. Why are the French tennis players surpassing every country in their rapid improvement in tennis? Because they play on hard courts in the summer and on even faster indoor courts in the winter. Why has California, consistently and for years, sent each season more players to the important tournaments than any other state? Because the California courts are of the hard and fast asphalt. The hard-court game is the modern game, and eventually the hard court will be the international surface. This country's climate is really not at all suited to the raising of proper turf for tennis, and it is only a matter of time until we shall surrender the cherished and futile idea that the grass court is the surface for our national championships.

Advantages of the Hard Court

The perfect surface I believe to be asphalt, because it is fast and true—truer than clay, as there is no sand on the surface. There is never danger of slipping, for the footing is always secure. It is not hard on the feet when once the player is accustomed to it. Some climates are unsuited to asphalt. These could use the clay surface, copying the courts at the Stade Rolande Garosse in Paris, where the championships are held, which are perhaps the best courts of this kind in the world.

A hard-court player becomes quite cross when he thinks of how much time is wasted in trying to cope with the limitations of the grass court in tournament play. It rains and the matches are put off because of the wet, when, on a hard court, play could be resumed almost immediately after. There is endless tinkering with the tarpaulin—if there is one. There is wasted effort on the part of the players, sloshing around the court in shoes with long spikes in the soles, and scooping sodden balls out of the mud with the strings of a racket gone dead. Is it tennis? It is not!

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

"But can we, my dear? I mean, I think that's really the whole point, after all."

"I spose it is, isn't it? And now there's all this rumpus about prohibition and communists!"

"I know, my dear! Isn't it frightful? There's positively nothing in the papers any more except dull pieces about riots and bootleggers. I positively refuse to read them any more."

"My dear, I don't blame you! There's absolutely nothing amusing in the papers any more. Oh, my dear, I must tell you. I lengthened the skirt of my brown suit—can you bear it?"

"No!"

"And, my dear, it honestly looks too ducky for words! I mean, I took a piece off the coat and yoked it. You know I always adored that suit with a passion, and I simply couldn't bear to give it up when styles changed."

"It must be cute as a button, my dear! I'm simply dying to see it! You always were so clever with your needle, anyways! Grace told me the other day she was making all her own clothes, by the way. I guess Ted dropped an awful pile in the market, because they've let the cook go, you know, and are getting along with just the baby's nurse and a woman who comes in by the day, my dear; and I hear those new people, the Whilkins, are breaking up, although they've only been married a year. And, my dear, they've only just bought that peculiar house they're living in! Isn't it tragic?"

"My dear, I've never heard of anything so awful! Have you done anything yet about summer clothes?"

—LLOYD MAYER.

The Four-Line Philosopher

Perfection

YOU can't have clothes without the seams,
You can't have fish without a fishbone—
Unless you live your life in dreams,
And swap your backbone for a wishbone.

—Joseph Anthony.

The Slugger

OUT from the bench, above all fate,
He swings three bats in stout display,
Then swaggers up against the plate
To paw his stance in yielding clay;
The great crowd roars, the ball is spun,
The umpire's signal sings—"Strike One!"

A low, grim murmur sweeps the stands
From thousands waiting for the smash;
His big wrists swish the bat; his hands
Grip fiercer still the swinging ash;
A half growl breaks the silence where
"Ball One!" now rings upon the air.

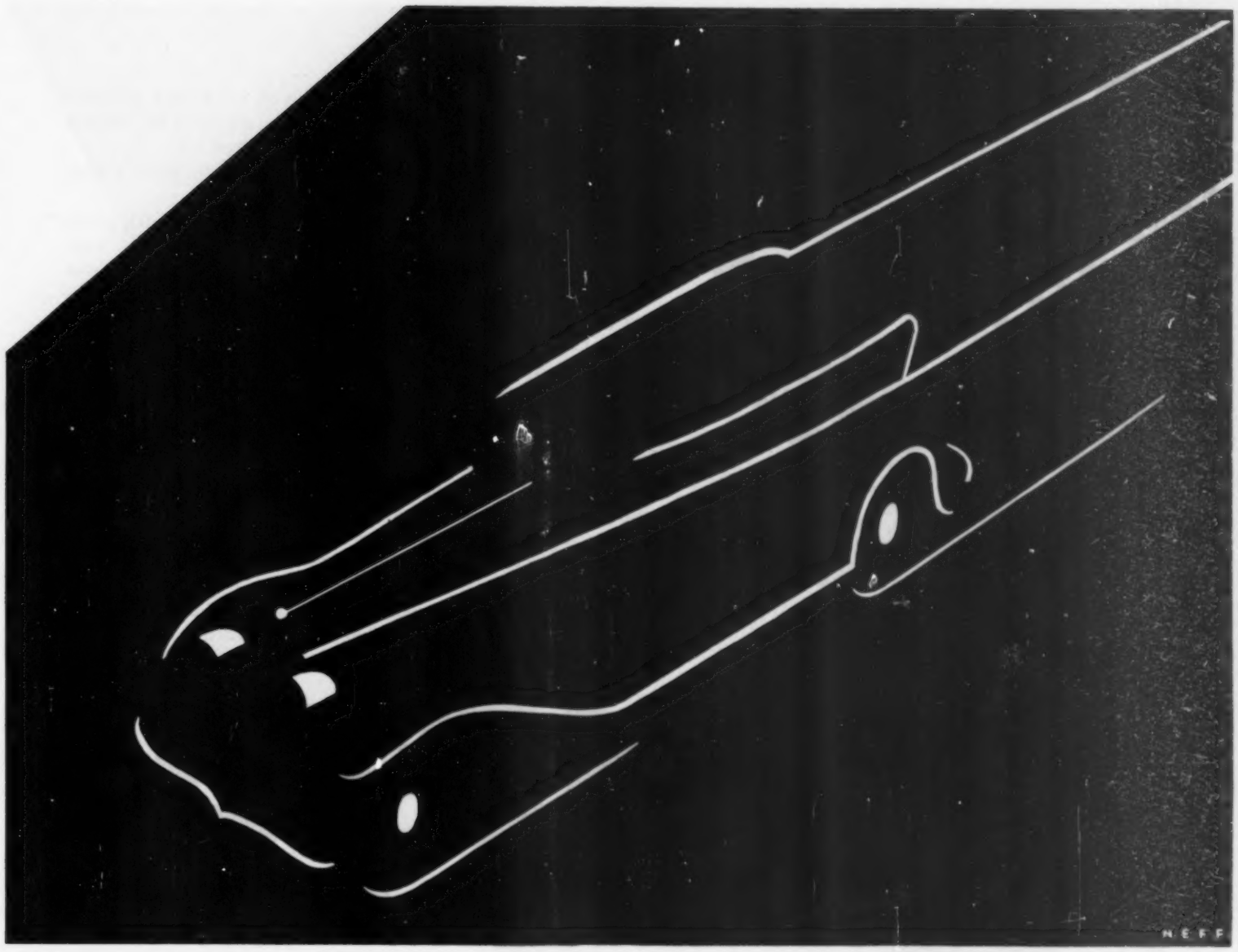
And now the count is three and two,
And now the pitcher shakes his head,
And now he nods—and hurtling through
Young April's sun the ball is sped,
A streak of white, and with a leap
The great ash swings in forward sweep.

Where silence sat in heavy pall,
A boding hush before the storm,
Where pulses quivered in the thrall
Of fear-spun phantoms taking form,
Raw thunder breaks against the sky
In one vast, cataclysmic cry.

Smash! Lyric note of joy and thrill,
Heart scorching with consuming fire,
Beyond the reach of Homer's skill,
Beyond the grip of Shelley's lyre,
From open lips the foam is flecked
As fifty thousand throats are wrecked.

Around the bases, stride by stride,
He ambles on his way to fame,
A ruler, in sultanic pride,
Who hears his subjects' wild acclaim
And thinks: "If that had been strike three,
What would these saps be calling me?"

—Grantland Rice.



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Pistonpep gives a motor car wheels those extra revolutions per minute which make for brilliant getaway and sustained vibrationless speed. △ △ The modern snappy performance which characterizes the motor car of today is therefore traceable directly to Nelson Bohnalite Pistons, which create Pistonpep. △ △ Made of a new light alloy called Bohnalite, which is 62% lighter than iron, these advanced pistons defeat engine inertia and revolutionize performance standards. △ △ For sparkling acceleration—smoother operation—new economy—and longer engine life select a car equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons. Then and only then can you be sure of Pistonpep—the quality that makes the wheels whiz faster.

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WISE motorists do not depend *solely* on anti-knock gasolene to prevent engine knocks. They place part of the burden of maintaining anti-knock performance on their oil.

Koolmotor Gasolene and Oil combine to give perfect anti-knock performance.

Koolmotor Gasolene—the *original* high test, anti-knock green gas—is refined from crudes that contain inherently high anti-knock qualities. Special processing at the refinery and careful testing in the laboratory insure Koolmotor's ability to give knock-free performance.

The final and most conclusive proof is furnished by actual road tests where Koolmotor is forced to climb the steepest hills and respond to impulsive pressure on the accelerator without knocking. You can feel sure that, before a single gallon of Koolmotor Gasolene is ever offered for your use, it has proved in many ways its ability as a real anti-knock motor fuel.

Koolmotor Oil—the *perfectly balanced* motor oil—lends valuable assistance in producing anti-knock performance. It maintains its body at high temperature and prevents oil from working up past the pistons and forming carbon—a condition which increases fuel knocks.

For perfect anti-knock performance you will find Koolmotor Gasolene and Koolmotor Oil the ideal combination.

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combine
to give perfect
ANTI-KNOCK
performance

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RESTORATIONS AND FORGERIES

(Continued from Page 37)

When fragments are correctly joined together we often find that connecting parts are missing. The restorer fills these in with plaster or the material of which the figure consists. If it is done with plaster it must be colored or stained to harmonize with the rest of the figure. When only a small repair is necessary, such as a nose or chin, the restorer carves the missing part from a piece of the base or an unimportant section of the figure. But no restoration should ever be made unless the statue is absolutely disfigured.

Some heads are so badly damaged that a slight and skillful restoration helps us to understand their inherent beauty. But it is remarkable how more often these fragments of the ancients gratify the eye and imagination when left untouched.

Take, for instance, a head. The nose is gone, broken in such a way that it actually spoils the whole face. There is no doubt that this should be replaced. The restorer faces a task that appears easy, but which is really one of the most difficult to accomplish. Whether it is Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Gothic or Renaissance, each has its own style. There's only one nose for the head—the right one. It must be modeled not only in the style of the epoch but be, as well, a continuation of the line, form and character of the existing work. Sometimes the nose or another part, if successfully carved, is attached to the original in such a way that the joining is invisible. In museums, especially the Louvre, you will read on the explanatory tablets attached to the base of the objects a detailed description indicating the restorations. This is a guard to keep students and the public from being misled.

Unfortunately restorations that are necessary and permissible sometimes lead to forgeries. In sculpture, forgery borrows largely from restoring, because the faker must constantly turn to the restorer's methods. I once knew a restorer who turned into a forger. He found his work so fascinating that it became a regular game for him. At first he fooled only his friends, but you can imagine how amused he was when through his cleverness he succeeded in deceiving experts. To a man of this type it needs only the encouragement of a crooked dealer to be led astray. First he will timidly take some fragments—perhaps an arm and part of a torso and a head—which may have been of the same sculpture—and he will start to build an entire new figure. For this purpose he must procure the same marble, be it Greek or Italian. Then he completes the statue. Only someone who knows can tell you what torture the stone now endures before it begins to acquire the mellow appearance of antiquity. If it could speak it would relate a tale of being cooked and pitted over and over with ragged stones, bathed at intervals in acid before the final rubdown of tobacco juice to attain the remarkable golden patina of age.

Cursed by its Fatal Beauty

It is the master forger who gives the connoisseur high blood pressure and sleepless nights. He is a student, an inventor, a sculptor and an engraver as well as a mechanic. He studies, analyzes and compares, and really brings to his work a manifestation of genius.

The market was flooded with faked terracotta sculpture in the 70's and 80's of the last century. It fairly rained small statuettes! Excavations had been made in the ancient Greek city of Tanagra, and from the houses and burial grounds there many figurines of delicious grace were unearthed. Everyone is familiar with these delicate figures, often with hats and fans, both draped and naked, in a variety of animated movements, or in poses of quiet simplicity. They immediately appealed to all classes. Naturally the popular demand soon outran the supply from excavation. Forged pieces crept onto the market. Factories in Naples, unknown to the public, attempted to supply the world! And even now many collections still shelter these faked miniatures which only the expert can detect. In the majority of them the postures are affected, the draperies unstructural, and the conceptions fearfully sweet and sentimental in contrast to the dignified simplicity of the genuine.

Baron Edward Alphonse de Rothschild, who was a learned judge and collector of Tanagras, said that one should actually see them excavated before believing them genuine—and not even then!

Several years ago, in Paris, an elderly Greek—a dealer in a small way—came to my studio with a beautiful Tanagra of two figures. Now, it is a peculiar thing, but beauty can sometimes be too perfect. You become suspicious of it; it is too good to be true. So it was in this case. I looked at it doubtfully and asked the price. He replied, rather uncertainly, eight thousand francs. When I told him, a bit sarcastically, that it was too cheap, he began to laugh and said he would defy anyone to prove that it was not genuine.

A Twentieth-Century Da Vinci

Now that we knew exactly where we stood, he admitted the truth. Forty years before, he had known the maker of this group—a specialist in Tanagras and other Greek sculpture. Indeed, he had bought it and had had no trouble selling it. Imagine his surprise when, after all these years, he found it again at an auction in the Hôtel Drouot. And this time he bought it as a fine example of a forgery. And from whom? From the widow of a collector who had prided himself, during his lifetime, upon his knowledge of Tanagras! "Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shape!" In the basement of the Metropolitan Museum there is a study room where a number of forgeries in sculpture are placed so that the student and collector may see for themselves what to avoid.

As the tricks and cleverness of the forger advance, so science keeps pace in detecting them. Just as the X ray is used to aid in the discovery of spurious paintings, so is the ultra-violet ray being experimented with to distinguish between genuine and faked pieces of sculpture. Most interesting results have already been achieved at the Metropolitan Museum.

When objects are exposed to ultra-violet rays they either become luminous or reflect the purple rays. If they appear luminous, substances that are white under normal conditions may turn yellow, blue or any other color under the ultra-violet light. Naturally the appearance of old marble under the violet ray differs from that which has been freshly cut. A group of marbles was tested without any information being given concerning their age. In all cases the conclusions based on the ultra-violet light agreed with those which were already known through other evidence. The genuine pieces were easily recognized from those which were more modern than they purported to be.

Unconsciously artists often become enveloped in the spirit of some master who preceded them, or immerse themselves in the atmosphere of an ancient epoch. Donatello, for instance, could never be accused of fakery or plagiarism, but his work is reminiscent of Greek and Roman art. The connoisseur Courajod said, "He entered so deeply into the spirit of antiquity that some of his restorations of statues are very puzzling and it is difficult to distinguish his handiwork from that of the original."

Indeed, museums are constantly discovering that works which presumed to be originals are really magnificent copies, which the artist, in a frenzy of admiration, made without any intention to deceive. How they get into collections is another story. But eventually, through accident or modern science, their identity becomes known.

In the early part of the century the noted Doctor Bode, of the Kaiser Frederick Museum, in Berlin, acquired a bust, The Flora, attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. One hundred thousand marks was paid for it—about twenty-five thousand dollars—an enormous sum in those days. It was considered an important piece and naturally the magazines and newspapers gave it publicity. One of these fell into the hands of R. C. Lucas, the noted English sculptor and restorer of the Parthenon frieze. He recognized it as his own work! At first nobody would believe him, and he had to prove that it was his. This was not difficult, as he had used a wax composition containing spermaceti, a substance unknown before the eighteenth century, and had also stuffed bits of English newspaper inside the head. Lucas traced The Flora's progress. It seems that after he had sold it for a small sum, it had gone from one auction room to another, and to various dealers, until finally it reached Berlin.

Bastianini, a sculptor of Florence, was another who sold his work innocently, only to learn later that it was believed antique. He received three hundred and fifty francs for a bust which the Louvre later bought for fourteen thousand. Bastianini had imbibed the character of the fifteenth century to such an extent that everything he created seemed to be of this period. For this bust he had used as a model an old man from a Florentine cigar factory. Before the clay had dried, a colleague who saw it was so impressed by the Renaissance style that he laughingly christened it Benivieni, after Savonarola's poet friend. This name fitted the cigar maker's features perfectly, and Bastianini so inscribed the wet clay.

The first owner of the bust exhibited it in 1867 as a Renaissance sculpture at the Retrospective Art Show of the Palais des Champs-Élysées. It was an art critic who announced that this was most certainly a product "from the glorious period of Florentine art." The owner wrote Bastianini a bantering letter and accused him of having foolishly allowed this find to slip through his hands! At first the sculptor was amused, but later, when the Benivieni bust entered the Louvre as a full-fledged antique, he thought it time to claim his own. The directors refused to listen to him. So set were the critics and connoisseurs in their opinions that it was only after the artist had shown them the cast of the head—which he had fortunately kept—and the model had come forward with both his assurance and resemblance to verify the sculpture, and friends swore they had watched Bastianini at work, that his claims were acknowledged.

Figures Rebuilders Rejected

Later a Florentine dealer bought Bastianini's effigy of Savonarola for six hundred and forty francs and sold it as an antique for ten thousand francs! Today collectors pay fancy prices for these "antiques." The Victoria and Albert Museum, in London, possesses one of the most complete collections.

Unlike paintings, sculpture is seldom permanently harmed through restoration, because the restored part can be so easily removed. Only overcleaning—that is, undue rubbing or the use of chemicals—will injure the surface of a piece and bring doubt as to its authenticity. An absurd rumor was once spread—probably by someone who wanted to attract a little attention to himself—that even the Venus de Milo had been overcleaned.

Another angle of the restorer's problem is sculpture that has been colored. Although it is a popular delusion that sculpture means cold, white marble, most ancient statuary has been painted. Here one has to be on guard constantly to preserve these colors, which are often as important as the carving itself. Especially does this apply to the works of the Middle Ages. These religious statues of stone, wood or terra cotta were mostly parts of altar pieces, but they did not come into the profane possession of museums and private collectors until they were dispersed at the beginning of the nineteenth century. At that time there developed a craze in Europe to renovate church interiors, to bring them up to date. Fortunes were spent on new decorations, and the priceless ancient sculpture was almost given away. It is impossible to understand how such masterpieces, created through the combined talent of sculptor and painter, could have been discarded so suddenly.

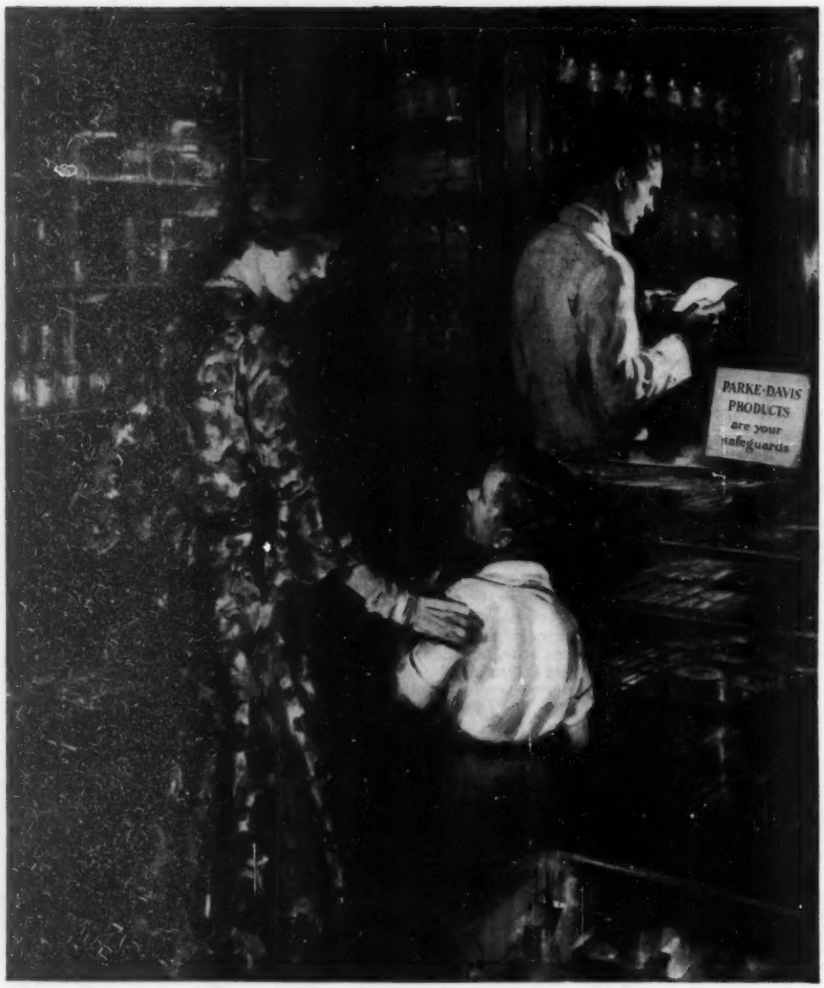
These particular figures were not all completed by the sculptor; his work was often subservient to that of the painter. Old records show that the latter was at times paid more than he. The painter's work was long and complicated. He first prepared the surface with a pipe-clay-and-glue mixture and later covered the figure with purest gold, decorated it in rare blues, reds and other colors. Sometimes, instead of using pipe clay, he glued a fine canvas over the entire figure and painted that. Naturally these treasures often suffered from the vicissitudes of time and human stupidity. In the course of the centuries they were painted and repainted and restored, until the original decoration—and often the form as well—was lost. Many times the statues were overpainted white to resemble marble.

A Treasure in Disguise

Each ancient layer became very hard, and is difficult today to remove. If strong chemicals are resorted to, they will destroy the original paint and eat into the surface. The best results are achieved when the upper layers are scraped off under a magnifying glass with a tiny scraper. It is a very delicate and long-drawn-out affair, requiring a steady hand, a sure eye and plenty of patience. One man does well if he removes a few square inches a day. In France this work is called *décapage*. Curiously enough, many members of the Parisian police, known for their patience, have become specialists in it. You can often see them in their station houses, when off duty, industriously scraping Madonnas or some of the early Christian martyrs.

A number of years ago a well-known collector, one of the greatest living experts in sculpture, showed me a wooden figure of a Christ which, he confided, he had bought for a comparatively small sum. My first impression, when I saw it hanging high against his wall, was that it was a seventeenth-century Spanish creation. Affixed to the head, over a mop of dark imitation hair, was a brittle crown of dried thorns. An artificial beard hung from the chin, too, and the entire body was enveloped in a linen dress. All these appurtenances had been painted over, heaven only knows how many times. At first glance the

(Continued on Page 106)



"Why is going in

YOU aren't able to read the prescription your doctor gives you—strange symbols and Latin phrases—and yet it has a precious meaning for you.

You hand it to your pharmacist and he disappears into the "mystery room" at the rear of his store.

Why can you believe so fully in his ability to interpret the directions intelligently, and to compound the medicine accurately?

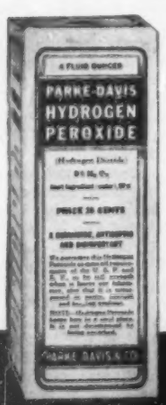
Well, for one thing, he has spent years studying and training for his profession under competent instructors. And before

PARKE,

The world's largest

Watch it foam and bubble

When used as a mouth wash, or poured on a cut or scratch, this Hydrogen Peroxide gives off pure, "freshly made" oxygen gas which fights its way up through the liquid in a struggle to get free. That's what makes the bubbling, cleansing foam. A 4-ounce bottle of Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide holds captive ten times its own volume of pure live oxygen. Not only is it a good antiseptic, but this bubbling process helps in mechanically removing germs and other foreign matter. Swished around in the mouth, you can feel the foam completely cleansing the spaces around the gums and between the teeth. Poured on a cut or scratch, it "boils out" germs and dirt and lessens the danger of infection. To get a peroxide that keeps its life and strength for many months ask your druggist for the Parke-Davis kind.



A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

Neutralizes acids quickly

Perhaps you are one of the thousands who use Milk of Magnesia for sour stomach. The value of Milk of Magnesia in this condition lies in its ability to neutralize excessive acidity quickly—and to do it without unpleasant after-effects. Made the Parke-Davis way, Milk of Magnesia is a beautiful snow-white creamy liquid, so mild in taste that most people find it easy and pleasant to take. A bottle of Milk of Magnesia is really one of the most useful things you can have in your medicine cabinet. It is a safe, mild laxative, especially suitable for infants and children. And, as a mouth rinse, its preventive action against tooth decay is widely recognized by the dental profession. Since you'll want the highest quality, be sure the bottle you buy bears a Parke-Davis label.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

Easy to say—pleasing to use

Euthymol Tooth Paste (pronounced "u-THI-mol") is an internationally famous dentifrice. It has for years been one of the most popular tooth pastes in England. You'll find that it cleans and polishes your teeth thoroughly, safely, pleasantly. You'll find that it leaves a delightfully cool, refreshed feeling in your mouth. Isn't it a mighty good dentifrice that will do all this? But instead of praising Euthymol too highly we prefer to have you try it for yourself. We think it will please you—people tell us that the longer they use it the better they like it. Euthymol Tooth Paste is made with the same exacting care that marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will write to us at Detroit, Mich., or Walkerville, Ontario, we will gladly send you a trial tube free.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

the drug store man there, mother?"

he is permitted by law to put up a single prescription he must pass a rigid State examination.

Moreover, he is conscious of a heavy responsibility — he is your physician's trusted co-worker and he must not fail. He knows that life itself often depends upon his accuracy and skill. Finally, he is equipped today with dependable drugs of known strength and quality.

There was a time when neither druggist nor physician could tell from their labels the exact strength of tinctures, fluid extracts, or many of the drug preparations used in the compounding of medicines.

The doubts and mistakes caused by this condition were largely ended by *drug standardization*, a principle introduced by Parke, Davis & Company many years ago, which has had a far-reaching effect on all drug manufacturing methods.

The same high principles and exacting methods that govern the standardization of Parke-Davis medicines, are stringently observed in the preparation, for your daily home use, of the Parke-Davis products listed below.

DAVIS AND COMPANY

makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

The Parke-Davis label on any product in your home is a symbol of purity, a source of confidence.

Our chemists' personal shaving cream

Two of our chemists originally made it for their own use, and they made sure that it was *good*. Inside this big, purple tube they have packed months of careful experimenting and a veritable mountain of thick, fine lather. The cream contains a non-irritating antiseptic—a safeguard against infection from the tiny razor nicks that even the veteran shaver occasionally inflicts upon himself. We do not claim that Parke-Davis Shaving Cream will work miracles—your whiskers will still remain whiskers, demanding the usual close attention. But you do owe it to your face to learn what happens when Parke-Davis chemists make a shaving cream to their own order! For a free trial tube, write us at Detroit, Michigan, or Walkerville, Ontario.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

Neko kills disease germs

Neko, the original germicidal soap, does kill dangerous disease germs. It is 30 times more powerful than carbolic acid, yet it will not irritate the normal skin. Bacteriological tests in the Parke-Davis laboratories show that when Neko lather is left on the skin for thirty seconds, it kills the disease germs which commonly threaten our health. It is especially useful as a first-aid measure in cleansing the little cuts and scratches which your children are constantly bringing to you for attention. Every household in the land would be safer if a cake of Neko were constantly in the bathroom. As a bath soap Neko not only removes germs but sweeps away all personal odors. Excellent, too, as a shampoo. Let us send you a free trial cake of Neko. Write us at Detroit, Michigan, or Walkerville, Ontario.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

What "standardized" means

Is it rich in vitamins? Is it pure? Here are two good questions to ask when buying cod-liver oil for yourself or your children. You'll be glad to know that each teaspoonful of Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil contains definitely measured quantities of both Vitamin A, which increases resistance against disease, and Vitamin D, the "sunshine" vitamin, which builds sturdy bones and sound teeth. Each teaspoonful contains as much Vitamin A as 11 pints of milk and as much Vitamin D as 7½ eggs! Here is cod-liver oil at its best—beautifully clear, highly refined, fresh and pure. Your druggist has it—4-ounce or 16-ounce bottles. If you prefer the convenient capsule form, ask for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil Capsules.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

Wa[illegible] This

Un[illegible] hat

Jeanette Loff

in "King of Jazz"

America's famed critics have fairly smothered with praise Universal's war-epic, "All Quiet on the Western Front," produced from Erich Maria Remarque's celebrated book which has traveled the world around. I have never read such wonderful reports.

Dorothy Herzog, noted writer for the Premier Syndicate, caught the spirit of youth and its useless sacrifice as few others have done. She says this picture is a vast credit to all concerned and "a picture that should be seen once, twice and more."

Louella Parsons, whose comments are also accepted as gospel, declares it is an "artistic sensation" and that "even rival producers and players felt the thrill of seeing a story of this kind well done."

In New York City every critic raved about it, while public demand for seats necessitated extra performances each week.

And just as many glowing accounts have been written of PAUL WHITEMAN'S "King of Jazz," another Universal-John Murray Anderson achievement. When you have seen one or both, please write me your views. I want them. Direct them to me personally. Why not become my correspondent in your town and help your neighbors to see these glorious pictures?

I am anxious to get your personal opinion of these two great Universal Pictures. Please write.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

(Continued from Page 103)

outstretched arms seemed wrong to me. The right one was shorter than the left.

"What do you think it is?" I inquired.

"I believe," he said slowly, "we will find a masterpiece under all those trappings. Look at the proportions, at the carving of the hands and feet."

Together we started to remove the crown, the hair of the head and beard. My friend was right. A marvelous carved head, not of the seventeenth but of the twelfth century, was uncovered. We proceeded carefully and took off the dress, which had been affixed with strong glue. A revelation met our eyes. We immediately saw the reason for the shortened right arm. Originally from an altar group, this was the central figure, which represented the Descent From the Cross. Separated from the other figures, perhaps some priest in need of a crucifix had first attached it to a cross. He had had to raise the right arm. We replaced it to the correct hanging-down position and the arms appeared in proportion again. It took several months of patient labor to remove many layers of paint, but what a recompense! Today this masterpiece may be seen in the Gardner collection in Boston.

Only a Surface Likeness

People think that discoveries such as this are made through luck. Never was there a more mistaken idea. Only through constant study and search is a knowledge of the rare and beautiful acquired—a knowledge which develops a peculiarly sensitive intuition. Yet connoisseurs seem to take great pleasure in giving the impression—I suppose they must have their little joke—that they make lucky finds. Wise as owls, they sit back and laugh up their sleeves, while the public wonders enviously.

The restoration of figures in bronze—that is, replacing the missing parts—is not so difficult as it appears. The restorer models them in wax, from which a cast is made. These are welded to the figure and the color of the patina, the glassy surface, is imitated so that it harmonizes with the original.

But it is through the more or less successful duplication of the patina that restorations and forgeries are detected. Two methods are used to produce patinæ: The first with lacquers, as you see on the Florentine bronzes; the second with chemicals or a combination of both. In the lacquers there are many ways to imitate the Italian and Florentine bronzes. One of them is to paint the figure with a mixture of graphite and vinegar, and when dry, finally to coat it with a cudbear or dragon's-blood solution. The second method is more difficult and not always successful. The objects must be subjected to treatment of such chemicals and gases as ammonia, acetic acid, carbon dioxide and others. Of course, the faker's best accomplice is chemistry. Once the patina was the final test of authenticity. Not so today. Modern imitations are very deceptive.

The restoration of silver and gold—which Cellini called cobbler work—is really the work of the silver and gold smith rather than the restorer. But he makes the design when it is necessary, and the former follows it skillfully. This reminds me of one of the greatest and most amusing hoaxes that has ever occurred to ruffle the dignity of the Louvre.

It was in 1896 that two strangers appeared in Paris, commissioned, so they said, by a Viennese dealer to sell several unusual pieces of antique jewelry. The story ran that these had been found shortly before, in an excavation near Olbia, a Greek ruin in Southern Russia. There were jeweled ear caps, a necklace of carved gold, and most imposing of all, a large egg-shaped tiara, also in gold, sumptuously ornamented with figures in relief. An inscription on the tiara explained it had been given to King Saïtapharnes of Scythe, for his protection of the Olbian colony in 200 B.C.

For weeks the tiara was examined and discussed by the most learned scientists of France. Finally it was pronounced a unique example of its period. The Louvre bought it for two hundred thousand francs, then equal to forty thousand dollars. But when the tiara was exhibited it caused no particular comment.

I remember going to see it, and being rather disappointed with myself because it made no appeal to me. Yet in spite of the public's apathy, the leading critics and connoisseurs raved over it. Collignon, the archæologist, wrote a booklet seventy-two pages long expounding its beauty and rarity. He concluded, "We can consider the tiara of the Louvre the work of a great Greek artist who established himself in Olbia in the second century B.C., an heir of the great Greek tradition."

Then suddenly, from a clear sky, the tiara was denounced. Two professors, Wesselowsky of St. Petersburg and Furtwængler of Munich, said it was a fake. In the face of this, the Louvre kept on insisting it was not only genuine but unique. At first the controversy was a dignified one among experts, but after a while rumors reached the ears of the excitable Parisians. The usual two groups formed, for and against the tiara. Crowds rushed to the Louvre, pressing against the case where the tiara was, and the name Saïtapharnes became, for a while, as common as that of Dreyfus.

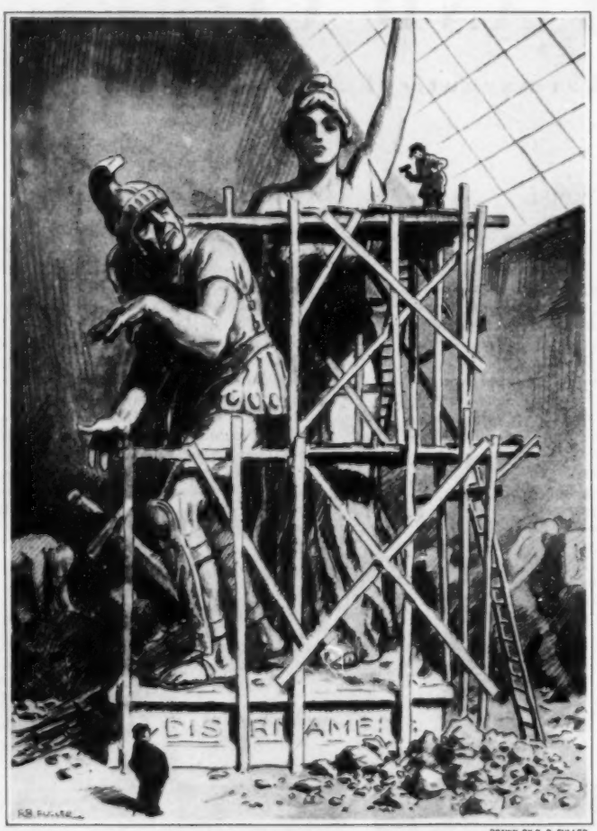
Now the tiara was discussed everywhere—in cafés, on the boulevards, in the theater. A crank artist in Montmartre announced himself the author of the tiara; many believed him seriously and went to view his work. Newspapers took sides. Then one day one of them received a telegram from its representative in Odessa. A goldsmith there had recognized a picture of the tiara and said it was one he had made to order for a customer. He was willing to go to Paris with similar samples of his work, provided he was advanced twelve hundred francs.

The Minister of Public Instruction, hearing these reports, declared in the Senate that he must open an investigation. Money was sent to the goldsmith, and he arrived in Paris. I shall never forget the commotion. When he appeared before the directors of the Louvre he seemed eager to explain his method of workmanship and to answer all questions. But he could not remember for whom he had made the tiara.

A New Cellini in Paris

You can imagine what fun the newspapers had. The man who had fooled the entire French Academy was photographed and described from morning till night. His ideas on art, past and present, were published; what he wore and what he ate became items of interest. He might have been visiting royalty or Benvenuto Cellini. Then the inevitable happened. Admittedly a fine artisan, he now thought himself a great creative artist! When questioned by reporters about the tiara, he would answer, "The tiara? That is not art! You should see my sarcophagus!" He gave an exhibition at the Salon des Artistes Français. But alas, the sarcophagus proved more than ever that he was merely an imitator par excellence. He proved Corot's true and biting phrase, "*Celui qui suit est toujours en arrière*"—who follows is always behind.

The goldsmith returned to Russia expressing himself freely about the ingratitude of the French, and the Louvre received a letter from America. Barnum and Bailey offered to reimburse the museum, to pay forty thousand dollars for the tiara, on condition the French Government would guarantee it to be false!



DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

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The watchman who doesn't watch

MOTORISTS pay him to guard expensive motors—and he sleeps at his post. He's supposed to protect—but he doesn't. He lets trouble in—though he's paid to keep it out.

This guardian who doesn't guard is found in every gallon of ordinary motor oil—one quart that sleeps at its post—a quart that is supposed to protect your motor, but doesn't. It is a quart that ordinary refining leaves in—a quart that has little or no value as a lubricant, that fails to ward off wear. It's a quart of waste.

But it is a quart you never find in any gallon of Quaker State. For Quaker State Motor Oil is not refined in the ordinary way. It is *super*-refined—carried a step further than ordinary oils. This extra step removes this quart of waste. In its place you get a quart of the finest *lubricant*.

Instead of three quarts of lubricant and one quart of waste, you get *four* full quarts of lubricant in every gallon of Quaker State. What you really get is an *extra* quart in every gallon! And every gallon of Quaker State is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the finest crude oil known.

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Higher in West, Southwest and Canada

Quaker State does an amazingly fine job of lubricating. It gives your motor a piston seal so close to perfect that you can feel the increased power. It retains its protective oiliness far longer. It gives you more miles from piston rings, more miles from spark plugs, more miles from every part of your motor—and the sweetest, smoothest miles you ever drove! Costs more? Yes, a trifle more per gallon. But per *year* Quaker State is the cheapest oil you can buy. Drive up to the green and white service station sign—and *get* it! © 1930, Q. S. O. R. Co.

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604 WHITES

HELP SWIFT move over 5 Billion pounds of meat annually

Waste—in time and product—has been shaved down to bedrock in the vast operations of Swift & Company.

More than 17 million animals go through the Swift plants each year where, with almost magic rapidity, they are converted into meats and allied products of the most perishable nature. Every operation is geared with uncanny accuracy to the ceaseless race against time. There is no guesswork. There can be no waste.

Swift & Company makes only 1.25% profit on its gross sales of a billion dollars. This represents less than a nickel a week in the meat bill of the average American family.

Distribution is the keystone in the operations of this great packer's 39 plants, 80 produce houses and over 450 branches spread throughout the United States and Canada.

Motor Trucks are an important aid to the efficiency of Swift distribution. They are called upon to lengthen the radius of operation, to speed up short hauling, to supplement branch line railroads.

In the vast fleet comprising several makes of trucks operated by Swift & Company there are 604 Whites. This fleet of Whites has grown through re-orders since 1913, when the first two Whites went into service.

In one city an ordinance requires that all fresh meat be delivered to the public markets before sunrise. Here a part of the Swift fleet of Whites works seven days a week, 24 hours a day, the engines being idle hardly long enough to cool off. From midnight to dawn these Whites ply the city, making deliveries of fresh meat to the public markets before sunrise. Starting at early morning with crews of new drivers, the same Whites take up the task of supplying city stores with Swift products.

The growth of this fleet of 604 White Trucks in the service of Swift & Company is a tribute to their efficiency in an organization where efficiency in all its operations has been developed to the highest point.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE

A COMPLETE LINE OF FOUR AND SIX CYLINDER

TRUCKS
BUSSES

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FARM RELIEF SO FAR

(Continued from Page 7)

the Federal Farm Board is obliged to act. If the board should say to the farmers, "Since knowingly you have again produced a surplus, you must yourselves bear the loss of it," the farmers would say, "But for this problem of surplus we should not need a Federal Farm Board. The law tells you what to do about a surplus. That is what the law was for."

Moreover, the law defines what a surplus is. It defines it not as a quantity that has been unavoidably produced. How or why it has been produced apparently does not matter. Flatly, the law says:

> There shall be considered as a surplus for the purposes of this Act any seasonal or year's total surplus, produced in the United States and either local or national in extent, that is in excess of the requirements for the orderly distribution of the agricultural commodity or is in excess of the domestic requirements for such commodity.

Clearly, under the law it is the function of the stabilization corporation, and the duty of the Federal Farm Board acting through the stabilization corporation, to do away with the surplus at any cost and charge the loss to the Government. So at last the wicked surplus which, hitherto, American agriculture has had to dump on foreign markets at the world price will be dumped on the Government. The theory of dumping it on the Government is that when the Government has removed the surplus quantity from the market, so that what remains of an agricultural commodity will be just sufficient to satisfy the domestic demand, then the domestic price will be the world price plus the tariff. In the case of wheat, that is the world price plus forty-two cents a bushel.

Thus the law. Now to see what has proceeded from it.

The Agricultural Marketing Act was passed on June 15, 1929. The Federal Farm Board took being thirty days later. Beginning in June and continuing through July and August, there was tremendous excitement in the wheat pit. The price advanced sometimes as much as six or eight cents a day, and the total rise in these few weeks was fifty cents a bushel—on rumors and expectations of what the Government meant to do under the head of stabilization. The effect was what you would expect. Instead of selling their wheat on this rise, the farmers thought only of holding it for a higher price.

The Department of Agriculture was of the same mind and urged farmers to hold their grain. In July, in fact, it launched what was called a hold-your-wheat campaign. All the Government's price experts said wheat at $1.50 a bushel was too low. They could prove it with reason and statistics, and did prove it to the satisfaction of the Federal Farm Board, whereupon the chairman announced that the board was in sympathy with the movement to withhold grain.

They were all wrong. They underestimated the amount of wheat in the world, overestimated the world demand, and, of course, had no prevision of the financial crash then imminent in Wall Street. This was bound to have repercussions even in commodity markets.

When Government Guessed Wrong

As it turned out—as it will always turn out—the Government's opinion on the future of prices is no better than a private opinion; there is this difference, however—when the Government gives forth an opinion and farmers have acted upon it, a moral responsibility is created.

In October came the typhoon in Wall Street. The natural sequel of a panic in the world of industry was heroically avoided. Nevertheless, demand in all directions was retarded, there was an onset of unemployment, commodity prices suffered. Naturally, the price of wheat would have fallen somewhat, but it fell violently, not only because of the general economic disturbance but for the reason, also, that everybody suddenly discovered the position of wheat itself to be much weaker than had been represented by the Government. The Canadian wheat pools were in trouble, with a large carry-over from the preceding crop, and required help from their government. There was trouble also in Australia and Argentina. With these three countries pressing wheat for sale in the world market and with unsold American wheat at the same time piling up at all the export terminals until the railroads were obliged to stop receiving it on their tracks, the situation became serious.

What did the farmer say? He said: "When wheat was $1.50, the Government told us to hold it. Now it is $1.25, and what is the Government going to do about it?"

There was the Federal Farm Board, with half a billion dollars to support agricultural prices. What was it doing? Fact-finding, researching, taking thought. But here was an emergency. Having said, in August, "The board is in sympathy with the movement among farmers' organizations to withhold their wheat from market," had it no October responsibility at all?

Sellers in a Buyers' Market

Both the pressure and the logic were irresistible. On October twenty-eighth the Federal Farm Board said flatly that the price of wheat was too low. The decline, it said, was owing partly to the rush of new wheat to a glutted market and partly to the economic disturbance produced by the Wall Street disaster. "Wheat producers," it said, "should not be forced to sell on a market affected by these conditions."

Therefore the Federal Farm Board, acting through coöperative associations of wheat growers, would lend government money on wheat up to its full market value, the basis to be $1.25 a bushel for No. 1 Northern wheat at Minneapolis. There was then no reason why a farmer should sell his wheat. He could borrow the full market value of it. Suppose the price went down. Well, then the Government might have the wheat, and welcome to it. But suppose the price went up. Then the farmer could sell, pay back the Government and keep the profit.

In announcing its policy the board made this vast statement: "The board places no limit on the amount of government money to be so loaned. Nearly $100,000,000 is available for the purpose and, if necessary, the board will ask Congress to appropriate more."

Maybe you would think, as many people did think, even, apparently, the Federal Farm Board, that when the Government has undertaken to lend any amount of money on wheat at a certain price a further decline is impossible. How could wheat go below that price? Well, it did. It went very much lower, for two reasons: One was that the loans were limited to coöperative associations of wheat growers; the other was that not even the Government can determine the selling price of wheat. The whole world does that.

As the price continued to fall, for reasons over which the Federal Farm Board had no control, it was necessary to take another step. The board loaned government money to coöperative associations for the purpose of actually buying wheat from member farmers at the loan value of $1.25 a bushel, and to buy it at the same time in the open market at the market value. Loans for these two purposes were made by the Federal Farm Board principally to and through the Farmers' National Grain Corporation. This was the first national-commodity, coöperative-sales association to be set up under the law. When it was organized, in October, the Federal Farm Board said: "This corporation provides a medium through which the Federal Farm Board may make loans to coöperative grain-marketing associations both for current marketing purposes and for the acquirement of physical facilities."

The corporation proceeded to support the price of wheat with buying orders. An Associated Press news dispatch from St. Paul, February sixth, read:

> The Farmers' National Grain Corporation has become the heaviest single buyer of grain in the country through its purchases in Northwestern markets to bolster fading wheat prices.

In the same week the grain report in the Financial Chronicle said:

> Wheat declined 5 to 6½ cents, owing to the dullness of the export trade and the largeness of the surplus stock in this country. The coöperatives keep buying car lots of wheat in Minneapolis and Kansas City, but it looks like a futile gesture for the time being.

Here is a singular spectacle. Coöperative-selling associations buying the commodity they have to sell. Their problem is how to dispose of a surplus. But because the price is too low, they will buy the surplus. As a producer, the farmer is, naturally, a seller. But since he is unwilling to sell at the current price, he himself turns buyer. What they were thinking, of course, was that as buyers they could advance the price and then sell out. That is what professional speculators are supposed to do. Why shouldn't farmers be able to do it? Besides, it was the Government's money, and if it all went wrong, the Government would hold the bag.

But for all of this, the market price of wheat went on falling. Only the market price. There were now two prices. One was the market price and the other was the government price, and the spread between them was sometimes as much as eighteen cents. The Government was still lending money on wheat on the basis of $1.25 at Minneapolis and lending money also to coöperative associations for the purpose of actually buying wheat at that price, whereas anybody could buy wheat in the open market for, say, fifteen cents less.

Grain Traders' Relief

Wicked speculators were doing it. They bought wheat in the terminal markets at the market price, then shipped it back into the country and sold it to coöperatives at the government price, clearing thereby very handsome profits. The position of the Federal Farm Board at this time was painful and ridiculous. Professional grain traders were getting its money. The last step had then to be taken. That meant to invoke the powers of Section 9. On February eleventh the board announced the existence of the Grain Stabilization Corporation and that it had been provided with $10,000,000 of government money "to carry on its initial operations." Nature of initial operations not specified. This Grain Stabilization Corporation appeared at once in the wheat pit at Chicago, buying May futures with government money. There was no ground for surprise. It was all legal. The law was clear, and even though Section 9 was not mandatory, still the sequel was inevitable. Where is there an instance of a board or a commission exercising less than its whole power? Nevertheless, the bald sight of the Government standing in the pit and dealing in wheat futures along with professional speculators was too strong, and the Federal Farm Board began to hear itself criticized. On March sixth it issued what was clearly a challenge, to the grain trade particularly and to all detractors in general. It was this:

> The Grain Stabilization Corporation will continue buying wheat at the market and remove from the market whatever additional quantity that may be necessary to relieve the pressure and prevent any considerable decline in wheat prices. The Farm Board is prepared to advance to this farmers' organization whatever funds are necessary for that purpose. The Stabilization Corporation is being accused of speculating

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in the grain market. There is no foundation in fact for such statement. The Stabilization Corporation is prepared and expects to take delivery of all grain purchased on future contracts and merchandise it as the market conditions will permit.

Note, first, there is no limit. Any quantity of wheat necessary to be removed from the market will be removed. Any amount of money needful to this enterprise will be forthcoming.

The Federal Farm Board refers to the Grain Stabilization Corporation as "this farmers' organization." That it is a farmer organization is true only in a technical sense; all otherwise it is a limp fiction. Who is it says what the Stabilization Corporation will do? It is the Federal Farm Board. Where was the Grain Stabilization Corporation created? On the desk of the Federal Farm Board. Where did the decision lie to buy May futures to whatever extent was necessary? In the mind of the Grain Stabilization Corporation? No; in the mind of the Federal Farm Board. The Grain Stabilization Corporation says nothing. It has not even the voice to defend itself against the charge that what it is doing is nothing else than speculation. It is the Federal Farm Board that says to buy futures is not speculation if you expect to take the actual grain in hope of being able sometime to sell it at a profit.

Solving the Surplus Problem

At that interval the situation in wheat was as follows:

1. Enormous sums of government money outstanding as loans on wheat at prices away above its market value, and all such wheat likely to pass into the hands of the Government by default of the borrowers.

2. Coöperative associations holding at a loss great quantities of wheat bought with government money to support the price, much of this wheat also likely to pass into the hands of the Government.

3. The Federal Farm Board itself, through the Grain Stabilization Corporation, likely to find itself at the end of the old crop year in possession of maybe 100,000,000 bushels of wheat, from its buying of futures in the Chicago wheat pit.

4. And nowhere any control of new production, no way of touching it save by exhortation.

To this vital weakness of its position the Federal Farm Board was obliged to give its increasing anxiety. Five days after having announced that any amount of wheat necessary to prevent a further decline in price would be removed from the market by the Grain Stabilization Corporation, the chairman of the Federal Farm Board, in a telegram to the governor of North Dakota, said:

> There is no possible solution of this problem unless we get the coöperation of the growers themselves. No other industry in the world blindly produces without any attention to potential market possibilities. . . . Your growers will ask how they are going to get along with a less production, but if they can get more money—and we believe they can—by raising four bushels where they are now raising five, why should they destroy the market by raising the extra bushel? . . . The present operations of the Stabilization Corporation will undoubtedly result in their having upward of 100,000,000 bushels of wheat on hand at the close of this present season, and if farmers are going ahead trying to produce an additional surplus on the basis that some way will be found to take care of it on a fair price level, they are going to be mistaken.

The Federal Farm Board had already borrowed Dr. John L. Coulter from the Tariff Commission and sent him on a missionary errand to the Northwest, where he is well known as an agricultural economist. The errand was in the name of the Government to beg farmers to curtail their wheat acreage.

So the Federal Farm Board, with already 100,000,000 bushels of surplus wheat in a government basket, exhorting farmers to produce less! And a member of the radical farm bloc in Congress at the same time saying that the only way you could get farmers to produce less would be to shoot all the excess farmers.

Well, there is the story of the first season of wheat—wheat alone—under the Agricultural Marketing Act, as far as it goes. It will finish itself. The sequel will be what it will be.

Now to be set forth is the theory under which the Federal Farm Board acted to the extreme of its powers. Continuously in its mind was the thought that a national crisis existed. There was first what happened in Wall Street in October, in consequence of what President Hoover has called a vast contagion; then the reactions of that event of reckoning upon economic conditions in general.

To avoid a serious depression in the country, finance and industry, under the active guidance of the Government, pooled their resources of will, capital and imagination in a manner and to a degree never before attempted. For the first time a Wall Street disaster of the first magnitude was not followed by senseless disorder in the economic structure as a whole.

But, whereas the welfare of industry, the continuity of its works, wages and profits, were the first concern of finance, there was no such thing as an organization of private finance and powerful trade associations to come to the aid of agriculture or to save it from the evils of necessitous and wasteful liquidation. To do for agriculture what was doing for industry became, therefore, the job of the Federal Farm Board. It had the power, the means to organization, and the money.

Specifically, and only in view of the national emergency then existing, the Federal Farm Board undertook to prevent a panic in agricultural-commodity prices. Such was the theory on which it acted under Section 9, to the limit of its powers. And all this was apart from what else it was doing and intending to do gradually to improve the economic status of agriculture by sound means.

Its decision to set up the Grain Stabilization Corporation and enter the wheat pit as an unlimited buyer of future contracts was formed at what it considered to be a critical moment. Wheat prices were very weak, around $1.00 a bushel. Trade experts sat with the Federal Farm Board saying the price would go to eighty or seventy-five cents. Grimly, it might have been wise to let the price go. Wheat at seventy-five cents would have solved at least three of the Federal Farm Board's problems automatically. First, it would have brought many more farmers into the coöperative associations in order to obtain Federal aid; second, at seventy-five cents the American surplus might have been sold in the world market and got out of the way; third, there would be nothing like the spectacle of seventy-five-cent wheat to make farmers curtail wheat acreage. Meanwhile, with the Government willing to lend $1.25 a bushel to farmers, so that each might individually hold back his share of the surplus, the farmers need not have been hurt by a temporary drop in the market price to seventy-five cents, provided they all joined coöperatives.

Stabilizing the Price of Cotton

Yet, in the opinion of the Federal Farm Board, a decline in the price of wheat to seventy-five cents would have been a first-class economic disaster; moreover, it would have been grievous for farmers outside the coöperatives and, therefore, beyond the aid of the Government.

The board went further in wheat than in any other commodity, and for that reason the narrative of wheat receives more attention than it would, perhaps, intrinsically require. It illustrates luminously the working of the whole law and perfectly represents, besides, the ideas that moved the board.

In cotton it stopped short of setting up a stabilization corporation actually to buy and remove a surplus from the market. But as in wheat, so also in cotton, it undertook to lend an unlimited amount of government money through the coöperatives up to a base of sixteen cents, which was at that time its full market value. As with the price of wheat, so with the price of cotton—it went much lower, and the Government found itself lending up to sixteen cents on cotton when anybody could buy it in the open market for fifteen cents. As in wheat, so in cotton, the board loaned coöperative associations government money to buy the commodity for the purpose of withholding it from market. And the idea was in both cases the same, as shown in the following statement from the chairman of the Federal Farm Board on February twenty-fifth:

"Some objection has developed in the grain trade against the action of the Farm Board in financing farm coöperatives in the purchase of wheat and cotton in the present situation. The activities will continue in the interest of agriculture and business as an emergency measure in the present situation. I have no fear that the coöperatives will not be able to eventually market these purchases satisfactorily. . . . The board is endeavoring, through finance of the farmers' own organizations, to help to restore stability and expedite recovery from a crisis which the farmer did not create and for which he is not responsible."

All's Well—But for Whom?

Whether the coöperatives will be able to sell out successfully is a matter of opinion. But whether the Government's money is lost or not is much less important than the principle involved when the Government undertakes to establish, influence or support prices—to say at a given time they are too low and that at a future time they will be higher. The valuation of wheat at $1.25 for loan purposes was arbitrary; so was the valuation of cotton at sixteen cents for the same purpose. Both commodities were then too low, in the opinion of the Federal Farm Board; both went much lower. That is to say, the Government was wrong. Moreover, it would be quite impossible to say how much of the decline in prices, both before and after the Federal Farm Board had fixed these values, was owing to a national crisis and how much to normal facts.

The activities of the Federal Farm Board have touched, besides wheat and cotton, such a variety of agricultural commodities as rye, corn, oats, barley, beans, flax, honey, buckwheat, rice, livestock, wool, mohair, tobacco, poultry and eggs, grapes, raisins, seeds, potatoes and dairy products. Generally two ideas were acting, and with no very clear distinction between them. One was the idea to build up agriculture on a pyramidal coöperative basis, slowly, and the other was to prevent a panic in agricultural commodities, on the ground that a national crisis required it.

If, as the Federal Farm Board may complain, workings of the first idea have been less noticed than those of the second, this is because coöperation in agriculture for all purposes is a familiar principle, whereas the use of government money to influence prices by direct intention is a new and startling thing.

Take it in butter. The Federal Farm Board, in January, made a large loan to the Land o' Lakes Creameries, Inc., of Minneapolis, which is one of the successful old coöperative associations in the country. Now, as to this loan, one is bound to ask certain questions. If the Federal Farm Board is in the business of assisting distressed agriculture, certainly it could have found many farmer organizations more in need of aid than the Land o' Lakes Creameries, Inc.; for as a solvent association, with a long record of profit and sound management, it could get any reasonable accommodation of credit at the bank.

The answer is that, of course, it could borrow on reasonable terms at the bank for all normal commercial purposes. But it could not borrow money at the bank for the purpose of protecting the market price of butter. That was the trouble. The price of butter was falling. It had fallen below thirty cents a pound, and nobody knew where it might stop. What the Land o' Lakes Creameries needed was a large sum of money not only for the purpose of holding its own butter off the market but also to buy and store the butter of other associations, because they were all pressing it for sale on a falling market. The only source of money for that purpose was the Federal Farm Board. It loaned the money, the Land o' Lakes Creameries bought up surplus butter and put it away, and with what result? The price of butter advanced to thirty-six cents a pound—which was a fair price—and then everything was all right again.

One must ask, for whom was everything all right again? Is it not very strange that the Government should lend money to butter makers for the immediate purpose of advancing the price six cents a pound, when there are 3,000,000 butter eaters unemployed? How is such use of government money to be justified?

The answer is that if there had been a panic in agricultural-commodity prices the number of unemployed might have become 6,000,000. And butter is an agricultural commodity? There again is a matter of opinion. If the opinion is sound, you may say the end justifies the means, and pass on; though not without wonder still that it lies in the wisdom of a board at Washington to say what price people shall pay for butter in order that unemployment shall not increase; nor without wonder at the seeming contradiction that, as it lends money to the Land o' Lakes Creameries, Inc., to buy and remove surplus butter from the national market, the Federal Farm Board at the same time issues a warning against the overproduction of butter, exhorts farmers to eat more of it and sell less, and then, with the other hand, lends money to the Lower Columbia Coöperative Dairy Association for the purpose of increasing its plant.

Hear at this point the voice of the farmer, saying: "Industry borrows money on its commodities at a private bank, in order to postpone the sale of them and thus protect the price. Why shouldn't agriculture borrow money from the Government for the same purpose?"

Borrowing Without Risk

The difference is almost too obvious to require statement. It is true that private banks lend money on surplus commodities to save them from being pressed for sale on a weak market, and that certainly is to protect the price; but in such private transactions the risk is shared between lender and borrower. When agricultural producers borrow money from the Government, they take no risk at all. Only the Government can lose. If that is not a legal fact, it is a moral fact, which is stronger than a legal fact. The Government could no more proceed against its agricultural debtors in the manner of a private bank than it can eject settlers from Federal irrigation projects for nonpayment of their dues and water rents. Simply, it cannot be done. Well, then, you have the difference between borrowing with risk and borrowing without risk, and this, human nature being what it is, becomes the difference between sound and unsound.

The intent of this article is wholly expositive—that is, to show what the Agricultural Marketing Act is, how it came to be what it is, what has proceeded from it, and what was acting in the mind of the Federal Farm Board. Therefore, all discussion of the farm problem itself has been avoided.

There is a farm problem, both real and unreal; both economic and political. The Agricultural Marketing Act as a whole is the strongest approach so far made to a rational solution of it. No fair conclusions are yet possible. It is too soon to pass judgment on an economic experiment of such magnitude. It may turn out to be a mistaken experiment in principle, in which case we shall be lucky to have made it while we could afford it and to have put it behind us.

(Continued on Page 115)

12 INVITED

12 ACCEPTED

What a difference since Helen "Dressed-Up" her home with smart new Furnishings

EVERY invitation accepted! Naturally Helen was elated as she greeted her guests—those same folks who, not so long ago, hesitated about coming or had sent polite regrets.

What brought about the change? How had she turned their indifference into enthusiasm for her parties? It was all so amazingly simple.

Helen had always known how to entertain; her delightful manner promised her success as a hostess. But her home furnishings contradicted her welcome. The furniture that had been "good enough" in her bridal days, betrayed all her efforts to make a good impression.

An overheard conversation revealed the painful truth. It *hurt* to realize that people were misjudging her because of the out-of-date, outworn pieces in her home.

Then she learned that just a modest investment would overcome the handicap. This colorful new porch furniture, for example—who would dream it was so easily within her means? Now, outdoors as well as in, her home furnishings were in keeping with her social standing. Of course her party was a triumph!

---FIRST-
FURNISH
YOUR HOME
IT TELLS
WHAT YOU ARE

First—furnish your home! Socially, and in business, too, nothing else is so important. Make your home furnishings spell *success.*

This is an obligation you owe to your future; an obligation you can quickly fulfill.

For the modern method of buying home furnishings lets you have what you want without waiting. It is sensible and thrifty.

The dealer who displays the above emblem is one of a select group of progressive merchants offering dependable home furnishings counsel. Ask him for a copy of this helpful twenty-four page color-illustrated booklet . . . It's FREE!

FREE BOOK

AT SIXTY ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ you are going 88 FEET A SECOND!

Sixty miles an hour is not uncommon today—but *it's still a mile a minute!* At sixty you are traveling 88 feet a second. Even at 40 miles per hour you are going 60 feet a second.

As you travel your allotted half of the average highways of to-day there are scant margins on either side that keep you within the bounds of safety. Too scant, in fact, to run the risk of a premature blow-out.

If a right front tire blows you are off the highway into certain trouble. On the left there's the risk of side-swiping the passing traffic.

These split seconds, when driving skill means little, are better avoided by depending on tires that were built to hold together throughout their full period of big mileage. Whenever the emergency comes up and the full responsibility for your safety rests on rubber—that's when you realize the priceless value of that *extra margin of safety* in the *Dual*-Balloon.

Lower pressure gives you greater riding comfort. Lower pressure plus extra plys of soft cushion rubber mean an extra 'give' inside and throughout the tire. These built-in shock absorbers cause softer riding—a closer clinging grip of wide-spread tread—double traction.

In the *Dual*-Balloon these safety factors are permanent throughout its whole period of big mileage. They mean freedom from running on risky rubber at average speeds or when time or temptation carry you past sixty.

Split seconds that make you realize

The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

—goes a long way to make friends

Complete motion picture films (including slow motion detail) showing a series of non-skid tests of all types of tires on snow and ice and on wet pavement, will be furnished Automobile Clubs and other organizations for use in safety first campaigns. Car owners can obtain illustrated bulletins of these tests. Address your General Tire Dealer or the General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

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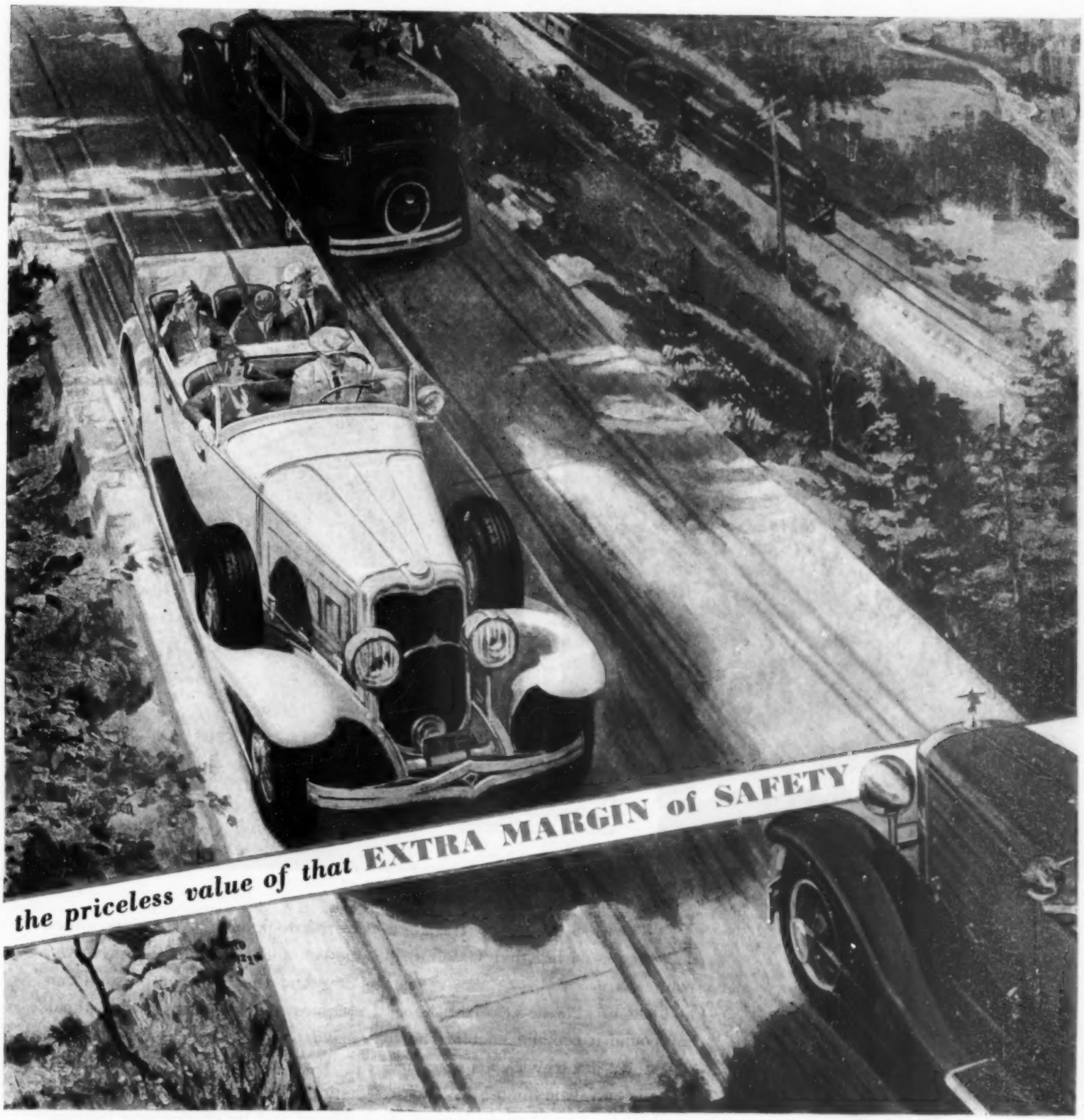
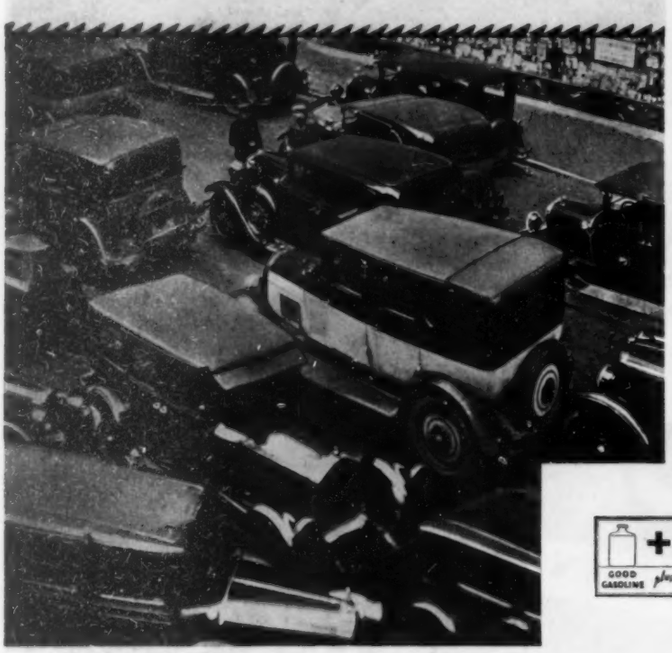
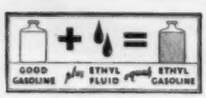


The GENERAL Dual-BALLOON 8

You can't *avoid* TRAFFIC

—but you *can* use ETHYL





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Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or brand associated with it—*any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of ordinary compression and to develop the additional power of the new high-compression models.

The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

DRIVING in heavy traffic is easier with Ethyl Gasoline in your tank.

That's because the Ethyl anti-knock compound it contains enables you to slow down to a crawl when necessary, then pick up again smoothly . . . without shifting. And when the line speeds up, the quicker acceleration that Ethyl gives keeps you in your place with so much less effort.

Ethyl means easier handling and better control because it is good gasoline *plus*—quality gasoline of high anti-knock rating. It gives added power, pick-up, smoothness, to *any* car. And the high-compression cars require a fuel of Ethyl's anti-knock standard to do their best.

Wait until your tank is almost empty; otherwise the Ethyl will be diluted and its effectiveness lessened. Then fill up with Ethyl and give it a trial in the worst traffic and the most trying conditions you have to contend with. See how greatly the strain *can* be eased. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York.

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ETHYL GASOLINE

(Continued from Page 110)

On the other hand, it may turn out that farmers will learn to support it intelligently and make it work; in which case the initial errors and losses will be soon forgotten. The immediate misfortune is that all effects are in dispute, even on their merits. This is so for two reasons:

In the first place, the law has been administered with two ideas in confusion; one permanent and one meant to be temporary. The permanent idea was slowly to impose business principles upon agriculture and to improve its status through the coöperation of farmers. The idea meant to be temporary was that of preventing at any cost a panic in agricultural commodities at a time of national crisis.

In the second place, the total good of the Federal Farm Board's operations under the emergency theory is by no means clear and, perhaps, never will be. Very probably it is true that but for its enormous buying and lending operations in support of prices agricultural commodities would have gone much lower. Yet even this will be disputed, and much more will it be disputed, whatever happens, that the work of the Federal Farm Board under Section 9 was helpful toward future prices. There is still a surplus to be disposed of. A slaughtered surplus is a loss, but an impounded surplus is a liability. If prices improve and the surplus now accumulating in the hands of the Government is worked off successfully, some will say the Federal Farm Board did it, and some will say subsequent conditions over which the Federal Farm Board had no control turned out to be favorable and all the rest was luck. If prices do not improve, some will say the operations of the Federal Farm Board made matters worse and others that, but for its operations, everything would be very much worse.

And nothing can ever be proved. Farmers themselves are at this juncture divided. Agitation for further, even more direct relief is very active, taking the form of a demand that the Government shall pay a direct bounty on agricultural exports; thereby subsidizing the surplus. That is the debenture plan.

Meanwhile the one most significant fact is in the character of precedent. Government money on a very large scale has been actively employed in agricultural-commodity markets to uphold prices for the farmer. That is what the radical farm bloc wanted; that is what Section 9 was for. But that was not the Hoover idea of farm relief.

This use of government money, if it continues, is bound to increase by extension, for such is the natural law of political benefit. If it increases, with no positive control of production, there is disaster in sight for the United States Treasury. On the other hand, positive control of production by the Government entails such interference in his affairs as no farmer would tolerate. That enigma lies in any scheme of subsidy, bonus, guaranty or price protection whereby a surplus-producing industry will be made more profitable than it already is. The more profitable you make it the greater the temptation will be to produce a surplus. That is what the Federal Farm Board is facing without power.

LOCUSTS FROM THE CITY

(Continued from Page 25)

to fight for our rights; instead, since it is a condition and not a theory which confronts us, we choose to run at once to the defense of our property—and if we are wise we carry a big stick.

There are some minor offenses which country property owners, from tolerance or weariness, frequently ignore. One of these is the theft of sufficient topsoil to fill several city flower pots. Leaves are also a trifling matter, although the damage to the tree can be serious if too many motorists help themselves to armfuls of autumnal foliage for Halloween decorations. Pumpkins, of course, no longer cause us any concern. We have learned to plant them only in fields far removed from the road.

A neglected farm in our township was recently bought by an amiable man who transformed it into a lovely estate. One of the most attractive improvements was a small pond surrounded by drooping willows that shaded several rustic benches. The dam breast was built of old stone, and in the clear water a squadron of scarlet fish with long graceful tails swam lazily among the lily pads. It was a charming sylvan nook. Unfortunately, it was located near the highway.

This did not trouble the owner. He was an optimist, and one day, after showing me the different features of the pond, he made a radical announcement.

An Invitation Accepted

"I'm going to throw it open to the public," he said. "I'm going to let people come in here to rest, and enjoy themselves in the shade."

"You are?" I asked.

"If we property owners put up high fences and signs," he continued, "the public is naturally going to resent it. There won't be any keep-off signs or barbed-wire fences on my place, for it's always been a belief of mine that kindness brings out the best in people. Don't you agree?"

"It's quite an idea," I said evasively, and diverted the talk to the handsome red fish that sailed gravely by in the water at our feet.

A few days later, as I drove past the spot, I looked in at the pond. The work there was finished. On the grassy bank beneath the willows, I saw a new sign painted in green on a white board:

VISITORS ARE WELCOME

The owner invites you to enjoy this spot. Out of consideration for other visitors, he asks you kindly to leave everything as you find it.

The plan seemed to work. At different times I noticed cars parked near the pond and people picnicking under the willow trees. "Perhaps," I reflected, "it's true that kindness brings out the best in people." And then came the Fourth of July.

My optimistic neighbor was away over the holiday. The next afternoon he phoned and asked me to go down to the pond, where I found him pacing the stone breast and vibrating with a rage so intense that he simply had to share it.

One of the rustic benches was overturned and an arm broken. The border of rhododendrons had been trampled; a glass of jelly lay where it had smashed on the dam breast. The place was littered with orange and banana peels, eggshells, cardboard boxes, waxy lunch wrappings and the remains of fireworks. What had been a sylvan nook now resembled a cross between a rubbish heap and a lavatory.

"And look!" the owner sputtered, pointing. "My fish!"

Perils of the Hunting Season

The squadron of crimson fish—those long-tailed beauties that used to sail among the lily pads like tiny red galleons—had vanished. This thief must have seen the place earlier and come prepared, for in the rhododendrons lay a discarded fish net made out of a barrel hoop and mosquito netting. In his enthusiasm the wading sportsman had trampled most of the water lilies.

At first we could see only one fish—one that floated near the spillway with its pale belly upward—then we located two more. They were lurking deep under some shadowy willow roots, and they seemed to have lost their fondness for sailing about in the open water.

The green-lettered sign of welcome is gone. When you drive past there today you will see, if you look through the high iron fence, another sign:

PRIVATE PROPERTY!

All trespassers will be prosecuted under Act of April 14, 1905

Thus the decent citizen suffers for the transgressions of the mucker. There undoubtedly were some law-abiding and beauty-loving people among those who visited that pond. It seems reasonable to believe that the majority of motorists are respectable, but the vandals, by their very nature, attract more attention.

To them, nothing is sacred. When the first blossom comes, we know they can't be far behind, and their thieving parallels the calendar. In the earliest weeks it is blossoms and spring flowers that they steal. Summer turns their attention to berries, fruit and vegetables. The first frosts ripen the walnuts and shellbarks, which are then ready to be clubbed to the ground and borne away to the city. And when November brings the gunning season, Attila's hordes descend upon us and devastate the land.

The sound of shots and the yelping of dogs start with the dawn. Many hunters, of course, have the true sportsman's consideration for the lives and property of others. Some of those who annually overrun the country, however, are unfit to handle a loaded weapon. Straying chickens, a cow, even a grandmother, are all in peril when within range of these Nimrods. Such a hunter was the enthusiast who, two years ago, pursued a rabbit to the edge of our yard. There the rabbit suddenly broke cover, the intrepid hunter shut his eyes and blazed away in rapid succession with both barrels. The cottontail escaped, but some of the shot flew across our porch and lodged in a pillar, where it remains to this day; and the gunner, when asked to seek other hunting grounds, delivered a lecture on the vicious snobbery of the land-owning class.

Occasionally, a gunner will come to the owner's house and ask permission to hunt on the property. A man who is decent enough to do this can probably be trusted to do no harm. Such men are hard to refuse, but permission given to one, unfortunately, throws open the property to every passing gunner who sees someone already hunting there. This is the predicament of one of our neighbors who annually invites some friends to hunt on his farm. Strangers see these guests gunning and promptly invade the grounds themselves. The owner finds it difficult to shoo away these newcomers while his friends are allowed to remain. To the intruders this discrimination is puzzling and unfair. "I'm as good as the next fellow," is their slogan, and the difference between a guest and a trespasser apparently never occurs to them.

They Don't Believe in Signs

Certain associations interested in game protection supply rural property owners with no-trespassing signs free of cost. It is only a day's work to post these on fences and tree trunks at fifty-yard intervals around the average farm, thus making it impossible for a trespasser to invade the land without realizing that he is there against the wishes of the owner. This, of course, ought to restrain him, but the truth is that even the most prominent signs are usually ignored unless backed by other forces. To make them effective, a man must be constantly in sight on the premises, or an impassable fence must surround the property.

Everyone has noticed the increasing use of high fences, often topped by barbed wire, in places fronting on motor highways. The people living behind such barricades are not necessarily coddling their social

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In all motor fleet operations, whether buses, trucks, taxis, commercial cars, or other types of vehicles, maintenance of schedules depends on maintenance of equipment . . . Exacting schedules and extreme operating conditions subject the spark plugs to unusual service requirements . . . Many fleet owners have found that Defiance Plugs meet all such unusual demands to an exceptional degree, materially lessening the chance of interruption of schedules and thus contributing to reduction in operating costs.

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PICKLES
SEE WHAT YOU BUY—BUY IN GLASS

. . . Your favorite pickles are safe-packed in Glass

The fine flavor of pickles is elusive and must be carefully guarded in the packing. Sanitary containers of glass are required—and an absolutely air-tight closure. For this reason leading manufacturers use the Anchor C Cap to seal in these subtle taste values. Under its sturdy protection no breath of air, no touch of hand, can reach the contents of the jar to alter their flavor or goodness.

Summer meals are delectably accented by these crisp, spicy pickles! Cooling juicy strips of dill, real old-fashioned pickles. Sweet pickles of all kinds—pearly young onions, mixed pickles, relishes—honest out-and-out sour pickles to suit the most masculine taste.

Order a half-dozen of your favorite kinds from your grocer—and without one worry as to their keeping qualities. The Anchor C Cap, pictured below, is your guarantee. The most extensively used closure on glass packed foods, it is the unfailing sign of the manufacturer's prideful care in maintaining the excellence of his products.

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VERY • EASY • TO • REMOVE

OPENING INSTRUCTIONS — Use your hook bottle opener or Anchor Opener. Place hook well under edge of cap, lift gently at several points.

P6-21
BUY ANCHOR OPENERS FROM YOUR GROCER OR FILL OUT AND RETURN THIS COUPON
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position or trying to create an air of baronial magnificence; they are doing what bankers do with heavy iron window gratings—protecting their property against intrusion and theft.

A man who owns a large acreage in a county adjoining ours recently planted 2000 feet of the roadside with sugar maples, hemlocks and dogwoods. Such a planting, in addition to beautifying private grounds, is a public benefaction. This man is a good judge of trees. He planted only the best, and that kind is expensive. These young trees were carefully selected and are admired by all who see them. They are so much admired that thus far seven of the hemlocks have been dug up and carried away during the night by passing motorists who wanted trees without going through the formality of paying for them. The audacity of this kind of thieving is surprising enough; the more astonishing aspect of it is that there should be any desire in such muddy souls for anything so worthy as a tree. The only plausible explanation is that the theft was committed for the sake of the money that could be got by peddling the stolen goods.

Experience has taught us that a man who owns something himself is likely to respect other people's property. If he has suffered damage to his own holdings, he is inclined to abstain from violating another man's possessions. This attitude is true of some of our visitors from town, but most urban dwellers, once they pass beyond the city limits, have an astonishing habit of regarding all open country as a great public playground.

Perhaps the commonest form of damage done by trespassers is that which so frequently accompanies a picnic in the country. Every year hundreds of thousands of automobile parties drive out into the country and picnic in green, shady places. This in itself does little harm, but so many people annually befoul the premises with rubbish and cause so much damage by theft and fire that farmers cannot be blamed for refusing admission to all alike.

Poison Ivy for Picnickers

One local farmer leaves these picnicking parties unmolested, but observes and notes down the license number of the parked car. When the picnickers have gone, he examines the spot. If all is well, the matter ends there. If the place is littered with trash, he gathers it up, gets the name and address of the car owner through the license-registration bureau, and sends the trash to him by parcel post, supplemented by a polite note announcing the return of his belongings and requesting that he picnic elsewhere in the future.

Another local farmer, with less patience, actually planted numerous poison-ivy roots in several places much favored by picnickers. The plants spread and throve.

"They still picnic on my place," he told me last summer, a glitter in his eye, "but I bet none of 'em come back here a second time."

Owners of rural land, with a deep sympathy for the ancient Egyptian farmer, read in Exodus that "the locusts went up over all the land of Egypt . . . very grievous were they. . . . For they covered the face of the whole earth . . . and they did eat every herb of the land . . . and there remained not any green thing in the trees."

This plague was not eradicated until "the Lord turned a mighty strong west wind, which took away the locusts, and cast them into the Red Sea." In more recent days, cash bounties of so much a bushel of dead locusts have been offered in some of our own states; and in Cyprus the British wiped out a terrible plague, while the creatures were still in the crawling stage, by trapping the marching hordes in smooth-lined ditches, out of which they were unable to crawl. But no west wind of modern velocity would avail against the annual plague of locusts that comes from the city and swarms over the outlying country; it would be illegal to offer a bounty for them, and a ditch, however smoothly lined, would never halt their advance.

Among the ablest writers of all time, the prophet Joel unquestionably ranks high, for he had that rare faculty of drawing the complete picture in a few words. One of his most inspired paragraphs, although he was at the moment describing locusts, gives the best possible description of a more recent plague.

"The land is as the Garden of Eden before them," said Joel, "and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them."

Betrayed by Bottled Evidence

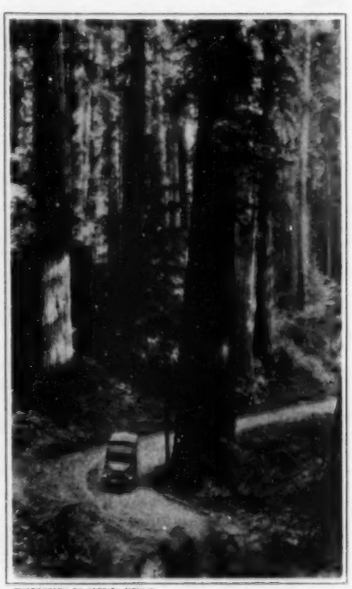
In order to appreciate fully the crime of the motorist from the city who scatters rubbish and ruin in the country, it is necessary to reverse the usual rôles of the two main actors. Picture, for illustration, a farmer walking along a residential street in the city. Picture him as he pushes through a hedge, breaking a few privet plants in the act, and throws his newspaper, an empty cigarette package, and a chewing-gum wrapper on the lawn. Suppose he next goes to the flower bed, snaps off a rose, and then, ignoring the owner in the doorway, helps himself to a handful of candy from a box on the porch. Suppose, finally, that he then saunters away, wearing the rose in his lapel and munching the candy. What would happen?

The city man, of course, would come boiling down from the porch, and the farmer would offer the defense made familiar to him by the city man. He would glare at the owner and accuse him of stinginess and arrogance.

"The rose was just growing there," he would say, "and nobody was eating the candy. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

Would the city man be turned back, speechless, by this logic? No. He would fall upon the farmer and yell for a policeman. He would stand by, an outraged citizen, while the cop hoisted the farmer by the neck into a patrol wagon and hauled him away to be flung into the lockup. And yet a few days later that city man would picnic in a country grove, scatter his rubbish, pluck any available blooms or filch a hatful of fruit, and drive homeward with a blissful conscience.

Only once did I have revenge on such a motorist. This came after I had found three bags of trash that lay just inside our fence.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIEL MOULIN

Near the Graves Grove, Del Norte Coast Park, California

Two were old cement bags and one was a pillow slip which had burst and released an assortment of empty cans and bottles and sweepings. Itching for revenge, I examined the pillow slip. Contrary to the behavior of all linen in murder stories, it revealed no incriminating laundry mark. Then, among the litter, I discovered a clew as complete as an addressed envelope—a clew which anybody would be likely to leave behind in such a case.

I bought a new packing box and put the trash in it—every tomato can, every bottle and every fragment of dusty paper. On the box I painted, in true professional style, the name and address of the consignee. I went to the trouble of checking up on the owner's identity. He lived, I discovered, in a neat suburb. Why he had gone to the trouble of hauling his trash out into the country is still a mystery; perhaps in his suburb there is no daily visit by the ashman; perhaps he hadn't enough cans to hold the three bagfuls of accumulated trash; at any rate, it was presented to us.

For returning his property I selected a Saturday at lunchtime, to be sure of finding him at home. I rode in with our local expressman and the box, charges prepaid. The two of us deposited the box on the immaculate front porch and rang the bell. When the man of the house appeared, we gave only vague mumbles in answer to his surprised inquiries as to the origin of the shipment. We slipped away, with a quarter tip to divide between us; and when I last looked back at the porch the man and his wife, fascinated by the mystery, were happily prying the lid off the box.

I would have gladly given my share of the tip to see the expression on their faces when they discovered its contents. I would have given even more to hear the man's language when he unwrapped the empty bottle which I had conspicuously placed at the top of the rubbish—the bottle which displayed, as empty medicine bottles have a way of displaying, the address of the local drug store, the name of the family doctor, and the name of the man for whom the prescription was compounded.

There have been many attempts on the part of the farmer to combat the unwelcome visitor from the city. The most magnificent plan of all was evolved by a young friend of mine in whose make-up there is a strain of Poe, a touch of Isaac Newton—and a dash of Ananias. This man owns many acres, and in one place his woods extend for a mile along a concrete motor road, providing a site in great demand for picnic parties from the city. These woods were once badly damaged by a fire left smoldering at dusk, which did not increase the young owner's affection for city vandals.

Fastidious Skunks

"The remedy," he once told me, "is skunks."

A few of these animals already lived in his woods along the road, and his plan was to encourage their habitation there, to supply them with food and foster their increase by protection. At first it seemed to me that the proposed remedy was almost as bad as the disease, but under the spell of his eloquence I visualized a regiment of skunks efficiently patrolling the roadside, their deadly equipment in constant readiness for approaching picnickers.

It was a glorious vision. Like many another dream of genius it was, by its own splendor, doomed from the start. I heard about this when the young owner—on a day in which his Ananias streak, perhaps, was in the ascendancy—came over and reported the collapse of his plan.

"Skunks won't do," he announced sadly.

The little animals, he explained, had perversely sought the deeper woods. With an unexpected sensitiveness and discrimination, they had ruined the whole elaborate plan by refusing to associate with the picnickers from the city.

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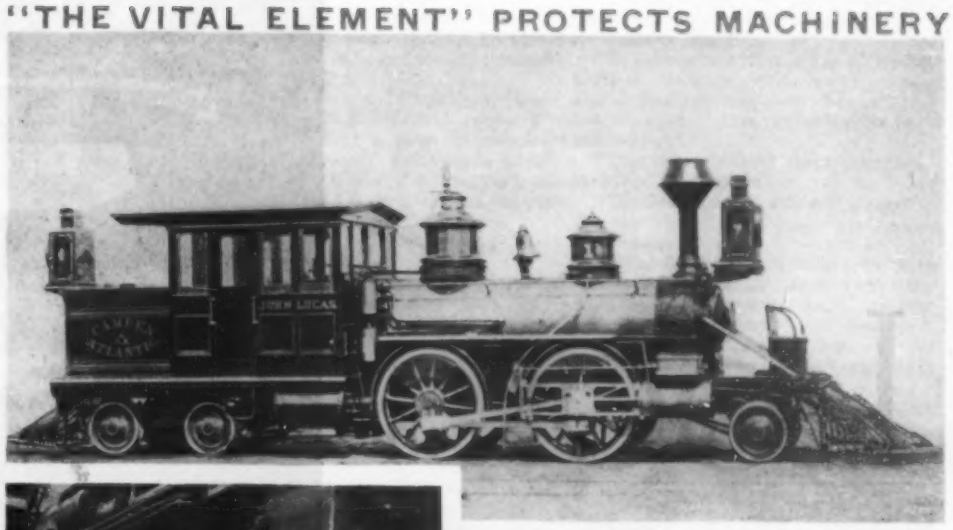

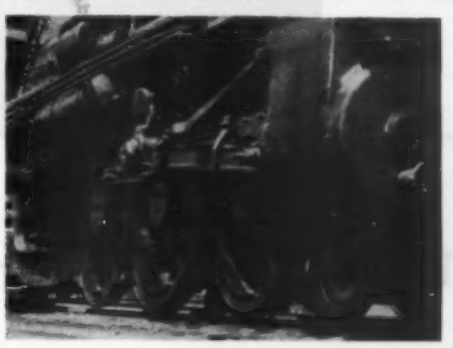

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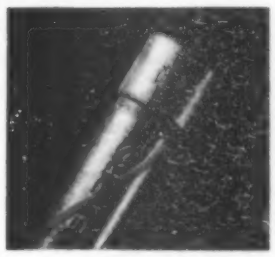

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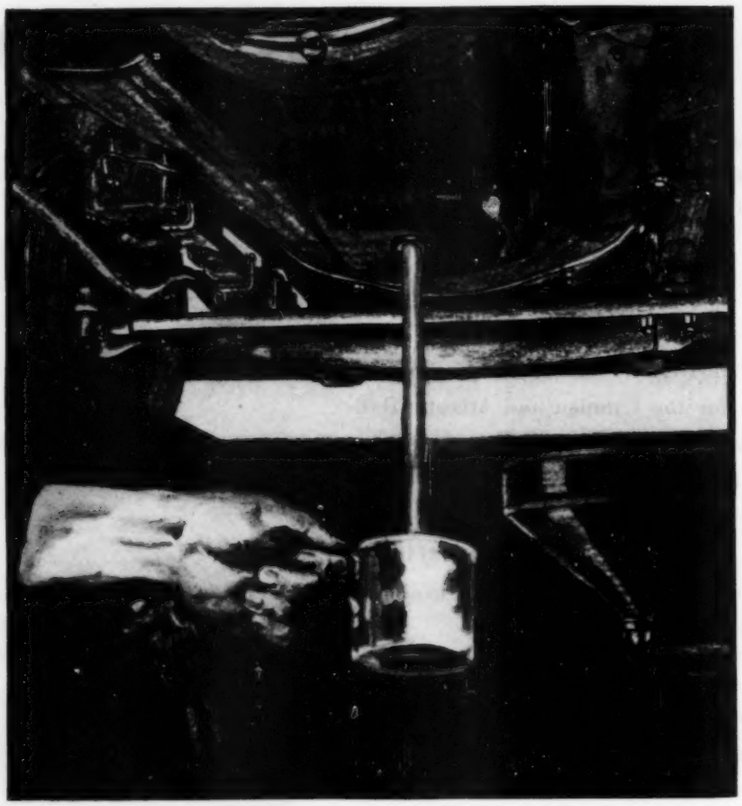

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CHEESE FOR THE TRAP

(Continued from Page 30)

penetrated his masquerade and was able, in some manner mysterious to him, to tell the true Randy Hyde from the false upon all occasions.

From him she had exacted a promise not to follow her after one of their encounters, and he had kept his promise. But here was something different. He had not met her as yet; he merely saw her back proceeding down the Avenue ahead of him, and he felt that his promise did not apply to this particular situation.

Therefore he slackened his pace and remained a hundred feet behind her. She continued down the Avenue to Twentieth Street, turned there to her left across Broadway and Fourth Avenue and along the southerly side of Gramercy Park, and thence down Irving Place to Nineteenth Street—which, as everybody knows, has been rehabilitated into a district of charming residences occupied by people of taste and of moderate means.

Randy's impatience had decreased the distance between himself and Miss Smith to less than forty feet, and he was debating with himself if his gain would be greater by accosting her and so enjoying her society, or by following her to her destination. But the decision was taken from his hands somewhat violently.

A young man, under the average height and very slight, darted in a frantic way out of the house Miss Smith was passing. He was hatless and wore a face of fear. Narrowly he escaped colliding with Miss Smith, but actually did run headlong into Randy, who clasped the flying figure automatically and almost as automatically reached down and wrenched an automatic revolver from the young man's clutching fingers.

"Naughty! Naughty!" said Randy gravely. "Why the armed invasion? Why the headlong speed? Halt, friend, and give the countersign."

Over the young man's head—for Randy was of excellent stature—he saw that Miss Smith had stopped and turned. Randy smiled at her and nodded.

"Come see what I got out of the grab bag," he said amiably; and then, as his prisoner struggled to tear himself away: "No. No. Young men who gallop about with guns must account for their eccentricities. Where's the body?"

"In there!" said the young man in a choked, terrified voice. "In there!"

"Ah," said Randy, suddenly grave. "There is a body, eh? And did you create it?"

"No! No! Let me go! Let me go!"

Miss Smith stood beside them now, and Randy lifted his brows. "I think you'd better proceed about your various occasions," he said. "This young citizen has a private body within. It becomes no place for a lady."

Miss Smith could be very direct when it suited her. "I saw a gun in his hand," she said.

"I have it," Randy replied.

She looked at the wilted young man. "Did you shoot someone?" she asked.

"No! Oh, I didn't! I didn't! I—I found him lying there."

"He doesn't look like the First Murderer," said Randy. "So, if you'll proceed upon your way, Miss Smith, I will enter and observe."

"Poor boy! He's frightened to death. I'll come too."

Randy shrugged his shoulders. His previous encounters with Miss Smith had taught him the futility of attempting to dissuade her from a determined course. "Lead on, suspect," he said to the young man, but did not loosen his grip upon an arm.

The captive was docile, seemed sunk in a sort of hopeless lethargy, and made no resistance when Randy led him to the open door.

"Where?" Randy asked.

"In the library," said the young man.

They mounted the stairs to the floor above. "Better leave this to me," he said to Miss Smith, but she compressed her lips and followed. They entered by the open half of a double door and saw, sprawled upon the rug, the heavy body of a man whose gray hair announced him to be well past middle age.

"Will you stand without hitching?" Randy asked his prisoner.

The prisoner nodded and then sank into a chair with an air of lethargy, of hopelessness, of numb despair which was pitiful to see.

Randy bent over the body without touching it. "Looks to be sixty," he said. "Not a pleasant face, even at its best, I should judge. Who is he?"

"His name," said the young man, "is Junius M. Baker."

"Ah," said Randy, and lifted his brows, for the name was not unknown to the public of New York as that of a man of wealth, of eccentricity, a figure in the city's night life who missed few first nights and preferred the associations of cabarets to those of Fifth Avenue. "And you?" Randy went on.

"I'm his nephew."

"Got a name?"

"Harold Shaw."

"Live here?"

"I—I was his secretary."

"Any other family?"

"None."

"Where are the servants?"

Young Shaw looked about him vaguely. "Servants? I don't know."

Randy got to his feet, walked to young Shaw and shook him with some vigor. "You will now become reasonably intelligent," he said. "It might be a swell idea if you became abnormally intelligent. We have here a dead uncle to explain, and a nephew who runs out upon the sidewalk, wild-eyed, with a gun in his hand. The thing you've got to explain yourself away from is an uncomfortable chair up the river. Now tell about it."

Harold Shaw looked up at him as a doomed sheep might look at its executioner.

"Everybody will think I did it," he said.

"Exactly. But did you?"

"I found him so. I came in from the bank, where he had sent me, and he lay there. He was warm. I touched him. Then I was afraid and ran out into the street."

"With the gun in your hand."

"I must have picked it up. I don't remember."

"He sent you to the bank?"

"Yes, to cash a check. It was a check for five thousand dollars."

"Did he usually cash checks for such large amounts?"

"I never saw one so large before."

"Then you have five thousand dollars in your pocket?"

Young Shaw's hand went to the inside of his coat; then his eyes traveled to the desk top. "No. I—I had it in my hand as I came into the room. I put it there."

"There is no money there," said Randy gravely. "How would it disappear? Someone must have taken it. In the few minutes since you found the body and ran out to collide with me, some third person must have entered this room and taken the money. Do you expect me to believe that, Shaw?"

"No," said the young man.

"It would mean someone else was in the house. Who else is in the house?"

"I don't know. The servants were two Filipino boys. Uncle discharged them last night."

"Why do you say everyone will think you killed him?"

"Because they know how he treated me."

"And how did he treat you?" asked Randy.

The young man's face quivered. "He—I was like a slave. He used to gibe at me, with people looking on, until I couldn't bear it. Then he would say, 'He'd like to kill me. He hates me. He'd like to creep in when I'm asleep and kill me. But he hasn't got the guts.' And then, sometimes, he would strike me with his open hand."

"Why did you stay?" asked Randy. "There's a great deal of world outside this house."

"I don't know. I guess I was used to it. I wouldn't know where to go."

Miss Smith nodded her head. "I think I understand," she said. "I think I understand both your uncle and you. I think he deserved to die."

"He used to say, 'There's my heir. There's old Junius Baker's heir. Look at it! That's what's going to have the spending of old Junius' money.' And then he would laugh and say: 'Maybe, if he's got the guts to kill me before I make a will and leave it to a dog hospital.'"

"What about the girl?" asked Miss Smith.

"How did you know?"

"Because somebody always finds a stray kitten," said Miss Smith. "Did your uncle know about her?"

"No. I—I think I was going to run away with her. She made me promise. I think I could have done it too."

"So you had saved up some money?" asked Randy. "Get-away money, as they call it."

"No, not a penny. He never gave me any except for bare necessities."

"So, on top of the rest of it, you needed money now to go away with this girl." Randy compressed his lips. "Boy, if you didn't do it, you certainly have gone out of your way to pile up circumstances to convict you."

"He didn't," said Miss Smith. "He didn't kill that man."

"No," said Randy, "I don't think he did. The evidence is too conclusive. But what next?"

"The police must be notified," she said. "That can't be escaped."

"And Shaw must do it immediately. But first we put down the gun, so—after wiping it clean of fingerprints. We'll ride that far with him. Then he keeps his mouth clamped very, very shut, except to tell of the finding of the body. And you and I, Miss Smith, clear out of this. Because it looks to me as if I had to meddle, and with a free hand, if we're going to avert a miscarriage of justice."

"Don't leave me alone with him," Shaw begged.

"Now," said Randy, "is the time for you to acquire some of that commodity your uncle said you lacked. We vanish. But we will be in the offing. Of course they will arrest you. You must be prepared for that. A lawyer will be waiting for you that you can trust. Trust him. Now telephone."

Shaw walked unsteadily to the desk and lifted the receiver. "Police," he said into the mouthpiece, and then, when the connection was made: "Junius M. Baker has been shot in his home. He is dead." Then he gave the address. In his hopeless voice it sounded like some routine business report.

"Now we skedaddle," said Randy. "Good luck and keep your mouth shut."

"And," said Miss Smith, "don't give up hope. If only you knew it, you've found a pretty powerful friend."

They did not linger, because the police are sometimes swift; and presently, from a spot a couple of blocks away, they took a taxicab northward.

"Luncheon comes first," said Randy.

"You were following me," said Miss Smith.

"Yes, indeed."

"You are not to do so again. You will promise. When you see me you will either come to me at once, or, if you do not care for my company, you will go away. If you do not promise, I shall not permit myself to be seen again."

"In that case," said Randy, "I give you my word. Reluctantly and under duress, but I give it."

"Thank you, Randy," she said, and he was elated, for this was the first time she ever had addressed him by his given name. But—and perhaps fortunately for him—he understood that it would not be wise to comment upon this concession.

"The next thing," he said thoughtfully, "is to wait for the afternoon papers."

"Papers? Why?"

"To get biography," said Randy. "After a murder like this they'll have all the gossip and all the hints—and some place we'll find a starting point. Always provided we have guessed right."

"That poor little man never killed him," said Miss Smith positively.

"The five thousand dollars is a point to consider."

"Naturally."

"Either Shaw was lying to us or the murderer remained in that house and was there when Shaw ran into the street. In that case, he probably was there, concealed, while we were in the room. And why five thousand dollars anyhow? So much cash signifies something."

Randy directed the driver to stop at an inconspicuous eating place in the Forties, and here they lunched unhurriedly.

"You should not mix yourself in such matters as this," Miss Smith said presently.

"And why?"

"After all, you are Randy Hyde—one of the richest young men in the world. You are a natural prey. At best, it's dangerous for you to go scampering about the way you do; and it's positively suicidal to thrust yourself into the very laps of hardened criminals."

"Why should I be deprived of reasonable pleasures because I have more money than most people?"

"Reasonable pleasures! I love your idea of reasonable. Sometime you are certain to be recognized, and then ——"

"Somehow I can't get it settled in my mind that it will be worse for something to happen to me than to the policeman on the beat, or to the milkman or the butcher. We all have one life and one set of arms and legs."

"It's very different," she said severely. "They haven't a billion dollars to invite every crook and criminal. The risks you run are multiplied a thousand times."

"And so, maybe, is the fun," said Randy. "Which, naturally, brings us to a change of subject—namely, yourself. When, if ever, do we establish our friendship on a more normal basis? When do I know you as other young men know young women? When do we give up this hit-or-miss business?"

"Possibly never."

"And why?"

"Haven't I discussed all that intelligently? I'm a poor but honest young woman; you are one of the richest young men in America. That's the answer. I'm taking no chances, thank you."

He sat silent for a time, regarding his plate with the eyes of a disappointed boy.

"Don't sulk," said Miss Smith.

"I'm not," said Randy. "I'm just letting my heart bleed in silence." Then he laughed. "I rather fancy Mr. Wagg had to listen this morning to a lecture on matrimony. Of course you know they are urging me to marry."

"A Miss de Senlis, I think you said."

"And, apparently, she has no more appetite for it than I. I wonder what Wanger thought after an interview with Wagg. Probably he's considering having me committed to an asylum."

"Listen!" exclaimed Miss Smith, lifting a monitory hand.

"The story is out," said Randy, and beckoned a waiter. "Please get me all the afternoon papers," he said.

(Continued on Page 132)

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AS WORN BY DOROTHY MACKAILL
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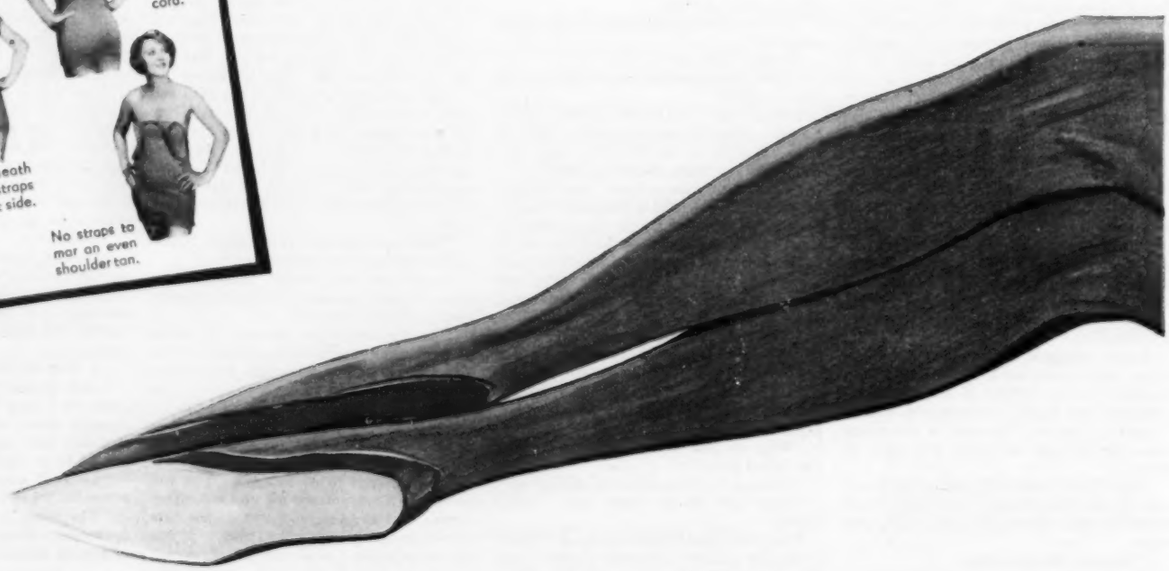

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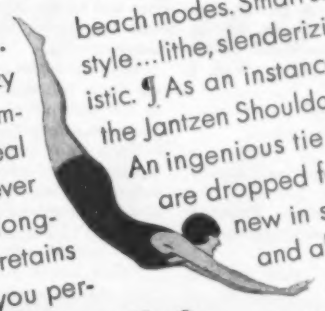

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(Continued from Page 119)

The story was there, indeed. It flared from the front pages under black headlines, and once more the city was gripped by a mystery and a sensation.

"They've arrested no one," Randy said, "but Harold Shaw is being held as a material witness. Um-m. The usual thing. *Bon vivant!* Well known to habitués of the Tenderloin! Ah, here we have something: Regular table at the Club Della Robbia. To be found there nightly. Supposed to be its backer. Questioned some months ago, after the suicide of a well-known actress. Lots to read between the lines, eh? Seems to have been rather a blighter. Well, it gives us a starting point."

"This Club Della Robbia?"

"Precisely."

"It's not a nice place."

"Such intimate knowledge," said Randy, "bespeaks a misspent life. I, in my innocence, never heard of it before. Therefore I shall visit it tonight and complete my education."

"I," said Miss Smith, "shall go with you—if I'm asked nicely. Otherwise, of course, I find an escort of my own and go anyhow."

"Perhaps," he suggested, "we will go to the theater first."

She shook her head. "No. I shall be occupied. But at eleven you may call for me."

He beamed. "Not really? You're not being wonderfully wonderful and giving me your address?"

"Plenty of address for the purpose," she said. "The Plaza at eleven." Her eyes twinkled. "And I hope Miss de Senlis doesn't like your meeting young women in public places."

"Neither," said Randy, "will the Queen of Rumania."

"Nevertheless"—and Miss Smith's eyes brimmed with mirth—"I have my opinion. You will marry Miss de Senlis."

"Nonsense," said Randy.

"Within the year," countered Miss Smith.

"You make the old sporting blood boil," Randy said. "A bet is indicated."

"I'm attentive."

"Whatever you like, against your name, address and permission to call."

"Whatever I like?"

"To the half of my kingdom," said Randy.

"You put yourself at the mercy of a dangerous woman. Very well then; my name and address, with welcome on the doormat, against—Smithfield Wagg."

"And what would you do with Waggy?"

"Abolish him," said Miss Smith.

"Done," Randy agreed.

"Now," she said, moving back from the table, "I must go. If you will put me in a cab ——"

Randy parted with her at the curb. "Eleven o'clock at the Plaza," he said.

"On the dot," she answered.

During the afternoon Randy saw to it that Harold Shaw was equipped with legal counsel, reserved a table at the Club Della Robbia and spent some silent hours in the library considering the matter at hand. His ratiocinations brought him to one conclusion—not a soothing one—and for the first time he regretted seriously that Miss Smith was to be his companion that evening. The conclusion was this:

If Harold Shaw drew a sum of money from the bank; if he left it on Junius M. Baker's desk when he fled, wild-eyed, into the street; if it was missing when the three entered the room, then the murderer was in the house. If he was in the house, he had been watching Shaw. He saw Shaw return with two strangers and he saw their faces and, possibly, heard their talk in the library.

If this conclusion were fact, then a human being who did not hesitate at ruthless murder was aware that he and Miss Smith had intervened in his affairs. They were known to him; he was unknown to them. The possibilities of this condition were sinister.

Nevertheless it must be gone through with. Miss Smith would not be dissuaded from accompanying him to the point of danger—if, indeed, the Della Robbia was the point of danger. So there remained only to take such precautions as his adroitness might contrive.

At 11:30 Randy and Miss Smith occupied a table in that airless room, decorated as a dealer in illicit liquids visioned that Luca della Robbia would have decorated it. The place was commencing to fill with men and women in evening clothes—women who were young and gentlemen who were not so young.

Their table was beside the polished dancing floor; the skillful orchestra was giving to the patrons of the place examples of those moaning minors which New York believes to be music; hostesses were moving in and out among the tables, greeting *habitués de maison*, and the cabaret was about to commence.

"I don't like it. I don't like your coming here," said Miss Smith in guarded tones.

"How about yourself?" Randy asked. "Are you impervious to this and that, including the bullets of gunmen and the slings and arrows of the outrageous underworld?"

Her only reply to this was a lift of the shoulders and an upward twist of the corners of the mouth which set Randy's heart to thumping pleasantly.

"It was just an idea. I'm no detective. I've not the instinct for footprints and cigar ash and reading the whole story from a dropped suspender button. I knew I couldn't find the criminal, so my only expedient was to allow the criminal to find me."

"It sounds silly," she said.

"And probably is. But there's the idea: If the murderer was in Junius Baker's house when we entered it, then he saw me. If he sees me again snooping in Baker's tracks, he'll be irritated. And Baker's tracks are all over this place of innocent diversions. Hence I tie myself to a stake and bleat in the glad hope the tiger will spring."

"If it's suicide you want, drowning is said to be pleasant."

"Now, for instance, if I start asking impertinent questions about Baker ——"

"You'll occupy a niche in the morgue."

Randy sighed. "It's the best I can do. I couldn't think of anything else."

"Foolhardy," said Miss Smith sharply.

"The same to you, lady, and many of them."

It was at that moment that one of the hostesses passed their table. She was a slender, flamboyant young woman with knowing eyes and a face which indicated that the instinct of self-preservation was well developed. As she passed she spoke, but without looking at them or turning her face toward them. Her frock brushed Randy's elbow as, without change of expression, she said, between lips which seemed not to move:

"Beat it out of here, you sap! Quick!"

Randy sighed and made a wry face at his companion. "What a welcome!" he exclaimed.

"You needn't be nosey about Junius Baker," she said dryly. "You seem to be sufficiently advertised. Well?"

"It wouldn't be economy to go so soon. There's the exorbitant *couvert* charge. We haven't had the worth of our money yet."

"You are," said Miss Smith, "a plain idiot."

"Not plain—fancy," Randy said.

The orchestra leader was making an announcement; at the end, and as the chorus was making its noisy entrance, Randy got to his feet.

"You'll excuse me for a moment, won't you?" he asked.

"I don't exactly like being left alone," said Miss Smith.

"You're not," Randy said somewhat cryptically, and moved off nonchalantly toward the cloakroom. Almost instantly he returned and took his seat.

"Well?" exclaimed Miss Smith.

"I have not," said Mr. Smithfield Wagg, "had the honor of your acquaintance. I am not accustomed to such places as this, nor do they entertain me. I suppose this is a night club. Doubtless worthy of study as a social phenomenon, but exceedingly boring to the intelligent mind."

Miss Smith gasped, but recovered her poise immediately. Her heart was beating and she was conscious of a tenseness, an excitement as if events marched to a climax.

"I've an idea even an intelligent mind may not be bored tonight," she said dryly, and looked around the room for Randy. He was not visible. She saw emerge, through the entrance made use of by the performers, a youngish man in evening clothes, and her eyes were held by his face. It was set, strained, and to her it seemed ghastly pale. His eyes, glittering, rested a moment upon her face, and she felt as if the room suddenly had gone cold. This man moved away from the entrance and commenced, with a curious, catlike movement, to skirt the garishly decorated wall.

Then, startlingly, the place was dark. There were little screams, bursts of nervous laughter. The orchestra continued to play noisily. On all sides of her, chairs were pushed back and feet shuffled upon the floor. Miss Smith half arose from her chair, but an unseen hand pushed her down ungently. In the blackness she heard a muffled curse, the impact of bodies and a queer, soft, venomous sound which she could not identify.

Then lights surrounded her—beams of radiance with her table as a center—and Randy Hyde's voice saying, "Hold everything. I seem to have a friend."

Half a dozen large men stood about her table, their backs toward it, and between them she saw the man with the pallid face, his arms locked behind him in Randy Hyde's grasp, an automatic revolver, with a silencer affixed to its muzzle, in his hand.

"I'm through with him," Randy said in his habitual jaunty voice. "Come help me let loose of him."

The six surrounding men in evening clothes closed about the man with the pallid face. The lights went on and Randy smiled across at her.

"The bleating of the lamb," he said, quoting Mr. Kipling, "attracts the tiger. Got him, inspector?" He turned to Miss Smith apologetically. "It did seem," he said, "as if the police were indicated. From now on we can leave it to them. They can ask silly questions of Mr. Fry—who is the proprietor of this charming club. He will be delighted to explain to them why he wished urgently to shoot a couple of guests with a silent gun."

"We'll ask, all right," said Inspector Mack. "We've got this gun racket on him anyhow; and if we can't tie the Baker killing to his tail, it'll be our fault."

"Precisely," said Randy, "and thank you for the nice bodyguard and everything. In addition, I think you'll find the blond hostess knows considerable and will talk."

"On your way," directed the inspector, and the little group moved out of the room, jostling dazed guests who had got more entertainment than they had expected or had paid for.

"You understand," said Randy as they debouched upon the street, "that I don't appear in this."

"Won't be necessary," said the inspector. "Obliged. Good night."

Randy grinned at Miss Smith. "My car," he said. "Am I to drive you home?"

"To the Plaza," she said with eyes alight. And then: "Mr. Wagg was burdened with ennui. . . . Are you still bored, Mr. Wagg?"

"I am somewhat dazed," he said. "May I ask what took place?"

"On the off chance," said Randy, "that there was a mouse about, we put cheese in the trap. And the mouse nibbled."

Two officers in plain clothes came out of the club and spoke to the inspector, who stepped across to Randy with an envelope in his hand.

(Continued on Page 125)

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(Continued from Page 122)

"Guess this makes it easy," he said. "The boys got it out of a side drawer in Fry's desk. Five thousand in bills in an envelope from Baker's bank. Let him explain that away."

"Swell," said Randy, "and you're turning young Shaw loose?"

"Pronto," said the inspector. "Good night to you."

Randy helped Miss Smith into his car and waited for Smithfield Wagg to enter. "To the Plaza," he said to his driver, and then to Miss Smith: "No relenting?"

"None. Remember our bet."

"That bet," said Randy, "has destroyed the last chance of Miss de Senlis to become my blushing bride."

"Er," interjected Smithfield—"I took that matter up with Mr. Wanger. He pointed out the many benefits arising from your union, and, exercising my best judgment, I agreed on your behalf."

"What?" exclaimed Randy.

Miss Smith laughed a lovely, rippling laugh. "How," she asked, "does it feel to be engaged by proxy?"

"Heaven save honest people," said Randy, "from the man with good intentions!"

The car was stopping. "Good night," said Miss Smith, and extended her hand in mock congratulation. "Remember, an engaged man must conduct himself with circumspection."

"But wait!" exclaimed Randy Hyde. "I say, tell me when am I going to see you again?"

"That," she said merrily, "is on the knees of the gods."

THE BOY IN ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 35)

He saw no reason why he should continue his college courses, and accepted a splendid position with an insurance house. The fact that the president of the company was a former graduate of his high school and a wildly enthusiastic athletics follower did not make him realize that this had been responsible for the offer. Johnny sincerely believed that the company could not get along without him. For a short time he was a success in his financial venture. He underwrote many friends of his school and those who had admired him in athletics. This lasted about two years. Then other football and track heroes loomed on the horizon and his clients became interested in them.

Unfortunately for himself, during that time when he had basked in the glamour of a nationally known name, he had not learned the business or prepared himself to carry on without his athletic prestige. When the day came that his name no longer meant anything in a financial way, the company politely accepted his resignation.

Johnny found himself in a worse position than if he had never been a famous athlete. He was too proud to go back to college, and could see no sense in slaving away at a job. Even if he was successful, he could hardly expect to attain the position which he had formerly held. Boys of his own age who had not been champion athletes were already climbing the ladder of achievement, while he had not even advanced to the first rung. The bubble had burst, and though he had been equal to battling his way down the field with a football under his arm, he did not possess the courage to start all over again and build, at the expense of personal humiliation, a solid foundation upon which to plan his life. He was a failure, and became an "athletic bum." The term is not always applied to just those who find themselves in Johnny's position. It is used to describe young athletes who lead a hand-to-mouth existence by cashing in upon their physical ability without striving toward a worthwhile goal. Every educational institution has its quota and every club its collection. One morning not long ago I sat in the office of a head master of one of our finest preparatory schools. He read me several letters from outstanding young athletes who wanted to enter his school. They furnished references about themselves, and their scholastic marks were good enough for entrance. But in every case the boys went into detail about what they had done in athletics and hinted that they were open to favorable propositions. The head master dismissed all these applications by saying, "We are not interested in developing athletic bums."

Victory at Any Cost!

Unfortunately, there are many schools in this country today which are. These youngsters with natural athletic ability are given scholarships and often furnished with a little money on the side, or an easy job, just because they can play football better or run faster than the athletes of a rival school. Offhand, one would figure that it would cost too much money to acquire enough of these traveling athletes for a championship team. As a matter of fact, three good men can make a high-school eleven. Indeed, that number has been sufficient to win national championships, while sectional titles have sometimes been captured with just one outstanding star, as in the case of Johnny in the little Middle Western high school. Coaches appreciate this, and very often go to almost any length in order to secure such a player. How they use these boys when once they find them is sometimes almost unbelievable.

It has been customary in some preparatory schools, both in boxing and in wrestling, to have youngsters train down to certain weights for their athletic bouts. One institution had not lost a wrestling championship in many years. The head master of that school became suspicious and investigated. He discovered that without exception the coach had each boy wrestle at a weight which was at least one class beneath him. The physical effects of such reduction, which means in many cases virtual starvation for several days before the event, as well as sweating and drying out, are often harmful. The boy who barely makes weight at ten A.M. will wrestle in the evening five to ten pounds heavier. Such sacrifices are made in the name of sports and for the sake of team and individual victories, and sometimes pay well in the matter of gate receipts, swelling the athletic funds of our larger preparatory schools and high schools, and gaining them such national reputations that boys all over the country have an intense desire to compete under their colors.

Such concentrated sports interest leads to intersectional competition, particularly in football, basket ball and track. And there are many things which may be said in favor of it. Good sportsmanship is promoted through ideals and practice, and opportunities are afforded boys for travel and other experiences and contacts that are of high educational value. Intersectional contests bring together young men from all corners of the nation and instill them with a friendliness that serves as a basis for good will and real patriotism. Sectional pride is developed in those places where great teams are produced, and schools and communities that might otherwise never be heard of are brought into public notice.

Though all this is undoubtedly accomplished, intersectional competition has had a harmful physical effect upon many of the participants, and has overemphasized interscholastic sports. Boys have been given an exaggerated idea of their own importance, and have sometimes looked upon their school work as only a means for achieving athletic fame.

Instead of having just one or two big games, it becomes necessary, for the sake of producing a sectional and state winner, to hold eight and even sometimes as many as twelve football contests in order to find a representative champion, while in basket ball, which is even more strenuous, a still heavier schedule is enforced.

Football excitement is no longer confined to one week each year, but lasts from late September until December. Indeed, in the West, football interest sometimes is sustained in the schools until the Christmas-holiday period. California holds not only county and sectional play-offs, but these respective winners meet each other for the state championship, and the state champion very often plays the winner of another state—Washington, Texas, or even a Middle Western or Eastern school—and by the time all these games are completed Christmas has rolled around. The effect of this prolonged season is harmful not only to the athletes who are engaged in the games but to the youthful spectators as well. Hundreds of students, besides the team members, travel from place to place, losing days from their studies in order to watch the games, and on entirely too many of these treks two or three are killed in auto accidents. This regrettable fact is recorded in the newspapers, but forgotten almost immediately. "The game is the thing!" Further, the school work of these boys, absent on Friday and Saturday and fatigued on Monday, amounts to just about zero during at least one half a week.

In order to remove the championship element of scholastic competition, the state of New York does not allow the coaches of its various public-school teams to have anything to do with the players after a game has once got under way. The captain or leader of the team is responsible. He even makes the substitutions. This system undoubtedly cuts down the efficiency of the team and automatically makes sport less a business. It is doubtful if the boys in the game are fully capable of handling all situations without the advice of a coach. But at any rate, it is a step in the right direction away from concentrated competition.

DRAWN BY MARGE

"Gee, Dot, I Met the Cutest Boy at the Party Tonight. He Certainly Made a Big Impression on Me!"

"Yeh; So I Noticed—and Let Me Tell You, You'd Better Wash it Off Your Back Before Mamma Sees It!"

Athletics in the A. E. F.

This same move is also being fostered by leading preparatory schools. In all sections of the country, intramural athletics are playing a more definite part, for schoolmen are commencing to realize that the specialization essential for winning today not only makes the athletic squad small but virtually eliminates those boys who might be materially benefited by not too strenuous competition. Class and club teams are being emphasized, and some private schools already have decided to have only one or two football games and track meets with traditional rivals. The rest of the sports year is being spent in intramural competition.

When General Pershing, after the World War, decided to hold the Inter-Allied Games he did so with one purpose in mind—namely, to give every Army man a chance to try out in some event for which he was best fitted. It did not make any difference to the general whether that soldier boy was a champion or not. He wanted him to gain recreation and wholesome physical exercise and development out of sports. This purpose was accomplished, and along with it was developed an incentive for further distinction. The man who was the best in his squad in some particular competition was given the chance to meet the winner of another squad; then the squad victor tried for the company championship, and the battalion championship, and so on, until at last the American Expeditionary Force champion had been established in each field of athletic endeavor, and these boys represented our country against the Allied nations, who had been doing the same thing. Pershing's idea is identical with the new program being installed in some of our preparatory schools, so that each boy will have his chance and at the same time the incentive to represent his school in the one or two outside traditional games against ancient rivals.

The true purpose of athletics today is to serve as a means toward an end, and not an end in itself. As long as school spirit, healthy rivalry, physical stamina, courage and sportsmanship are developed in athletics, games will be serving a justifiable purpose. Preparatory athletics are not a business; they are a pleasure.

It went 47,892

Here's a "Strip-away" Picture that

Actual Photograph Reveals what Engineers Found when they Looked Inside this Record Breaking Silvertown

FORTY-SEVEN thousand miles! That's nearly twice the distance around the world! Twenty-five hundred hours on the road! That's more time than you'll spend behind the wheel in 200 week-ends of driving!

Yet this Silvertown, a *stock* Silvertown, traveled that far, spent that many hours in service . . . and mastered all kinds of roads in doing it.

Something more than luck is back of such performance. Something in Silvertowns gives them the ability to go farther. What is it?

Here's the answer . . . in the big picture at your right. It's an actual photograph of a section cut from a *stock* Silvertown which went 47,892 miles with the Goodrich Silver Fleet. It's been cut down to show what this Silvertown looks like *inside* after such performance.

Study the arrows, and you'll see four points to be remembered . . .

ONE . . . there's still mileage left. At no point on the tread was fabric showing through when the tire was removed from service. And the tread rubber was still firm, resilient. Water-curing is responsible for that.

TWO . . . there is not the slightest sign of tread separation. Every ply is still firmly anchored to its neighbor . . . each cord still encased in gum. Water-curing plays its part there, too.

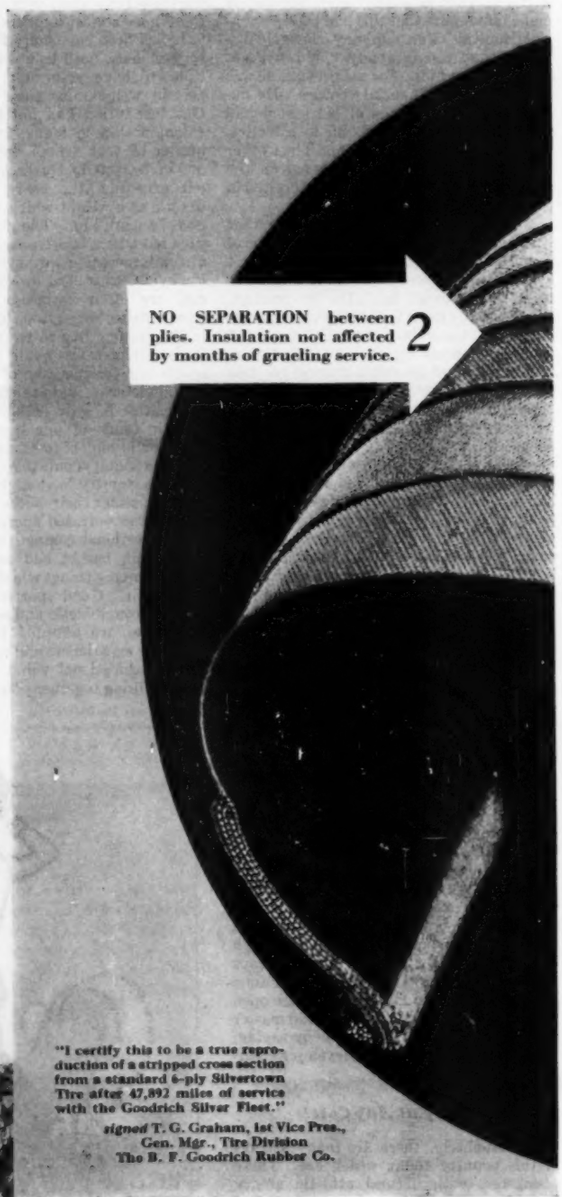
THREE . . . each cord is still in perfect alignment and position. No distortion, no weakening, no indications of internal friction. Goodrich weftless cord makes this possible.

FOUR . . . beads are still solid and firm and perfectly anchored. Every strand of wire is completely encased in rubber. There are no signs of chafing because chafing action is impossible with Goodrich bead design.

No, it's no accident, then, when Silvertowns pile up mileage such as this. There are good reasons for their durability, stamina, ability to take punishment. And those same reasons . . . water-curing, weftless cord, exacting care in manufacture . . . stand behind the performance of every Silvertown produced.

Your Goodrich dealer has Silvertowns identical to the ones that made this record.

See this dealer. See his tires. See what his prices are. You'll find them surprisingly low . . . for Silvertowns cost no more than any other first-grade tire in spite of their ability to out-perform. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Calif. *In Canada:* Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ontario.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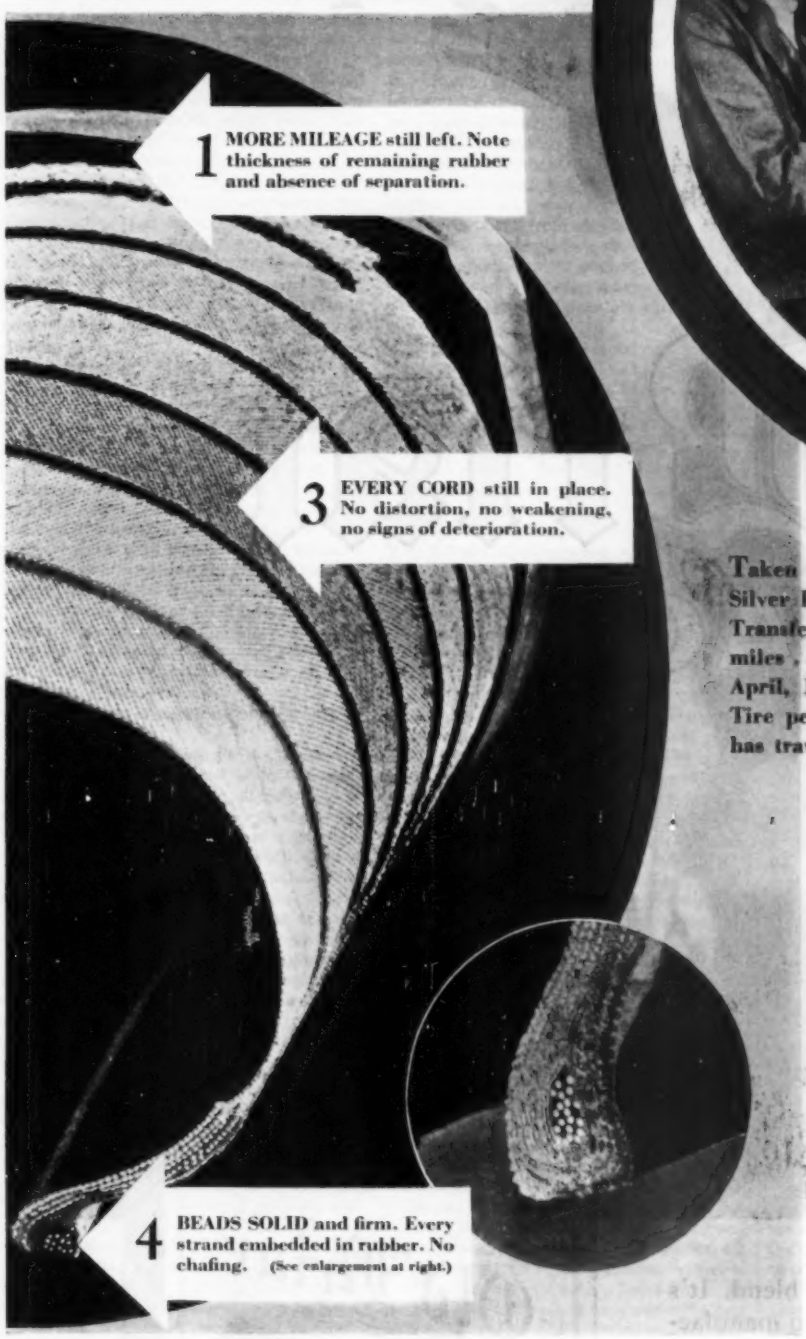
1 MORE MILEAGE still left. Note thickness of remaining rubber and absence of separation.
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15 cents

GUNMAN

(Continued from Page 5)

Great as his organization might be, tremendous as was his investment, he had no recourse for protection to anything but what is called muscle in the parlance. The courts were closed to him. He himself was beyond the law, and he survived, therefore, only with self-made law and self-made enforcement. He never could cry help. He must always wage secret and violent war.

This room met several of the requirements of such a program. In it he planned the trials of those who violated his pronouncements. Through these trials he hoped to stabilize his organization and consolidate his position. As a result of them, he was to apprise his lieutenants of his own majestic powers. For when Antonio sentenced, he could sentence only to death. And he deemed it well that the implements of death should be perfectly obvious to the accused who faced him.

Inside the house itself, Rosy had held full sway. The ancient ballroom of the mansion was a veritable poppy field. Red and gold were the dominant colors. Brilliant brocaded portières hung about quaint French windows. But they hung well inside the room, to make space for armor-plate-steel shutters that operated automatically.

The remodeled dining room was in blue and gold, and the steel-shuttered windows dropped to a depth no less than eight feet above the floor. Those dining in the room were never visible to anyone outside the house.

The sleeping quarters set aside for the family were incased literally in a steel vault. Sliding armored doors operated electrically. The plaster on the walls concealed half-inch armor plates with the ability to resist not only concentrated machine-gun fire but flames as well. The floors were reënforced concrete, which, so to speak, could laugh in the face of a bursting pineapple. But they were covered with costly rugs of brilliant hue, and on the walls of the rooms hung oils portraying Biblical history.

The garage out behind the home was of reënforced concrete and armor-plate construction. It stood two stories above the ground and one full cellar beneath. At the back there was an exit from this cellar which had been excavated from the natural hillside.

The normal entrance to the front was on the second floor, and only the most careful inspection would have disclosed the existence of the basement. From the secret room under the house a tunnel led to this basement of the garage, and both ends of this tunnel were cunningly concealed in the stone foundations of the buildings.

Antonio had planned thoroughly and well. Under the garage a murder car could be transformed in no time. Its original appearance in a matter of hours would fade under a modern paint-spraying system. Its numbered cylinder head could be replaced; its fenders could be changed and its tires and wheels disposed of in expeditious secrecy.

So, when the family moved in, Antonio was satisfied. And Rosy and the children, in hazy disregard of the catacomb over which they lived, were delighted. The black-eyed children played about the spacious lawns, and the pudgy wife brought friends from the tenement section and showed them the red and gold furniture and the brilliant rugs.

Antonio was understood to be a wholesale dealer in eggs. And he did, in fact, operate such a commission office as a blind for his real activities. As general manager of this legitimate business he had a trusted lieutenant. As salesmen he used gangsters who made it clear to wholesale purchasers that real economy lay in avoiding the hazards of buying from Antonio's competitors. Such purchases led to damaged property, death threats and general pandemonium. So Antonio's egg business was a success.

Antonio was prosperous and, after the fashion of his kind, happy. When the new home was settled he promptly recognized his first obligation, and to his house warming invited numerous of his more trusted lieutenants and about a dozen members of the political machine through which he secured his protection.

For this occasion he confined his family to the well-protected sleeping quarters, and his guests had the run of the house. They admired it fulsomely. They expressed due appreciation of the tremendous sum invested, and though most of them remained in ignorance of the secret room and tunnel, they stood in perfect admiration of the concrete and steel floor, the armor-plated walls and the steel-shuttered windows.

As host Antonio was at his best. His table was laden with viands. Hors d'œuvres of the rarest and costliest nature were bountifully provided. Champagne, sauterne, sparkling Burgundy and Chianti were plentiful. And for those of less cultured taste there was Scotch or rye or Bourbon whisky. For the truly plebeian, ale and beer were to be had in unending quantities.

A staff of caterers served excellent *minestrone* with finely grated cheese. There followed a bounteous fish course, and Antonio explained that the finny creatures had that day been taken from the lake. Upon the heels of this course, four roast turkeys appeared, and a waiter carved them, while others served cranberry sauce, green peas, snowy-white mashed potatoes and delicious giblet gravy.

The guests gorged themselves, washing the food down with wine. And when they had done, there followed a course of meat balls with spaghetti and a red sauce which one of the judges pronounced the supreme delicacy of his experience. This, in turn, was followed by four head cheeses, from which guests were urged to carve their own portions. Brown crackers, which Antonio assured them had been specially imported from the old country, went with the cheese; and when the guests lay back, sated, Turkish coffee was served, and in it Rosy had mixed exactly the right amount of anisette.

Then the waiter placed cigars and cigarettes upon the table, and crème de menthe, benedictine, liqueur brandy and absinth.

Such a repast left the guests in a receptive mood. To a man, they were very much in favor of Antonio Scarvak. They were proud of his friendship and reveled in his generosity. In their eyes glowed a definite admiration of his shrewd cupidity, and an equally definite understanding of his power.

While they were in this mood, Antonio spoke to them. He minced no words. He explained that there was no turning back in the business of the racketeers. Success did not come to him who was merely great; it came, he said, to him who grew greater and greater, and continuously greater.

He pointed out that there was no possible defense against enemies other than constant offense. And the only possible offensive movement, he declared, was dynamic expansion. To keep others from invading their own domain, Antonio's gang must be the invaders. They could not stand competition, and the one way to overcome it was to stifle it in the roar of machine guns, and so proclaim to expiring racketeers the dominance of their own position.

Almost affectionately he looked at those about him. And while a huge diamond ring sparkled on each hand, he counted off on his fingers the assets which were theirs.

"You, judge," he said—"who could be more valuable to us than yourself? You started out driving a laundry wagon, and today you hold public office. Every six years you will have to run for reëlection, but who could defeat you? Our friends control enough votes to keep you on the bench as long as you want to stay, and if anybody gets rough," he added, "we know where to get plenty more votes. How about it, boys?" A chorus of confident approval urged the racketeer on.

"That's the way success comes to a man," Antonio added pedantically. "When a fellow has a chance to make the right kind of friends, he's bound to succeed if he just sticks loyally to them.

"The judge, here, learned law at night school and his first client came from my home district. Do you remember, Josef?" He smiled meditatively upon the judge. "Little Michael Castrone? Michael got caught robbing freight cars and he came to me for help. I didn't have much dough myself in those days, so all I thought of was getting a lawyer, and the judge, here, was the cheapest one I could find."

He paused, while the others in the room laughed. "I'll never forget that case," he went on at long last. "It was a simple little thing, but we never want to forget that acorns make oak trees. The judge showed right there that he had brains."

So he went around the room, touching upon the qualifications of each of his henchmen, and by the certainty of his words and the crude skill of his presentation, his listeners soon sensed an abounding confidence in the man as well as his organization. The climax of his sardonic address centered about Angelo Castagara, and the substance of his remarks was quite clear.

With Castagara skilled in every technicality of the criminal law and ready to defend Antonio's friends before men who relied for their success upon Antonio, what was to be feared? The facts were conclusive: Antonio's gang had nothing to fear except dissension within its own ranks; ill-advised and hopeless disloyalty to the orders of himself.

"All we got to do," Antonio shouted, "is play along steady and sure. Avoid all the trouble we can, and rake in the dough.

"I got plenty ideas on new rackets. If we can work it in the egg business, we can work it in fifty other lines. We can organize crooked labor leaders and bring on strikes whenever we please. Those that don't want a strike in their place can pay us off and keep order."

Carried on by his own enthusiasm, Antonio mentioned other angles upon which his facile mind was at work. They were all of a type and they all spelled riches for the racketeers. He wound up his remarks with a promise that none of his men had anything to fear as long as they remained loyal to him and prevented others from organizing as they already had.

When, in the neighborhood of two in the morning, the party finally broke up, Castagara, the judge and a police officer, at Antonio's request, remained with him. These men he showed again over the premises. He took them into the secret room off the basement and explained his armory there. He led them through the tunnel into the garage cellar and showed them that complete equipment. Then they returned once more through the tunnel, and Antonio gave to them a private and unpublished telephone number by which they could reach him there in the secret room.

"I ain't takin' no chances," he explained. "I don't say anything about it to the mob, but you fellows are smart enough to know that we can't run these rackets forever without steppin' into a little trouble once in a while. We got our enemies, all right, and most of 'em know that if they could bump me off my organization would fade out of the picture. Sooner or later, they're goin' to try it. That's why I got ready for 'em.

"They can come out here with their pineapples and machine guns whenever they feel like it. I'm all set. The first thing they'd do would be to cut my telephone wires so I couldn't send for help. I coppered that bet one jump ahead of 'em. On this private line the wires are in conduit underground and it would take a steam shovel half a day to get at 'em!

"The mob'll probably come at night and figure on the hedges and the darkness to keep them covered. I got that fixed too. Under the edges of the roof are eight searchlights trained so that they'll light up the

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grounds like it was daytime. The wires for these are underground, too, and run up through the walls inside the armor plate.

"That telephone and lighting system is operated from four different places in the house. One beside my bed, one on the first floor front, one in the kitchen, and the other one right here."

"It's a very elaborate layout," Castagara nodded. "You seem to have thought of everything, Tony. In fact, you've thought of too much. I don't think you really need it."

"Yeah?" Antonio sneered. "You ain't the one that'll be shot at. I am. You can't tell me, Angelo, that I can cut three hundred thousand bucks a month out of this town and not have smart, tough guys know it. That amount of money is worth takin' a chance for, and there's plenty of 'em tryin' to cut in.

"Why, listen," he snapped; "within the last week two out-of-town guys went to Lefty Pino and offered to put twenty-five grand in his kick the minute he could prove I was dead!"

"Out-of-town guys, eh?" Castagara muttered thoughtfully. "That ain't so hot, Tony."

Scarvak laughed hoarsely. "I'll take care of that," he promised viciously.

"That's just it," the lawyer answered slowly. "It means a couple more bump-offs; and there's been too much of that. It makes it tough for the police, Tony, for us to knock these eggs over and have nobody to take the rap for it."

"Mebbe it does," Antonio answered steadily, "but it makes it a lot tougher for me not to knock 'em over. You needn't worry about it. I've already got things fixed with Lefty."

"How?" Castagara asked quickly. "On the level, Tony, you ought to talk with me before you make these arrangements. Ninety per cent of committing a crime is in how you do it. You ought to have your court defense prepared before the crime is committed. Then you're doubly safe."

"Don't worry," Antonio grunted. "It's the same old gag, Angelo. Lefty promised to bump me tonight provided they'd ride in a car with him, see the job done to their own satisfaction, and then return to their hotel and pay him off."

"Where's Lefty going to dump them out?" Angelo demanded without waiting for more details.

"Somewhere along the water-front boulevard," Antonio shrugged. "That makes it look like the mob on the other side of town. It won't be a hard job, Angie. He convinced 'em that I was givin' a little party in one of my apartments and that all he had to do was to go to the door of that apartment house and call me down. They were to sit back in the car and watch him give me the works. They'd see it for themselves that way, and be in on his get-away."

"And which apartment is it?" Castagara asked.

"It don't make no difference," Antonio shrugged. "Lefty won't lose no time. He's strictly on the muscle and pretty soon the papers'll tell about two strangers, who was probably victims of a gang war, bein' found in a swamp."

"When does Lefty report back to you?" Castagara asked, his tongue darting over his lips nervously.

"I'll see him tomorrow," Antonio answered casually. "The thing can't miss, Angelo. It's a sure shot."

"I suppose so," the lawyer nodded. "But the point is, Tony, bumping off these two birds don't help. There's plenty more where they came from, and the question is, how long can we get away with murder?"

"How long?" Scarvak growled. "We can get away with it forever. Hell's fire, man, I'd just as soon have our racket as the mint!"

III

LEFTY PINO made his report. It was successfully sanguinary. Lefty, in fact, took a pride in his work. And by reason of his achievement, Antonio didn't object to a little boasting.

"Was there much of a squawk, Lefty?" Scarvak asked.

"You know how it is," Lefty sneered. "They went for it plenty. At first they was a little nervous and tried to be tough. They made me ride up in front with the driver, so they could sit in the back. I copped the gag on that and outguessed 'em pretty. They figured we wouldn't make no move till we got out of town a ways."

He paused and laughed abruptly. "That's where they blew their top. No more than the car started I turned around and shoved a roscoe under their kisser. They didn't like the smell of it and right away started to squawk. Then I kidded 'em a little more. I told 'em if they shut up nobody'd be hurt. I made 'em believe we didn't want to kill nobody, but we did want their twenty-five grand." He laughed again. "They fell for that," he went on. "But they was a little quick about askin' me to go to their hotel. I told 'em I wasn't no sucker and I'd pick my own way there.

"That kept 'em quiet till Mouse got the car into a dark, quiet street. Then I climbed over the seat and gave 'em the frisk. By that time I had 'em convinced that nobody was going to get hurt, so I didn't have no trouble gettin' their rods. Just as soon as I had 'em, Mouse stopped the car and helped me tie both them guys up. That gave me a chance to look their guns over. After that it was a cinch. We drove out in the country, and when I gave 'em the works I even did it with their own guns." Once again he laughed nervously. Then: "And when we threw 'em out, we spaced 'em so it might look like they had a fight with each other."

Antonio nodded approval. "I found out who they are," he said. "There'll be plenty of trouble about it, and more to come later."

"Yeah?" Lefty Pino sneered. "Well, let 'em come. We can hold up our end, Tony."

Even as the two talked, the murders had been discovered. The newspapers devoted their front pages to what they termed "another gang outrage." There was the usual flurry of public sentiment. But in this particular instance, there was still another result—one which did not immediately manifest itself with the fanfare of trumpets to which Antonio Scarvak had long since learned to turn a deaf ear. And one which might have proved instantly dangerous to the gang if secrecy had longer been maintained.

One man, whose knowledge of crime was characteristically nil, but whose honesty, integrity and ability had reared a substantial business organization, found his patience at an end. The city in which he had made his fortune and in which he knew tremendous pride seemed to him seized upon by complete civic demoralization.

So, even as Lefty reported to Antonio, Thomas Wilton, in a sudden burst of altruistic determination, communicated with half a dozen of the city's business and social leaders. His plea was a simple one: Crime was rampant in the streets. Someone must stay the flood of violence.

"The police either are unable or unwilling to cope with the situation," he said mildly. "Through trickery and technicality of law, thugs are in the ascendancy. I do not know exactly why this is so or exactly what we can do to counteract it. But I do know this, gentlemen: It has become for us more than just a social problem. No matter what natural inducements a city may offer to good industries, capital cannot afford to lay itself open to the ravages of guerrilla warfare.

"Even though we arrest, we cannot convict. And several of our manufacturers already have felt the insidious demands of labor-organizing racketeers and of men who stifle honest competition with the muzzle of a pistol. It rests with us who have made our fortunes in this city to do something definite. I recognize the responsibility and I call upon you gentlemen to share with me the effort needed to put down this condition."

There followed a conference on ways and means. The deliberations were awkward,

(Continued on Page 132)

Stories of stars who were not "Born" but "Made"

He could swing a racket like an International star—

yet he couldn't make his college team

THE other day a college tennis coach told us this interesting story. Several years ago there came to his college a freshman as a tennis player. The boy could swing a racket like an international star, had a strong backhand, a powerful forehand and any number of splendid shots. And yet, when the team was picked, he wasn't included!

The reason was this. His beautiful racket work didn't make up for his poor footwork. His arm and his feet didn't work together. He got tangled up, stumbled and was caught off balance when he had a hurried shot to play. A really good player had little difficulty in beating him.

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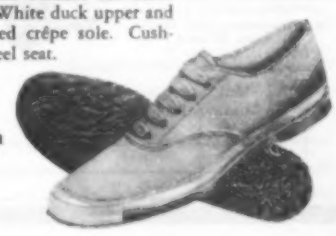


Keds "Triumph Oxford"

(Continued from Page 130)

and at times purposeless, because few honest men possess the qualities and the experience which enable them to deal with crooks. But the decision was there, and recognition of the need. Through it all, Wilton, who believed all people honest because he himself was honest, made but one glaring mistake.

He had been right in organizing a citizens' committee for the purpose of arousing select public opinion and directing the forces of law and order, but he neglected to reckon the maudlin public interest in murder. He failed to realize that the average man's civic pride was by no means commensurate with his own. Instead of matching the gangsters' secrecy of operation, he relied upon the broken reed of public responsibility, and thus forewarned the enemy he sought to trap.

Using as a motive the murder of the two men from foreign parts, he and his associates conducted a mass meeting. The papers gave generously of their space in relating the events of this meeting. The contributions of prominent citizens to the fund which was needed to fight the gangster were read off. Among them was one of ten thousand dollars, from the egg merchant, Antonio Scarvak.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Difficult Decision

SHE: My dear, I'm all hot and bothered at this point—I mean I actually am, because I've kind of arrived at that point in life where I've got to decide between marriage and a career; do you know what I mean?

HE: Really?

SHE: Yes, my dear, isn't it foul?

HE: I suppose it must be a pretty difficult decision to make.

SHE: My dear, it's got me whipped down to a nub, no less, because I mean I ponder vaguely over it for hours on end without being able to make up my mind.

HE: Gee, that's certainly tough!

SHE: My dear, you've no idea what I'm going through, because I mean it isn't as if I was just one of these girls who are simply sort of sitting heavily about the premises waiting for some rich bozo to make them an offer of matrimony, because I mean that's a perfectly simple decision to make. I mean you simply decide to accept the first oaf who's got a million and isn't too unattractive.

HE: I guess that's the way most girls look at it, all right.

SHE: My dear, of course they do, but you see the whole point about me is that I've got to decide to do one thing or the other—have a tremendous career or go in for marriage in a serious and large way. Can you bear it, my dear?

HE: But perhaps the two aren't irreconcilable.

SHE: Aren't what, my dear?

HE: Well, I mean, perhaps you could marry and also have a career.

SHE: Oh, my dear, I like to think I could, but it simply doesn't work out, you know. I mean it actually has to be one or the other, because in every case you hear about where a girl with talent and ambition gets married and tries to go on with her career at the same time, it simply doesn't work out because her husband immediately proceeds to get jealous or something and she either has to give up her career or her husband, which entails a lot of poisonous scandal, usually.

HE: I suppose there's a lot in what you say.

SHE: My dear, I know, because I mean I've seen it work out in the cases of loads of people I know, and the girl always has this cuckoo idea that if she gets married her husband will be an inspiration to her and everything, but as a matter of fact, my dear, the way it works out the only reason he says he wants her to go on with her career is so's he can inveigle her into marrying him, and as soon as she's married he proceeds to discourage her as much as possible with her art and try to interest her in children and the price of broccoli!

HE: Do you think all husbands act that way?

SHE: Well, my dear, not having been married I couldn't be sure, but I have strong suspicions on the subject and I mean I'm simply not going to disallusion myself into thinking I can have marriage and a career, both, because I mean I honestly think a girl who marries has a real job in looking after the home, sort of, and bawling out the servants and what not, so's her husband can devote himself to business exclusively and make piles of money in Wall Street or something.

HE: Well, I guess you've got the right idea on the matter. When are you going to make up your mind one way or the other?

SHE: My dear, that's the whole trouble! I'm in a complete tizzy-whiz about the situation because in one way I think marriage is a woman's highest destiny but I think when she's creative and everything she's got a duty to her art, so I mean I'm sort of wabbling dizzily on the fence, completely baffled and nonplused at this point!

HE: I wish I knew how to advise you!

SHE: My dear, it's terribly sweet of you to want to, but it's the sort of problem one has to work out for oneself; do you know what I mean?

HE: Oh, of course; I realize that. But I must say I'm awfully interested. What sort of creative work do you do?

SHE: Well, you see, I haven't decided whether I want to paint or write, but I'll probably do one or the other—unless I sculp or something.

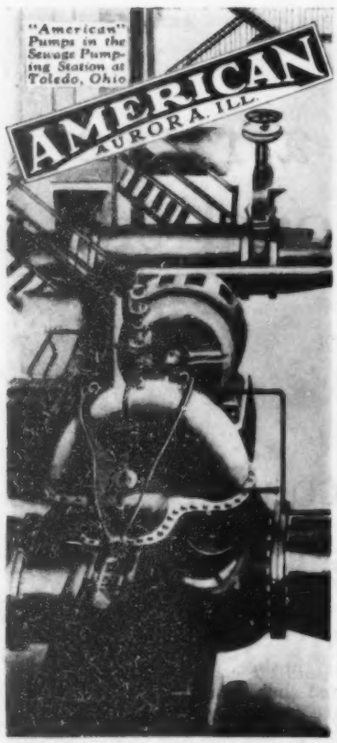
HE: Oh, I see. You aren't actually doing anything creative yet.

SHE: Simply because I haven't decided what I really want to do.

HE (*blankly*): Oh—and you're in love with someone who wants to marry you?

SHE: No, not yet. You see, I haven't decided who I want to be in love with. But the whole point, my dear, is that I know I've simply got to make the decision because I'm convinced I simply can't marry and have a career at the same time.

—LLOYD MAYER.



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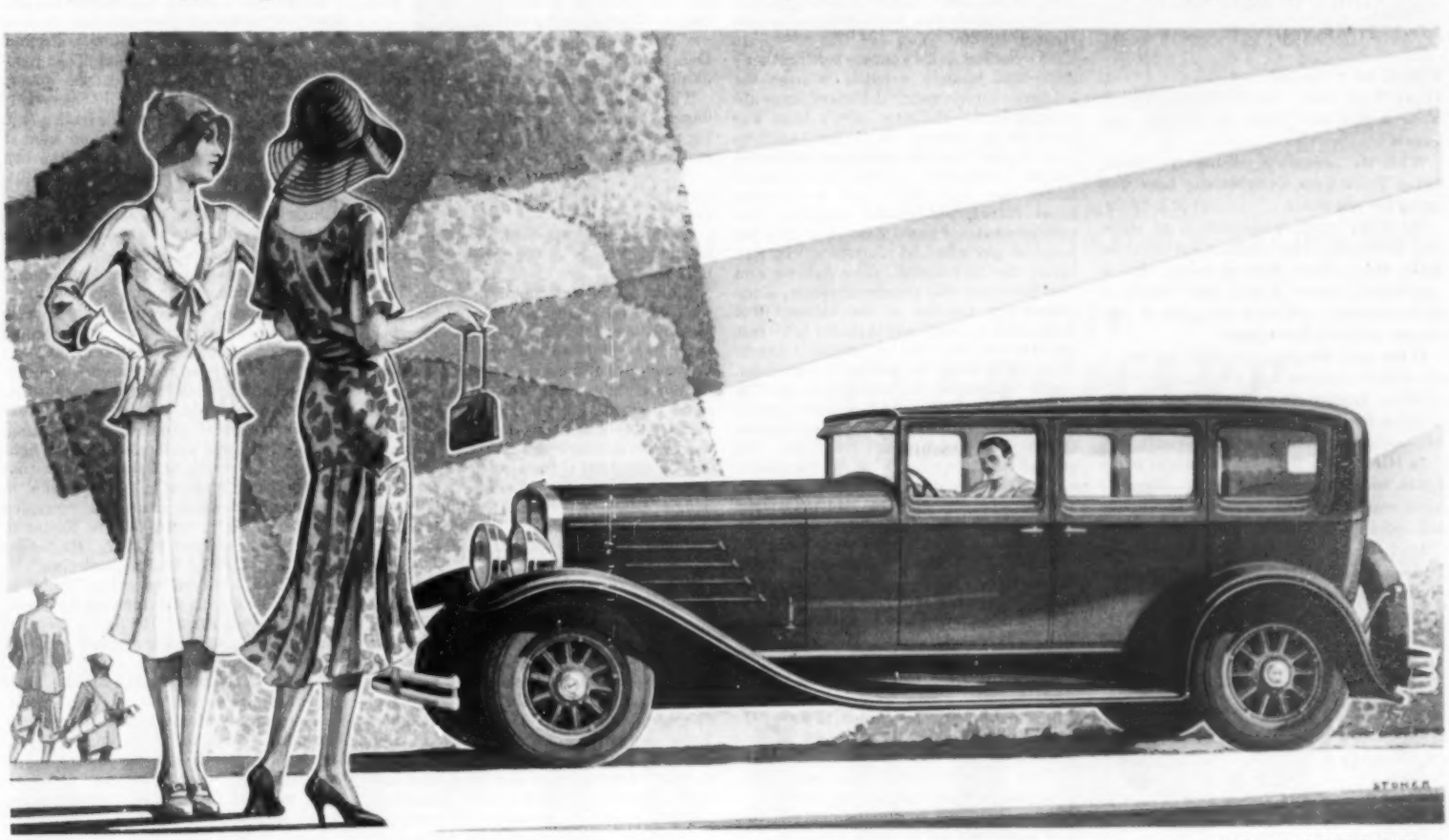

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In Hires Root Beer are the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's tonic and appetizing ingredients. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

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Please print name and address plainly

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THE AGREEABLE FINISH

(Continued from Page 13)

Carolus foully appeared from the hall. The laundress would curse his duck trousers on Monday, and that undershirt might just as well be burned. But the ideal son was polite.

"A man can't clean out an attic in this kind of weather an' be immaculate, daddy. There's a mummified rat in one of those shoes I threw down. And what is this thing?"

"'At? Damn if I —— Hold on! Guess, fella."

His tall son stood moving this stiff ribbon of dirty substance on the rug. It hung from a short handle of woven leather. The gray ribbon curled at the edges and the tiny slug of metal intricately bound to the tip tinkled when it slipped from the rug to the bare floor.

"Is it meant for a whip, dad?"

"Yeh. It's an old rawhide—some call it cowhide. That's skin with the hair cleaned off. They kep' 'em oiled to limber 'em up. It's a nasty thing, ain't it? You could cut a man's head off with it. Ask pop to tell you his story about what he saw did with one when he was handlin' mustangs in Arizona for grandfather. Not when Red's round, though. It's pretty ghastly," said Lupus. "Find anything else funny?"

"Nothin' funny, dad. But it's a shame to leave that model of a Chinese temple in ivory sitting up there in a bandbox. Where did that come from?"

"A cousin of mamma's, son—Col. Bob Forsythe. He was military attaché out there when I was a baby. Died of typhoid down in Cuba, in '98. I don't remember about him except he had blazin' red hair. You better start takin' a lot of baths, pretty quick, or you won't be clean for the Hooper weddin'. You ——"

Carolus fled as his younger half brother's nursemaid brought a bottle in from the kitchen. Lupus watched Pieter Lupus absorbing food. The new baby's head was black on top already. It did the Van Ecks a lot of good to go on marrying fair-haired ladies. Generation followed generation of amber men with black hair and Indian noses. It was the curse of Galloping Tortoise or whatever name Mary picked for the Iroquois girl who had married a Van Eck before the Revolution. The Ackerts and Van Ecks had this aboriginal strain, alone among the families of the valley. But there were scarcely any Ackerts left—just old Mrs. Ira Dent and her brother's daughter. There would be plenty of Van Ecks. Lupus had busted the tradition by having three sons, and he could now hear Carolus making an arrangement about some dances tonight over the upstairs telephone. He grinned when he thought of having grandsons. That would be funny.

He was not so dull today. He had caught that hot ring in his father's voice from the first. The chief Van Eck remembered the spring of 1889 pretty savagely, perhaps. No wonder. Pop had told that story a lot too well. There would be old men down at the wedding tonight who might remember a lithe, dark man cutting a bartender's jacket to ribbons with a whip, in late April or early May of 1889, in a saloon that burned down in '97. There were lots of things Lupus had heard about his father. He smiled at Mr. Van Eck across Mary's shoulder.

"You grinnin' idjit," said pop, "look what your woman's got on her neck."

Lupus scrubbed an ear. Of course Red's neck made any lot of beads look fine. He would be scolded if he said something dumb about these things. They must be all right. But he revolted. A fellow forty years old who'd been abroad twice and a sergeant in the war didn't have to be silent. He let his palm drift down the stones and fingered the big yellow lump of shimmer where the loop touched Mary's waist.

"I think it's ugly as—as mud, pop."

"Lupus boy, I got hopes of you. It'd take every hoss an' cow in the barns and my stock in the light comp'ny," his father purred, "to pay for that trash. But it's ugly. . . . Red, your man's got some sense."

"You're males," said Mary, "and not fitted to judge. These are diamonds, Sitting Bull! I know your Iroquois ancestress—poor old Leaping Chrysanthemum or whatever her names were—would have appreciated this, squaw though she was. Your opinions just don't count. These are diamonds! . . . There come the Dents. Even that graven image'll react to them. These are diamonds, father. Men don't understand. . . . Mrs. Dent, come and protect me! These are perfectly real diamonds. The men of the tribe say they're ugly."

Mrs. Dent smiled and said, "Dear me! But of course anything's becoming to you, Mary. Real diamonds? . . . Do look, Ira, at those diamonds."

Ira Dent stopped the car and lifted his hat from his white head with the pink bald spot. Then he looked systematically up at Mary and roared, "They're not real, are they?"

"Perfectly real, Mr. Dent. They feel just like laundry soap."

"You gone crazy, Van Eck?"

"No," pop drawled. "I'm keepin' 'em for a lady. She's had to leave town for Sunday and ain't got a box at the bank, Dent. I'll keep 'em in the safe."

"That iron jug in your study? Say, Van Eck, I'm your lawyer! A ten-year-old kid could break in that thing Any fool can find the combination. I've got it written in my desk at the house. You can't do that. Let me take 'em down to Foster & Holland's. They've got a real safe."

"They'll go in the bank in the mornin', Dent. But I'm responsible for tonight. An' di'monds don't suit an undertaker's safe."

The old lawyer drummed his hat with his fingers, beside his silent little wife. "It's a big risk, Van Eck. If those stones are real and anything happened ——"

"There's four grown men in the house and the safe's square under my room, Dent."

"If anything happened," said the noisy old man, "you'd be ten years paying the bill, Van Eck."

Lupus began scrubbing his left ear. That was so. And pop would pay it back, cent for cent, every dollar. He hitched his belt two holes. Mary's white fingers ran on the bright stones and touched the great yellow diamond. Mr. Dent was talking now of some business for the lighting company. He roared that he had to go down to Albany and see an engineer this evening. How did Mrs. Dent stand that voice, day after day?

She was sitting there, looking at the apple boughs above pop's head. Maybe it was the old Iroquois blood in the Ackerts that made her always so impassive. She was as motionless and straight as his father on the bench, watching the leaves from under her small hat's brim. Her hair was still black, too, and she was more than pop's age. Flippant young women in town called her the holy squaw. The Ackerts had been as long in the county as the Van Ecks. Mary said this old woman had the grand manner. Lupus did not like it—this grand manner. There she sat, looking at the leaves. She had stood just beyond the grave at his mother's funeral, in a thin rain, and had stared across the cemetery as if something else interested her, off among the hemlocks.

"Darling," Mary murmured, "stop staring so."

He looked another way. But when pop spoke to Mrs. Dent, he must look back at her.

"Goin' to the weddin', Juliana?"

"Why, no, Carolus. Ira had to be in Albany, and crowds aren't good for me, with my blood pressure. And I've never known the Hoopers very well. I shan't go. I'm sorry to miss seeing Mary's dress. I hear it's lovely."

"You always hear everything, Juliana. For a female that don't go out card playin', the news gits to you as fast as ——"

"Really, Carolus, when my niece went down to New York shopping with Mary, it's not at all surprising I heard there was a lovely new evening gown out here. . . . How fearfully hot it stays for the first week of September. They say 1929's been a record summer. . . . What a pretty dog that is!"

Brainless got up on the bench and sat to be admired. He perked his ears and lolled his tongue. Mr. Dent laughed and everybody smiled.

"He's dumber'n Lupus," Mr. Van Eck drawled. "Name of Brainless. He gen'rally yells at our friends fit to wake the dead, an' lets peddlers or tramps right into the kitchen. But he's a nice puppy. . . . Where you goin', boy?"

"We're out of shavin' soap, daddy."

"Git me some cig'rettes, then."

Lupus trotted down through the stable yard to the garage, and as Van Ecks walked noiselessly, he disturbed the soiled Tom Chase, getting a wash-up at the basin in a corner. The little paper hanger jumped six inches and looked wildly through suds on his face.

"I don't know how a man can walk as still as that in ridin' boots—with a spur on! . . . Say, Lupus, is them real diamonds your wife had on?"

"Yeh. . . . Hey, Tommy, pop's keepin' them for a lady that's away. You—I mean ——"

"Aw, sure. I won't say nothin' downtown, Lupus."

He wouldn't, either. Lupus drove up the shady curve toward town and into Sachem Street so rapidly that a young policeman said something plaintive about speed regulations. But Sachem Street was pretty nearly empty. Lupus smiled. Everybody would be at home studying the fresh gowns for this evening, and fellows who were so odd as to put on weight around the belt were saying things about their evening clothes. This was to be a grand wedding, although how a girl as plain as Miriam Hooper had grabbed a son of a Philadelphia banker was unguessable. He glanced at the front of the lamentable hotel. Potted palms were being unloaded from a big truck into the white portico and women were shaking cloths from upper windows. It was going to be a huge wedding reception. Mrs. Dent must be the only lady in Couveris who felt she could afford to stay away. Only Ackerts and Van Ecks could do that.

The cool drug store was refreshing. Randon Dent was telling about a swell fight he'd seen this noon in Saratoga, and that reminded old Sims of a fight he saw in Rangerville in 1900. And this reminded Lupus of a fight down on the border of Texas in the summer of 1917. He leaned on the counter and had a good time. It wouldn't take two minutes for Carolus to shave. If he got his shaving soap by seven, it would be all right. He had a pleasant time until the telephone stopped the talk and old Sims picked it up.

"Yes'm. . . . No'm, Mrs. Dent. . . . Oh, I mean we've got 'em. . . . Yes, rubber gloves for gardenin'. But we can't deliver nothin' tonight. . . . No. . . . Oh, Mr. Randy Dent's standin' in the store. He could fetch 'em past to you. . . . All right, ma'am. . . . Yes, rubber garden gloves, small size. . . . Yes."

Randon Dent blinked at the venerable clerk.

"What's Aunt Juliana want with garden gloves, Sims? Her blood pressure's so darn high she's afraid to stoop over!"

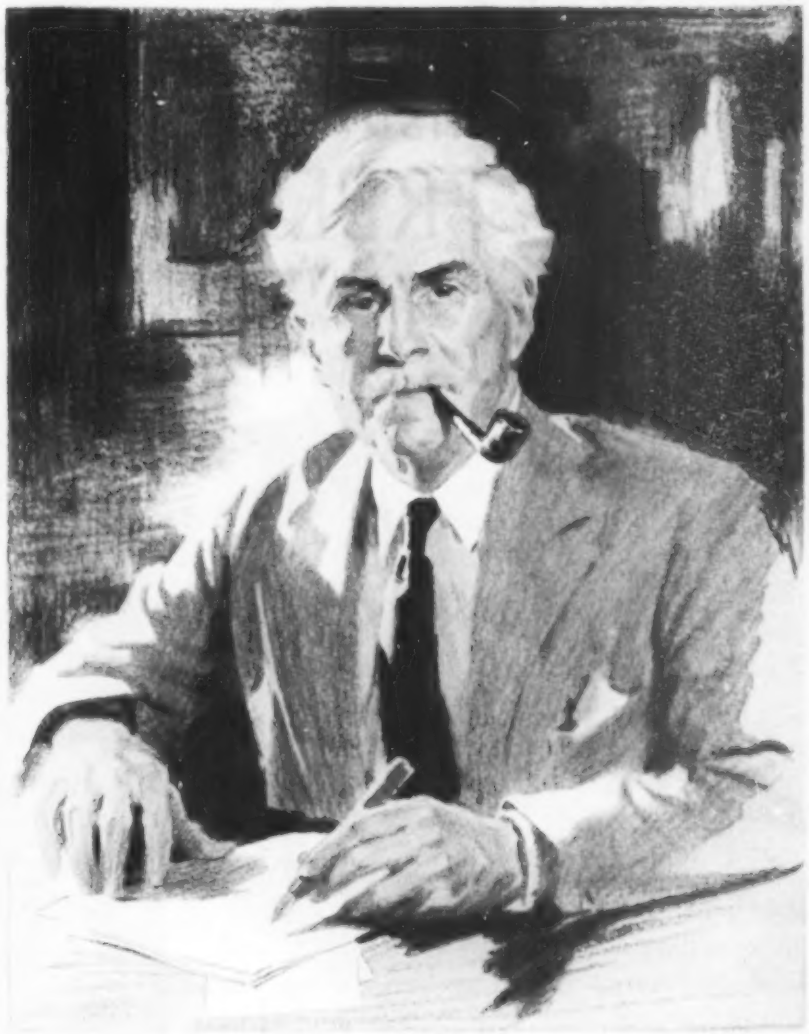
"Maybe she's takin' up burglary, Mr. Dent. I hear rubber gloves are good for that."

They all laughed. Dent took the flat little parcel from Sims and got into the car with Lupus. It was now dusk in Sachem

(Continued on Page 136)

He writes left-handed

Jerome F. Pritchard



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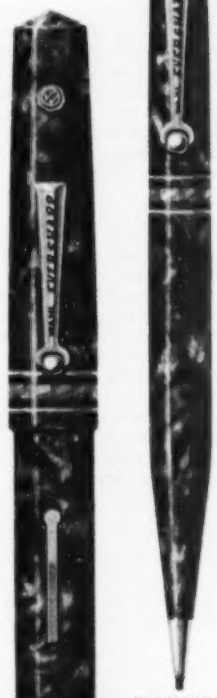

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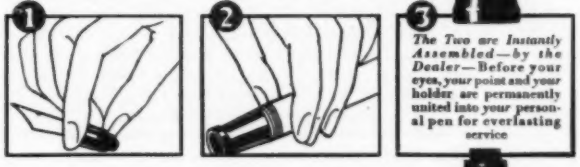
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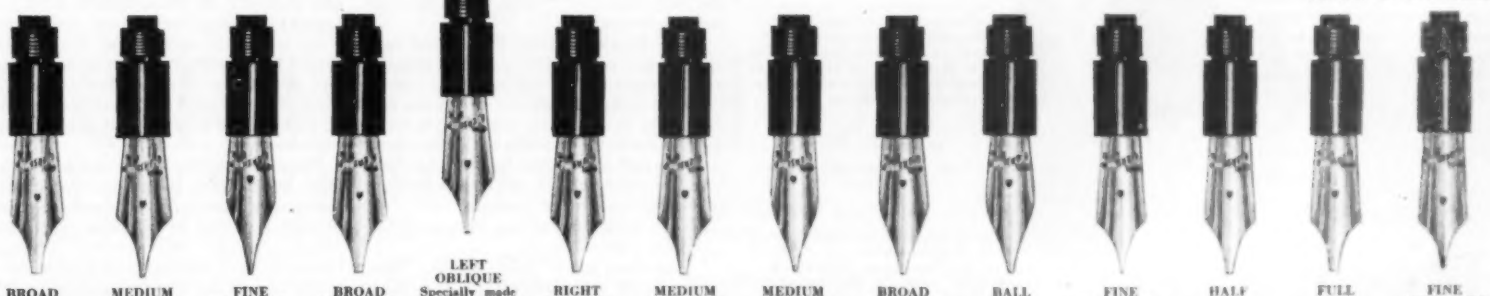

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This is a scientific principle backed by scientific proof and known as the "two-air-space" method of application. According to the U. S. Bureau of Standards' tests, ½ inch of an insulating material applied by the "two-air-space" method is equal to more than ¾ of an inch at any other place in the wall. In other words, you get an "extra quarter inch" of insulation free, if you use this method of protecting your home.

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(Continued from Page 134)

Street under the many fine trees, and the sky showed dim in a hole of the foliage near the war monument.

"Clouded over," said Randon Dent.

"Wish it'd think of rainin', Randy. Wish I could get out of this show tonight. Only, pop's goin'. In the same dress suit he was married in. An' you know, it fits him like he was twenty. He don't weigh a pound more."

"He's a great invention, Injun."

Then Lupus knew that Randy would say something more. The electric thrill ran under his shirt. Something was going to be said. He ran the car slowly and felt Randy hesitating. Yet they were very old friends. Randy had spent the night at the house when Caro's mother died in 1913. Now he was fumbling with something in his mind.

"Injun ——"

"Uh-huh?"

"What the devil has Aunt Juliana got against your father? Uncle Ira swears by him."

"She got somethin' against pop, Randy?" Lupus drawled. "They're always polite to each other. He calls her Juliana an' she calls him Carolus. I don't guess he knows it. I know his opinions of most folks."

"Well, she can't last long. That was really a stroke she had last year, you know. I've never made it out."

"What kind of thing does she say, Randy?"

"Nothing. That's the point. You just get it in her voice. Uncle Ira knows it. But she was so fond of your mother. She was one of her bridesmaids."

"Yeh. Mamma's folks in Hartford thought there ought to be a girl from here. An' Mr. Dent was an usher. There's a photograph of the weddin' party in the attic. Caro found it this mornin' when he begun cleanin'. . . . It's funny she feels so, Randy. Pop's got a tongue like a razor. But he wouldn't hurt a fly. Calls me a dumb fool ninety times a day an' nearly fires the cook if my coffee ain't hot when I'm late to breakfast. . . . Oh, I near drove past!"

He backed to the gates of the Dent house, the last on the edge of town, where Randon lived with his uncle. Curtains of the long parlor were looped back. A straight, dark figure showed beside a bowl of gay flowers on a marble table.

"Strictly confidential, Injun?"

"Aw, sure, Randy!"

"See you at the wedding?"

"Can't escape, I guess. S'long."

A palm leaf of black cloud had risen over the sunset and the valley was a blank, with windows like red diamonds scattered far out from him. Lupus drove down the curve past this quarter mile of his father's pastures. The stallion Caramel was raging in his box stall and Brainless danced in the stable yard, excited by the ugly noise.

"It's his loose shoe, Mr. Lupus," the chief hired man said. "So there'll be hell to pay at the blacksmith's tomorrow."

"There's always hell to pay some place, I guess. Listen to the big fool! He's brainless, all right. He'd make mush of anybody that walked in there now."

"Father Keefe was sayin' last week in church how it takes a fool to get clean mad and stay mad. . . . Well, this'll be a big night downtown, sir."

Lupus drawled a glum "Sure!" and sped up the walk to the brick house, because the wind brought from town the noise of seven o'clock striking. He could feel Carolus getting ready to be politely reproachful, waiting to shave in his bedroom with everything on but a stiff shirt. But he found his first-born in nothing but an undershirt, looking anxious in the door of his closet.

"I can swear they're not in here, dad!"

"What aren't, fella?"

"Your dress pants," said Carolus. "Red brushed them this morning, she says. Now she can't find 'em. Look yourself. It's a funny thing."

"Aw, they'll turn up, son. Prob'ly she left 'em downstairs. . . . Here's your soap."

He swung across the hall and paused, inside his bedroom, to watch Mary turning a wide bracelet on her white wrist. It was entrancing. Four stones glowed as the gold turned. And she smiled at him, her red braids slung all over a green robe.

"The big chief thought I might like to wear this. Do you suppose anybody'll remember it?"

He mechanically kicked off his boots and then walked to look at the red stones in the old bracelet. He had not seen it since his mother died in 1904. Suddenly he did not dare to look at Mary, although her hair smelled faintly of verbena so near him.

"Lupus, did your father ever tell you who the nice woman was who told him they were talking scandal about Mrs. Van Eck and her cousin?"

"Naw. This was news to me, Red. Knew he was talkin' about himself when he was halfway through the story. That rawhide whip's up in the attic."

"It was my mother," said his wife, "who told Rain-in-the-Face what was being said."

The rubies turned on her wrist.

"Did your mamma tell you who begun talkin' about mother, honey?"

"No. She didn't know. She says she'd an idea, but she wouldn't mention a name. She thinks there was a woman who'd been disappointed when your father married outside the local talent. But then Mrs. Van Eck was so handsome and well dressed that she was sure to get in trouble. People do forget, Lupus. The sachem's right. He was so funny and courtly just now, handing me this in the study. He opened that box with your mother's things and made me a speech."

"He thinks an awful lot of you, Red."

"Mutual, Lupus. And that's why your dress trousers are hidden under the mattress in the spare room, Lupus. You don't want to go tonight, anyhow. Tom Chase saw those diamonds and so did one of the hired men. He came up with eggs just after you started downtown. I don't propose to see your father selling ——"

"You're a good girl, honey. Gimme a kiss. Yeh, I've been worryin'. You're the smartest woman in New York State. Yeh, I'll stay home an' tend diamonds. . . . Gimme a kiss."

He cheered up, and had a shower and put on his oldest blue shirt, on the back of which Mary had darned, Heirloom. But there was a good deal of fuss about those trousers, and once the efficient Carolus invaded the spare room and sat pensively on the bed. The houseman went down to the hired men's quarters. There was a big jam about it. And Red was fun at dinner, in her new white-and-gold gown, suggesting that Brainless had eaten the trousers. But at half-past eight she smiled back over her shoulder in the porch. Carolus settled the tails of his first long evening coat in the driving seat. Pop purred, "Now we're off for an evenin' of pleasure, an' the good Lord help us through it!" The big car glimmered away. Then Lupus roamed up the hall sniffing the damp new paper and turned into the little study at the foot of the stairs. A person had to be dumber than himself to forget the combination of the old safe. Pop had left the red velvet box lying beside a fat box of black leather where his dead lady's rings and pins lay in chamois-skin envelopes. Lupus knelt, fingering the yard of diamonds. They were still ugly. They did feel like soap when he draped them over his head and the stones slithered down inside his shirt. Women liked to feel that cash value on their skins. Women, he deeply thought, were very odd.

But now that the diamonds were tended, there was nothing else to do. The kitchen was empty already; the colored cook and houseman would be assisting in Sachem Street, outside the church. Brainless hunted a cat on the highroad and barked at trolley cars on the way to Rangerville. The nursemaid entertained two grooms and a milker on the kitchen porch. But at least the bright, empty house was pretty cool. Inside the church, downtown, he imagined

(Continued on Page 138)

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(Continued from Page 136)

a smell of camphor from black cloth lately cleared of wrinkles by iron. By and by the cars would move to the old hotel, where the musicians from Albany or Saratoga would be practicing noises in the ballroom on the second floor and the waiters would be laying tables all wrong in the dining room. This would go on for hours. Pop would tell him the worst of it tomorrow. It seemed the most brainless way of spending an evening. Probably Hooper would ramble out pretty soon to get pop's name on the back of a note, and people would forget about the grand wedding. There wasn't any sense in it.

He wandered down to the stable yard and had a conversation with Caramel through the window of the box stall, now that the stallion was tired of being nasty. Then he meandered into the hired men's barracks beyond the dairy and watched six of them unofficially as they played poker on a cot. Brainless came in and tried to eat a pair of shoes and went away. Lupus distracted the dog from a duel with an obdurately savage and experienced old tomcat, resident under the smaller stable, and Brainless ran out into the highroad to bark at a trolley car lounging along toward Rangerville. He chased this pompous machine northward and the brakeman threw a rolled newspaper at him. Brainless hastily brought it to Lupus and then dashed away to follow the car with vain noises and threats. He really had no dignity, but he was a nice pup. Lupus thought about him a while, drinking some cold milk in the kitchen, and the nursemaid dismissed her suitors from the side porch to ask his advice about letting her cropped hair grow. Several gentlemen, she said, had urged her to do this. Brainless came racing back from the north and went down to bark near the gates of the stable yard. After a time he stopped barking and arrived quietly on the limestone porch by the living room. Lupus stopped telling the nursemaid to consult her parents in Troy about her hair and peered at the dog through the copper screen beside the sink. There was enough light out there to show him that Brainless was chewing a bright red matter.

"You been in somebody's kitchen, pup?"

Brainless flopped his tail.

"He's perfickly awful, ain't he? He was fetchin' in a dead rat by the north door this morning when I was bringing baby down. I don't think that north door ought to stay unlocked so much, sir. Anybody could walk right in from the orchard."

"Pop always locks it last thing before he goes upstairs, Nelly. . . . What you got there, boy?"

Brainless looked important, licking his lips.

"What you got there?"

It was puzzling. The dog had found a strip of heavy, raw beefsteak somewhere up the road. Lupus scrubbed his nose with a fist. Sid Paramore's big house was shut, across the road, and there wouldn't be any rich steak to steal up at old Pomeroy's. Sam Pomeroy was just one of Mr. Van Eck's charities.

"Maybe it fell off the trolley," the nursemaid suggested.

"Or out of somebody's car. . . . Brainless, you look out. You'll get in trouble sometime. A sirloin's a sirloin. Oh, there's Pete startin' up again!"

The voice of Pieter Lupus Van Eck descended the back stairs. After five minutes the voice of Henricus Abram commenced. Lupus stood on the porch and listened helplessly to the duet. He had never overcome a feeling of guilt when kids yelled. They were not unreasonable. There must be some cause for complaint. It was too dark up in the nursery or something. Maybe there was a mouse up there. Pieter shut it off, but the solemn Henricus went on growling in his imitation of a bullfrog, the notes lessening their force as the nurse up there petted him.

At last Lupus let himself into the living room and strolled to the fireplace for a fresh packet of cigarettes, from the bowl beside the Chinese mirror of brass set in a red-lacquered rim.

He stood smoking on the hearth and watched the foolish mirror. There was some trick about it. Carolus had explained the thing to him, and Mary understood it. The metal was convex or confucious—no, concave, or some word like that. He could see the doorway of the hall as a curved freak, but still the doorway; a likeness of itself stretched and turned sideways. He could see the stairs, too, and a shimmer of the fresh green wall paper, and just a muddled edge of the screen door at the north end of the hall. Funny, how people thought of these tricks. Lupus yawned, and was getting over the yawn when something happened in the brazen toy.

It was just something that happened. It happened and there was no more of it. A thing had been there and was not there any longer. Lupus threw his cigarette in the grate and went lunging across the rugs toward the hall and crashed on a low chair. He kicked the thing aside. It was like him to make a noise. But he came limping down the hall past the closed door of the parlor to the left, and swung right at the foot of the stairs to the lighted door of the little study.

"Heavens, Lupus, you frightened me," said Mrs. Dent.

She was sitting right there, on the second tread of the wide stairs, in a black dress. Lupus looked down at the small lady and could not speak.

"Doesn't the doorbell ring here?"

"Naw. No'm. Y'see, nobody ever uses this door to come in at—callers, I mean. Why, the doorbell's been dead years. Were you ringin' here?"

"Yes. I'm completely exhausted, Lupus. I went out to walk a little. And I got thinking of something else. Before I knew it I was up beside your orchard—north here—and my heart was pounding so. So I came in. I rang and rang. Is there any sal volatile in the house, Lupus? I hate to be a bother, but if there is——"

"Yes'm," said Lupus slowly. "Some upstairs. How much d'you take?"

He could see into the little room. A rubber glove was lying on the green carpet just before the safe.

"Six drops, Lupus."

"All right, ma'am. Just a minute."

She sat there in her black dress. She had worn nothing but black since her brother, Rodman Ackert, died in 1924. There was a tiny ripple of white lace on the breast of the gown. As Lupus edged past her up the stairs he blushed for his sockless ankles. When he was at the top of the stairs he shot down a look. She was still sitting there. And then he was looking at his face in the glass of the bright bathroom.

No, she wouldn't know he'd seen that glove. He looked blank and dull. He smoothed his black hair back and wondered if anybody would guess what his shirt hid, sliding to his breath on his ribs, or what his brown face hid. His big hands were quite steady on the bottle and a tumbler. Yet she was in the little room, gathering up that glove. She would be sitting on the last step down when he came back, an exhausted lady who had walked too far on a hot night. And yet she had been going to open that safe with the combination from Mr. Dent's desk. Pop had given it to the lawyer when Lupus took Mary and Carolus abroad, eighteen months ago. She had been going to rob pop, to do all she could to ruin him. "Why," he thought, "she was sitting on the stairs there, back in February, when we gave pop's birthday party! I sat and talked to her. But she hates him. Why?"

She was sitting on the step when he walked down. He let his slippers flop to warn her. Because he would have to let her out of this. Nothing had come of her dirty trick. Nothing must come of this. She was Ira Dent's wife, his father's old friend. Lupus smiled at her and handed her the glass.

"I don't really need this, Lupus. But I'd best take it, I suppose."

(Continued on Page 141)

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HOMEMAKER

THERE IS A NEW WORD in the English language — HOMEMAKER. It is not yet in the dictionaries, but when it is, it will be defined like this:

> **HOMEMAKER**—noun, feminine. One who makes a home, who manages a household, cares for her children, and promotes the happiness and well-being of her family.

Homemaking—one word, if you please, not two—is a bigger job than housekeeping. It is a bigger job than that of any man in any business. More money is spent in homemaking, in the aggregate, than in any other human endeavor. And the returns, in satisfactions, pleasures and progress, are also greater. The future of America is more dependent upon homemaking than upon all our other industries combined. » » »

The homemaker may be wife and mother. She may be daughter or sister. She may be widow, business woman; she may be young, middle-aged or old. But she must be a manager, for she spends eighty-five per cent of the money that goes into all retail trade. She must be a mechanic in these days of labor-saving devices. She must be a gracious hostess. » » » » » »

To this Homemaker the whole of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is dedicated each month. Through its pages she keeps abreast of the moving times—she learns whatever she wants to know.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
THE LEADING HOME MAGAZINE

(Continued from Page 138)

Why was she holding a burnt match? It hampered her right hand, and her eyes met his look. Mrs. Dent smiled. Her eyebrows rose a little way and joined the loops of black hair drawn down at both ends of her forehead in the old-fashioned way people said was so becoming to her. She was offering him the match.

"I suppose the paper hanger dropped this. Everybody in the world smokes except Ira. But you should be so careful of this beautiful old house, Lupus."

"Yes'm. I'm kinda careless. The kid—Caro's neat as a pin. So's pop."

He spun the match between his fingers. Mrs. Dent sipped the weak medicine and smiled. He hated her and feared her. She was something blackly 'mysterious—not teasing and elusively mysterious like his wife.

"The new paper's just like the old, isn't it?"

"Yeh. We wouldn't change nothin'—anything in the house for worlds, Mrs. Dent. Oh, we stuck in an extra bathroom for Carolus, and changed the wires some last year. But the house goes right on like always."

"That's so nice. Ira's so fond of it. It's brainless to change things just because the fashions change, isn't it?"

Lupus said, "Lots of things are brainless, ain't they? Like hatin' a person for years 'count of somethin' they did, and maybe didn't mean to do. It's brainless to hate things, anyhow, ain't it?"

He could hear the girl closing the nursery door and walking down the corridor. Mrs. Dent turned the glass in her dark hand and drank again. He felt enormous and coarse standing over her.

"You're getting to be a real philosopher, Lupus. . . . Why aren't you at the wedding?"

"I'll say why, ma'am. I was scared to leave that necklace here in that old safe. If anything happened to it, pop would pay back every cent on it. He's no millionaire. He'd have to sell Caramel and Starlight, maybe. So I stayed home. Just as good I did, ain't it? . . . Hey, what makes you hate pop like that? Why'd you want to do him a hurt?"

Mrs. Dent put the glass aside on a step and wiped her lips with a rag of handkerchief.

"I don't hate Carolus. I've not done any harm, Lupus."

"You do hate him!"

"No, Lupus. I'm nearly sixty-five—older than your father. I don't hate him. But I've been afraid of him," she said gently, "for forty years."

"Don't understand you!"

"You needn't. If you have to tell your father about this, just tell him—tell him I don't say he's been wrong. But I do think he's been a little bit cruel. . . . The cars run by from Rangerville every ten minutes, don't they?"

"I better get out the other car an' drive you down home, Mrs. Dent," he said.

She smiled at him. "You know, you are sweet and very kindly, Lupus. And you aren't at all stupid. Your father teases you too much. No, you needn't drive me home. You've been very nice. Another man might have been nasty. Good night."

He remembered to hold open the screen door for a lady and looked at her through it as she went down the steps to the grass. Brainless came bouncing from somewhere and yapped cordially at her. Yes, it must have been Mrs. Dent who brought that beefsteak. The dog loved her for that. He went yapping along with her around the corner of the house. Listening, Lupus could hear the little hiss of her feet on the drive. Why, she would signal a trolley car and get on, and go back to her husband's house. She would just go to bed like anybody. An amazement took him because she would do all these commonplace things people did, tonight and tomorrow, like anybody. It was awful.

Nothing was left of her in the little study. Lupus squatted and spun the knobs of the old safe. But there was nothing gone. His father had the keys of metal drawers, filled with deeds and papers of the family. And here were the life-insurance policies tied together, and the fire insurance. He set away the empty red velvet box and lifted the lid of his mother's jewel case, timidly fingering things—a brooch of pearls, some rings. He remembered all these. And Mary had the bracelet on her arm tonight, and there were some diamonds down at the bank. Lupus rubbed his ear.

He leaned on the small mantelshelf and smoked a cigarette. His shirt had dampened. The necklace slid on wet skin. Oh, but she had been after something there, in the safe! That was flat and true. He shouldn't have let her go. He had been dumb again. She might have it on her. He lit a cigarette and tossed the match into the grate. Hang her! She was so right about matches falling all over the house, and he ought to be careful. When, in four minutes, he threw the cigarette after the match, it made a silly noise—a kind of slushing puff—and he bent to look at a sheet of black paper, charred paper, crumbling away in tufts and flakes.

"Aw! She burnt somethin'!"

It relieved him to know that. This was a fact anyhow. She had burned a paper in the grate. She was still clutching the match when she came back into the hall. Lupus sat down on his heels and followed bits of the soft wreck with his fingers. But the sheet was gone, wholly charred, destroyed by his lightest touches. Well, pop would know!

He sat on the rug and smoked presently, because there was nothing else to do. He had been a swell guardian of the house, lallygagging around and yawning when this woman was having a time 'n the safe. Pop would blister him for keeps. He could hear sentences. Brainless, all right! The living-room clock struck ten, and then in three minutes it struck the half hour. And then it rushed at eleven with a kind of nasty triumphing noise. He would be getting his medicine any time now. Pop could be just as sour in a white tie and stiff shirt as in gray corduroy pants and a string necktie. The screen of the living room banged and Lupus jumped. He was stiff from sitting still so long, and his tongue was dry.

"Hello! Oh, Central, wake up. Please!... Hello!... Give me Foster & Holland.... No, I don't know the number!... Please hurry. Oh, please hurry!... Hello!"

Lupus came so fast into the living room that he had to whirl up his arms and stop himself. Mary was huddled down on the little table. The great bracelet chattered on the wood, her arm shook so. But she shoved out this arm to hold him back.

"This is Mrs. Lupus Van Eck. Can you send out here at once please?... No, no! It's Mrs. Ira Dent. She's died very suddenly out here.... Yes. Yes. Tell them to drive to the garage in the barnyard—stable yard. And could you send someone to find Mr. Randon Dent?... Yes. At the hotel. Please! Please!"

After this, Lupus stood with his wife in his arms, watching the door while he smoothed the hair shaking against his chin. Carolus came in and lit a cigarette and put it out, walking up and down the room. But nobody said anything. There were voices and murmurs of the hired folk outside; the huge farm woke. Brainless pawed the screen. Carolus let the yellow dog in. After a while, father was speaking to the nursemaid in the kitchen.

"Make me some coffee, Nelly, an' some sandwiches. I got to go down to Dent's an' wait up. He's drivin' from Albany. He won't be home until after one, poor feller."

He came into the room and looked at Lupus with smoke curling up his face from the cigarette in his mouth. Brainless jumped at the black coat and was kindly thrust aside.

"That ain't a bad pup, Lupus son. He was sittin' by Juliana, in the ditch, bawlin' for help. She must ha' been walkin' uphill.... Go to bed, daughter.... An' you go too, Caro."

He stood in the middle of the room. They were alone. But Lupus could not speak to him. He wondered if he would look like that when he was old—erect and immutable, calmly wise. When he knew that his father was going to speak, he stepped forward once and waited.

"Funny I'd find her, son."

"Wh-why?"

"We wasn't ever friendly, much. I suppose it ain't funny at all. Ninety per cent of things that happen are common accident. We noticed Brainless there by the road. I'm sorry Red was scared.... Juliana looked pretty comfortable—smilin'. She just must ha' dropped an' died. I'm good for ten years yet, but I hope my finish is fast, like that, sonny. Her heart's been bad for years. Tchuh! I been thinkin' of her all evenin'. Git the box with your mamma's things an' burn me a letter in a blue envelope on top. Read it, if you want. Then burn it quick. I'd ha' burned it this evenin' when I was handin' Red that ruby bracelet, only she was in the room. I'd forgot I still had it. Thought I'd burned it years back. Read it and burn it, Lupus. And forgit it."

"What—what is it, pop?"

"Air. It's a nasty letter Juliana wrote me when I was out West in '89, about your mother. She was passin' the news about this bracelet, and she seen Bob Forsythe kiss Ellie down at the station. I says to Juliana, afterward, 'Did you think I'd believe any such swill?' And she says she was jokin'. She'd have had the creeps if she thought I'd kep' the letter. Yes, she'd have worried some. She's always been a perfect lady. Prob'ly forgot years ago she was ever a fool about a barb'rous feller like me. Folks forgit, Lupus. Honest, I forgot I still had that letter. Read it an' burn it."

Lupus stood a while in the study and ground the charred paper with a toe. Then he went back to the living room.

"Read it, sonny?"

"Naw. It's burnt, pop."

"All right. Drive me down to Dent's when I've had some coffee.... Well, she made him a kind wife an' she was always a lady. They suited each other fine. I guess she died happy, boy."

"Guess so, pop.... Here's your coffee comin'," said Lupus.... "Yes, I guess she did."

PHOTO. BY BRADLEY D. BOSS

A Scene Near Taunton, Massachusetts

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AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

DARK TEARS

(Continued from Page 11)

tried to wash the painted shadows from her eyelids, but with small success. The purple was indelible. With her finger tips she pushed at the curving patches of dark red hair that showed under her hat until they were almost hidden. What was left showing might have been brown, as it had originally been.

She unclasped her two diamond bracelets and the pearls from around her neck, and wrapping them in the handkerchief, stowed them deep inside her hand bag. The bar pin, after a consultation with the mirror, she left on. It was too big to look real anyway, and it hid a lipstick stain that, in donning her dress this morning over her head, she had got on the collar. Her furs she put aside, corsage and all.

"Say, George."

The chauffeur was hovering about outside, inspecting the engine, kicking the tires. He came to the window. "Yes, miss?"

"Watch this fur. I'm going to leave it in the car."

"I will that, miss."

Marilee shut her hand bag and brushed ashes and powder from the lap of her dress with her palm. "You better have some lunch while I'm gone," she said. "Didn't we pass a stand, back a little way?"

"We did, miss. About a mile."

"Well, drive back there and get something."

George would.

"Don't go anywhere else," said Marilee. "Wait here for me, or wait at the lunch stand. I may be quite a while." She hesitated. Her dark eyes, clouded now, went far ahead toward the hidden town.

"Or I may not," she said.

The taxicab arrived in due time. It was a lurching tin sedan with TAXI printed on a card stuck on the windshield. Marilee did not recognize the driver and was glad of that.

"Breakdown?" he asked cheerily when he stopped, and she said "Yes" before George could utter an indignant, haughty negative.

"I'm trying to get to town," Marilee added. "Turn around, will you?"

She waited on the road while the young man turned the little car with a great exercise of threadbare-blue-serge elbows. He stopped before her again. "O. K., lady. Hop in. . . . Whereabouts in town you want to go to?" he inquired when George had helped her in and shut the door.

"Know where Peter Marek's is?"

"Shoe-repairing place, you mean?"

"Yeah," said Marilee. "On River Street. Forty-two, it is."

"Sure, I know." The young man, turned in his seat, peered down at her shoes involuntarily; then up at her face again. "You want to go there?"

"Yeah," said Marilee.

George had not finished his luncheon at the designated roadside stand when she returned. He was a fast eater, but she had not given him long—not more than twenty minutes, twenty-five at the outside. He had had four barbecue sandwiches and several cups of coffee, and was beginning on a double order of pie à la mode, when he perceived the oil can that called itself a taxi—the same one—reappearing up the road. While he ate heroically it drew near, and stopped behind the waiting limousine.

Marilee got out. She stood paying the driver. Over her shoulder she spied George, and called to him not to hurry. She was nice, George told himself, hurrying anyway. She was a kind young lady and easy to get along with. Not like that last one.

He had her fur scarf with him. It lay in a curling heap on the high white stool beside his stool, and for fear of crumbs he had covered it carefully with paper napkins. He took it now and climbed down, and having settled his check, started for the limousine. The taxi was just leaving, swinging around. Miss Mark stood there. She had not got into the car—it was as if she hadn't thought to. She just stood there, sort of looking at nothing.

"I'm sorry, miss," George apologized. "I wasn't expectin' you back so soon."

She did not answer at first. She shook her head as if to say it didn't matter. She still looked at nothing. George saw that she seemed somehow drawn and ill, unlike herself. Something had happened to her; she had had some trouble. He wondered what, in less than half an hour.

"It's all right," she said suddenly as if she had just heard him. Her eyes came back, met George's grave blue eyes. She smiled at him faintly.

"Sorry you had to hurry so. Did you finish your lunch?"

"I did, miss."

"Then come on. Let's go."

George wanted to ask if they were going home again already, or where they were going. This was a queer trip; indeed it was. He refrained, however, for the moment, from putting the necessary question. When they were in the car would be time enough.

He stepped past her to the tonneau door and opened it. He waited. Miss Mark turned wearily after a moment and followed him.

She started to get in; she had a foot on the running board and a hand on the door frame, when she changed her mind.

"No," she said. "I want to ride in front with you."

George closed the tonneau door again. There was nothing else to do. She was already moving toward the front of the car, going all the way around, to get in on the other side. George beat her to the opposite front door and held it for her. He thought that The Dude, stuck up as he was, wouldn't like this—not a little bit. But, then, The Dude wouldn't have to know about it.

Some such thought must have occurred to Marilee also. "You won't tell on me," she said to George.

"No, miss."

"I just want somebody to talk to," Marilee said.

But for miles she was silent. When George slipped under the wheel and started his engine and ventured, "Cleveland, miss?" she nodded, seeming a shade surprised at his asking. It was a long time before she spoke again. She sat huddled down, with her arms folded and her chin buried in fur, watching the road from under her eyelashes. Every now and then she unfolded her arms and found her cigarette case and took out a cigarette and lit it at the dashboard lighter, George reaching out and holding the cord of the lighter to give it slack. But she did not smoke the cigarettes after she lit them; only drew on them quickly once or twice and threw them away.

At a crossroads they were halted momentarily, while a great truck full of stone, and then another, labored past. There were signs at the crossroads—a large one reading CLEVELAND 61 MI. and several smaller ones of uniform size. RENWOOD 15 MI. was among these, with an arrow pointing back.

The girl and the chauffeur both glanced at the signs, and the girl's eyes lingered. They were hard and narrowed and very bright.

She spoke suddenly. "I used to live in that town," she said.

She was telling George. He said, "Yes, miss."

"What a town!"

George listened. He moved the levers on his wheel, watching them shine in the sun.

"Well," said Marilee presently, "I've seen it for the last time—that's one thing. So help me, as long as I live I'll never set foot in it again."

The road was clear now, the trucks were past. George released the brakes and sent the limousine gliding on.

"It's not much of a town, I guess," he said conversationally.

"I hate it," said Marilee. "I hate everybody in it, except ——"

She broke off, frowning at the dashboard. After a moment she bethought herself of the frown, and erased it with the aid of two forked fingers. Her hand dropped to her lap and lay there limp. She looked over at George.

"Listen," she said, "you're a friend of mine. See what you think of this."

The story came in swift, jerky sentences and phrases. It came now tonelessly, monotonously; now bitterly, through lips twisted and ugly. Told to George, with explanations for his comprehension, it nevertheless seemed less a narrative than a spoken thinking. She did not look at him again. Her eyes were fixed ahead. Her arms were folded. What she said was stark and plain and brief.

"My folks live there, see? My father's a shoemaker; he's got a little repairing shop, and they live upstairs over it. There's my mother and three brothers and two sisters—all younger than me. I suppose some of 'em are gone by now—married or working somewhere—I don't know. They don't any of 'em have anything to do with me, see? I'm off the list. I'm not supposed to darken the doorway. This has been since I was seventeen. Six years, and I've never been back till today. I've never heard from 'em either, although all the time I've been sending 'em money."

She thought a minute, shook her head. "I don't know why. Just a sucker, I guess. But they're poor as sin, and they needed it, and—on account of ma, I guess it was. She never felt the same way he did about me. I remember the day he threw me out—he was calling me a so-and-so and knocking me around. She was scared to death of him—we all were—but she didn't care. She slipped me all the money she had when I left. Four dollars and some silver. She'd been saving it to buy a clock she wanted. So as soon as I could I sent her a clock—I was in Canton then—that's where I went first. Well, then, a little later I sent her some money; but she can't write her name—just makes a cross—and she don't know anything about money orders or banks or anything; so I sent it to him for her instead. So then I sent more, and he always took it—anyway, he never sent it back. When I got a bank account I used to see the canceled checks with his name on 'em, but I never heard from him.

"Well, I guess nowadays a lot of people back home know where I am, and all. The Dude's sort of famous, owning those roadhouses, and the raids getting in the papers, and so on. They know everything in that town anyway. Well. So this morning, in the mail, I get an anonymous letter with a Renwood postmark, addressed to me in care of him—that is, it wasn't a letter exactly; it was a little piece cut out of the home paper and pasted on a sheet of stationery—about how ma was cooking and her apron got on fire from a kerosene stove. 'Local Woman Severely Burned,' it says at the top. It was just a little piece. Whoever it was sent it to me, wrote underneath it—printed, rather—something about thinking maybe I'd be interested, and a question mark after, in brackets."

The narrative paused. "That's the kind of a town it is," said Marilee. "They would."

She went on, tonelessly again: "Well, anyway. I get this thing, and I don't know when it happened or anything—there's no date; it might've been days ago. I don't know yet when it was. Well, I thought she's going to die—the paper said 'probably fatally'—and I thought if she was dying, maybe he'd let me see her—pa, I mean. So I brought some money—a check for two grand, I had ——" Bitterness returned to her voice: "Yeah, and a lot of good it did me! I might've known. Check or no check, he wouldn't let me in the door."

"He didn't take it?" George, incredulous.

"Oh, sure," said Marilee. "He took it, all right. He's no damn fool. But he wouldn't let me in. When he saw who it was he slammed the door in my face and locked it—I heard him lock it, like I was a burglar. He was inside there, yelling at me—he speaks sort of broken English—yelling at me to go away and stay away, and what did I mean by coming around here? I said I wanted to see ma, and to please ask her, but he wouldn't. He said she didn't want to see me. He said she never wanted to see my face again. That's a lie," said Marilee stonily. "I know. That was just him."

"Sure," nodded George.

"So I shoved the check under the door, and that was the last I saw of it. He pretended he didn't notice it and didn't know it was there. He went right on yelling just as loud, and wouldn't listen, and the neighbors were getting a great kick out of it; so finally I said, 'All right, you win.' So I went around to the side and looked up at her window, but I couldn't see anything—just it was open a little bit, and the shade drawn down. So this woman next door—I didn't know her but she knew me—she sees me looking and calls me over to tell me ma won't live, because more of her is burnt than isn't burnt, and they don't when it's that way. So you can see this woman's tickled pink and laughing to herself because I didn't get in. 'Too bad your pa's such a hard man,' she says to me. So I didn't ask her anything I wanted to find out. I just said 'Thanks' and I came away."

There was a silence.

"And that's all there is to it," Marilee said laconically.

George muttered something. She didn't answer. She wasn't listening. She lit a cigarette and sat smoking it, looking straight ahead. She was quiet for a long time. Then, abruptly and harshly, she laughed.

"Oh, well. What the hell!" George heard her say.

But she was crying. He saw that. There were tears in her eyes, and on her face there were tears—dark ones, with mascara in them.

PHOTO. BY GEORGE P. SWAIN

"BYRD COMES HOME"
Painted by
PETER HURD

BYRD COMES HOME

•

And the world pays tribute to the skill and courage that carried this magnificent adventure to success . . . But Rear Admiral Byrd says, as he said two years ago, that emergencies can be beaten a year before they occur . . . that crises can be foreseen, and overwhelmed . . . that dangers can be diminished . . . by careful planning and scientific selection.

Two years ago Rear Admiral Byrd chose VEEDOL Motor Oil and TYDOL Gasoline for all his planes . . . Now he says: "I send you my sincerest gratitude for your part in the success of our undertaking" . . . No greater tribute has ever been paid to any motor oil or gasoline.

FILLING the tri-motored Ford plane "Floyd Bennett" with VEEDOL Motor Oil . . . This is the plane in which Rear Admiral Byrd, Bernt Balchen, Captain Ashley C. McKinley and Harold I. June flew over the South Pole.

BASE camp at Little America where the Expedition's supply of VEEDOL Motor Oil and TYDOL Gasoline was stored at sub-zero temperatures through the long Antarctic night.

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Convenience routes and *pleasure* routes . . . are the D&C lines spanning Great Lakes waters.

Whether on a business trip, or a vacation tour, your travel time will be more enjoyable on a luxurious steamer of the D&C fleet.

You'll find large, airy staterooms; spacious lounge rooms; and an excellent cuisine. Dances, afternoon teas, deck sports and other social activities for your pleasure. Every mile and every minute will be one of comfort and enjoyment.

DAILY SERVICE	1 WAY	R. T.
Detroit-Buffalo	$5	$10
Detroit-Cleveland	$3	$ 5.50

3 SAILINGS WEEKLY
Beginning June 26
Fares include meals and berth

Detroit-Chicago	$31	$52.50
Detroit-Mackinac Is.	$15	$26.50
Chicago-Mackinac Is.	$16	$27.50

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Liberal stop-overs. Autos carried. Send today for illustrated "Vacation Days."

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION COMPANY

E. H. McCracken, P. T. M.
3 Wayne St., Detroit, Mich.

Could YOU Spend Extra Money?

A new hat . . . gloves and shoes . . . a bright slicker . . . what girl wouldn't be elated over such gay things? Yet they are but a few of the delightful "extras" that Evelyn Buell of New York has bought with her earnings.

In spare minutes or hours she might have idled away, she has earned more than $50.00—easily and pleasantly. Of course *you'd* like to make your spare time bring you smart clothes, vacation trips . . . spending money, as so many other school girls, business women and home makers are doing.

Helen Barnes earned $71.25 in one month. Mrs. E. A. McMillen earned $3.60 in one spare hour. You can earn just as these women have done—*and quickly*. The coupon below brings all details.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
847 Independence Square, Phila., Penna.

I'd like to make my spare moments "count," too. Please tell me how.

Name ..... *Age* .....

Street .....

Town .....

State .....

THE TOY DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 15)

boat amidships and build in a new midsection about twenty-one feet in length without in any way impairing its seaworthiness.

The expert was aghast. He did some frantic figuring. Such a major operation never before had been performed on a yacht, to his knowledge. It would cost more than the yacht was worth. Better build a new yacht entirely, he advised.

Mr. Ford had made up his mind, however, and the Sialia was sent to the operating table. Her Diesel engines were taken from her bowels, her main quarters dismantled, and her steel hull was cut in twain. The setting in of the new midsection was a most delicate engineering feat that required months in the consummation; it necessitated a virtual rebuilding of the entire yacht. The new Sialia, twenty-one feet seven inches longer than the old, was finally returned to Detroit with a bill for $650,000 attached. That was $50,000 more than Ford had paid for her in the first place.

Several times Mr. Ford or his son Edsel used the yacht in the Great Lakes. Edsel entertained the Prince of Wales aboard. Then, without explanation, the yacht was taken out of commission. Next, Detroit was astonished by an announcement that she was for sale at $750,000. At once a host of rumors began to circulate. It was said that the big boat was treacherous, that she rolled unmercifully, that she was out of balance and would founder in the first storm at sea.

Ford's critics predicted that he wouldn't be able to give his yacht away. Buyers became wary of it, and the first price figure was lowered. It still remained unsold.

About two years ago, however, Mr. Andrews began to make casual inquiries about yachts for sale, and Mr. Andrews, as his name indicates, is Scotch. He was not averse to picking up a bargain, and long experience in the marts of trade had taught him to be skeptical of rumors.

Instead of believing all he heard about Mr. Ford's yacht, he consulted the very reputable firm that had directed her rebuilding. He was assured that the Sialia was fit to withstand any test of sea or weather, that she had been subjected to most thorough trials at sea before being turned back to Mr. Ford.

Upkeep Keeps Up

The upshot was that Mr. Andrews bought the yacht that had cost Mr. Ford $1,250,000 for exactly $1,000,000 less than that sum. Since then he has sailed the Sialia up and down the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Florida and has taken her on numerous week-end jaunts a considerable distance into the open sea with perfect satisfaction to all on board.

The Sialia is nineteenth in size among yachts under American registry. She carries a crew of thirty-two, her twin Diesel motors develop 2000 horse power, and in the matter of operating expenses she may be regarded as a typical boat in the million-dollar class.

Here is what she cost Mr. Andrews in 1929:

General expenses	$ 34,551.12
Salaries and wages of crew	43,053.27
Fuel oil	5,578.74
Repairs, etc.	21,350.85
Miscellaneous expenses	32,808.64
Total for year	$137,342.62

Under general expenses were included such items as food, supplies, insurance, laundry, and the like, incidental to the actual operation of the yacht in an active year of cruising. Miscellaneous expenses embrace mainly replacements in furnishings, fittings and equipment necessary to keep the yacht in first-class shape. No charges were entered for depreciation and interest on investment.

It cost an average of $400 monthly to feed the crew. Food bills for the owner and his guests were quadruple that, varying from $3928 in May to $1045 in September, and skipping between those sums for the other months of the year. An ordinary month's laundry bill was about $600. Insurance cost $8800 and rental of radio $500 for the year.

The Owner's Stateroom in the "Alpha," Owned by J. W. Perry, of Pebble Beach, California

The Sialia sailed north, but before going, the crew had to be fitted out in new blue uniforms emblazoned with all the gold braid and insignia of rank appropriate to a $1,000,000 yacht. That cost $7982.20. Later she sailed south, which necessitated a change to white uniforms. They cost $5673.85. Of course new uniforms do not have to be bought with every cruise north or south, but you can depend on it, there is always something needed. The yachtsman must outfit his seamen from caps to shoes. They must have slippers and rubber-soled sneakers, short boots and long boots, work shoes and dress shoes, waterproofs and sunproofs, khaki work clothes and lanyards with knives. The steward and his assistants must wear smart tuxedos for dinner, and the chef and his minions must be garbed in spotless white. Then there are such minor details as neckerchiefs for the sailors and white shirts for the officers to be bought.

A yacht that is being subjected to regular dousing in salt water must be hauled up into dry dock and given a thorough housecleaning and furbishing about twice a year. Its bottom must be cleared of barnacles. The Sialia's spring dry-docking cost $730 and her return visit in the autumn cost $631. Touching up gilt work, revarnishing, repainting, sandpapering and polishing cost $1652 in June, which was but a partial job; the remainder of the work cost $1100.

Then, in autumn, incidental to the housecleaning, she was completely overhauled and refitted. The charge for labor and use of tools was $7448.53, and materials cost $1999.87. Whereupon it was decided to lay her up for the winter months. This necessitated purchase of a covering to protect her exposed parts. The bill for the winter top was $10,600, to which must be added $2500 for "labor in erecting same."

Notwithstanding, Mr. Andrews is an enthusiastic yachtsman.

Whether you buy a new yacht or a used one, the crew will insist upon being maintained in the manner to which yachts' crews are accustomed, and they will demand the same salaries. There is no set salary scale. Much depends upon the man's experience and the liberality of the owner. Good captains may be had for steam or Diesel yachts for from $4000 to $6000 a year. Mates average about $3000 a year. Chief engineers command from $300 to $400 a month; their assistants from $225 to $300. A boatswain usually is paid $125 a month; $90 is about the hire of an oiler. Wages of sailors vary from about $75 to $100 a month, but on smaller yachts, where the men have a multiplicity of duties, they may fairly demand and get more.

Speed Trend

Before buying a new yacht it is well to be acquainted with a few fundamentals. Big yachts invariably are built to order. It is possible, if you wish, to buy on the installment plan. Most yachts today that exceed 100 feet in over-all length are built of steel, while those under this size are usually of wood. Between 100 feet and 115 feet is debatable ground; some designers favoring wood and others steel. The question is one of choice, however, not of cost.

The trend in speeds is toward thirteen to fourteen knots in the big boats, with fifteen to sixteen knots as the limit. A good yacht may be had to do twelve knots, but if that speed is increased to fifteen knots the power-plant cost will approximately double, though otherwise the yacht will cost about the same. At the same time, the twelve-knot boat would probably be the far more comfortable craft, due to less vibration. Take your choice.

The price figures that follow are representative of typical yachts of the size and power specified. Though the figures are approximate, they were taken from actual contract estimates made in the course of the past twelve months. They include no extras. If you change your mind about the plan of the staterooms or if your wife at the last moment insists that the living room be made three feet longer, it is an extra. The safest way is to take a long sea voyage while your yacht is being built. The saving effected will more than offset the cost of the trip.

The hull of a 112-foot yacht—in this case built of cypress wood, which in water becomes like iron—will cost you $116,000, or a little more than $1000 a foot. The Diesel motors and auxiliaries complete to develop 700 horse power will cost $36,800.

(Continued on Page 149)

These two photographs show the difference in the growth of grass on the lawn of Mrs. William Green, New Rochelle, N. Y., during thirteen days in Midsummer. Left, unfed. Right, fed with Lōma.

"In Midsummer... feeding was so successful I had the whole lawn treated"

At this time of the year, with the season of parched lawns approaching, there's especial interest for the home-owner in the experience of Mrs. William Green of New Rochelle, N. Y., whose lawn was actually beautified in Midsummer. Mrs. Green is a director of the Garden Club of New Rochelle.

"Last Summer," says Mrs. Green, "I was surprised to learn that by feeding the grass it could be made more beautiful in Midsummer. I was so skeptical that I first had Lōma applied to just a part of the lawn, leaving the other part untreated.

"In a very few days, there was a noticeable difference between the fed and the unfed parts of the lawn.

"Where Lōma had been used, the grass was a very much deeper green, and was about twice as high and thick as on the untreated side. Indeed, the untreated lawn looked quite pale by comparison and was bare in spots, showing its great need of food.

"I am certainly convinced that feeding the grass is about the best thing that can be done to keep it at its best in July and August, provided the lawn is thoroughly soaked at the time of feeding, and two or three times during the first 10 days."

* * *

Mrs. Green's experience is typical of the experiences of thousands of home-owners in all parts of the country. Because Lōma is a *complete* plant food—combining the essential nitrates, potash and phosphates in a richly concentrated form—it works wonders with lawns and with gardens.

It makes strong-rooted, thicker, greener grass that has the vitality to better withstand severe drought. It brings, too, larger and more succulent vegetables and bigger and brighter blooms. And it can be as easily applied in the Summer and Fall as in the Spring—insuring an ideal lawn and garden all through the season. *Apply* Lōma *now.*

You can get it in convenient sized containers, ranging from one-hundred-pound sacks to five-pound cartons and one-pound canisters for potted plants, from any dealer in lawn or garden supplies. Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, New York, N. Y.

"This photograph shows how fed flowers outgrow other flowers," says Mr. Peter Beuerlein of Beuerlein's Greenhouses, Pascack Road, Westwood, N. J. "We conducted demonstrations on primroses, as shown in the photograph; snapdragons and Red Bronze 'Mums. Twenty-five rows were fed with Lōma. *Another twenty-five rows were given just the usual care. The superiority in growth of the fed flowers was remarkable."*

This medal, awarded to Beuerlein's for their "Orchid Beauty Snapdragon" at the International Flower Show, is one of many awards received by this well-known grower for excellence in raising flowers. Beuerlein's cut hundreds of thousands of blooms every year, grown in their fourteen greenhouses.

Lōma

Feed now + for green lawn + glorious garden

© 1930, T. C. & C. Corp.

1st year—The first teeth are appearing. Are they strong, well shaped, sparkling?

3rd year—Time to start seeing the dentist—also to use Pepsodent morning and night.

6th year—The 6-year molars appear—the most important teeth. Have your dentist examine them every 3 months.

10th year—Are teeth crowded? Show signs of decay? Don't neglect them now.

16th year—A few more years, and decay will be less apt to occur. Keep them sound and gleaming by daily care.

During These Years, Mother, Take Them to the Dentist Often

Many troubles seldom laid to teeth originate here nevertheless. Only your dentist can recognize and correct them.

DO you know that the backwardness in school of a great many children is caused by neglected teeth? When the teeth are repaired and the mouth and gums are again made healthy, these backward children become alert, attentive and industrious. Dullness is usually based on a depleted physical condition whose source may be difficult to find.

Decay, crooked teeth, and various germ infections of the mouth—all can be corrected by your dentist. At an early stage they may be treated successfully with slight discomfort and children will not mind it.

Home care of teeth

Because your children's teeth require extra care have them use Pepsodent, the gentle tooth paste, regularly every day. For Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit, or crude abrasive. It is safe.

Pepsodent is the most effective way of removing the troublesome film from teeth, which is the major cause of decay and other serious troubles.

Film holds germs of decay against the teeth. It is the cause of teeth becoming dull, discolored, because film absorbs the stains from foods and fruits. Removing film frees teeth of stains and "dinginess."

Pepsodent—the special film-removing dentifrice—is the scientific way to lovely, healthy teeth in later life.

Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year

Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay... to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

The trip to the dentist may be made interesting and enjoyable. Never suggest to the child that it may be otherwise.

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

AMOS 'n' ANDY America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m., Eastern Daylight time—10:30 p. m., Central Daylight time—8:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time—7:30 p. m., Pacific Standard time.

(Continued from Page 146)

Interior furnishings and decorations are up to you. You might spend as little as $15,000 or as much as $50,000. Striking a halfway figure on this item, the total cost would be $185,300.

A yacht such as this would have a cruising range of about 2500 miles and be ideal for offshore excursions and seasonal visits to Bar Harbor or Miami. Her crew would number ten or twelve. A neat owner's launch would be swung from davits on her starboard side. You would have available two double and two single bedrooms, three master baths, a cozy dining room and a large saloon aft on deck.

As a yacht goes beyond 112 feet costs mount rapidly. In the 150-foot class the per-foot cost of the steel hull is almost $1700. At 200 feet the per-foot cost is about $2100. And the cost per unit of power soars even more rapidly.

A leading designer gave me these figures on a 153-foot boat: Hull, $260,000; twin Diesel motors totaling 1000 horse power at fourteen knots, $73,400; furnishings and decorations, $20,000 to $75,000, or more if you will. Total cost with average furnishing, $385,000. This is $200,000 for forty-one feet of added length over a 112-foot boat.

At 220 feet and beyond, the modern yacht becomes a palace of the high seas. Nowadays these big fellows are being equipped with gyroscopes for automatic steering, stabilizers that reduce rolling in rough seas, direction finders, intercommunicating telephone systems, radio receivers in every room, elaborate refrigeration plants, and temperature-regulating systems similar to those found in de-luxe metropolitan theaters. They have double-bottom hulls, automatic fire alarms and other precautions against trouble.

Fresh Cream in Midocean

Your multimillionaire yachtsman taking his ease in the tropics no longer mops his perspiring brow and thinks of Newport; he simply touches a mechanical servant at his elbow and his stateroom is gently filled with scientifically cooled air to suit his exact preference of the moment. The climates of the world's choicest resorts are produced upon his gesture within the bowels of his own pleasure ship. As he floats in the crisper climes of the north he dozes before the crackling logs of his own fireplace. A variety of radio programs is at his choice, as in the latest city hotels, in no matter what room he perchance may be. He can sail to any port of the world that lures his fancy, and have fresh cream in his coffee 1000 miles from land.

Here are a designer's estimates for a 235-foot craft containing all the latest wrinkles of luxurious yachtdom: Hull, $525,000; gyroscopic equipment, stabilizers, direction finders, and so on, $75,000; two Diesels developing 1100 horse power each, $150,000; average furnishings, $75,000. Total cost, $825,000.

The full crew of one of these playthings would consist of thirty-eight or forty men. It might include a captain and three mates; a chief engineer and two assistant chiefs; three quartermasters, a boatswain, an electrician, ten sailors and four oilers; a steward and four assistant stewards, a chef and an assistant chef, two cooks and a mess boy, a pantryman and a wireless operator. An owner who entertains in regal style needs a larger crew than one who limits his company to his immediate friends and family. J. P. Morgan is of the latter type—he isn't given to big parties aboard.

The 240-foot Vanda of Ernest B. Dane, of Boston, is a yacht of this general class. It was launched completely fitted and with every piece of furniture in place—an innovation of its builders. The Vanda has a continuous deck house with inside passage, and contains a smoking room, owner's stateroom, bathroom and sitting room, a galley, pantry, living and dining room. The last is thirty-three and one-half feet by twenty-seven feet—larger than similar rooms in most fine homes. The quarters below decks include five large staterooms with connecting baths, a maid's stateroom with bath, a sewing room, and commodious quarters for officers and crew. The vessel is powered by two 1500 horse-power motors with two fifty-kilowatt generators attached to supply her with electric current.

Three princes of motordom recently acquired as many 236-foot yachts at the same time. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., bought the Rene, Fred J. Fisher the Nakhoda, and Walter O. Briggs the Cambriona. The three craft are identical in size, power and design, and were built simultaneously. The interiors, however, were decorated and furnished to each owner's individual taste.

An Owner in the Engine Room

A casual look inside one of these seagoing mansions gives one an impression, as the exclusive decorators say, of spaciousness and restful luxury. Only the finest of imported woods were used. The principal rooms are paneled in mahogany, and teakwood is used in the decks. Satinwood gives a mellow touch to staterooms. Baths and showers are exquisitely tiled. Paintings hang upon the walls. Portholes—the windows of a yacht—are draped in the costliest of materials.

On the boat deck is the navigating room, or pilot house, the wireless room, captain's private suite with bath, solarium and a completely fitted gymnasium. The main deck accommodates the huge living room, with its open fireplace, the smoking room, music room, dining room and serving pantry. Below are seven master bedrooms, each with its private connecting bath. The owners' valet and personal maid each has a private room and bath. Six shower baths are provided for the crew. There are shower baths on deck so that guests, after a swim in lake or ocean, may shower off before going below to dress.

C. F. Kettering, noted Dayton engineer, recently put into commission a new 170-foot yacht which he uses both as a home at sea and a laboratory. He spent $500,000 on this boat, which he named the Olive K. It is stamped with the genius of its owner. An electrical device of Mr. Kettering's adaptation perfectly synchronizes the speed of the two six-cylinder Diesel engines, so that vibration due to the engines turning at different rates is eliminated. Various other improvements in the engine room were introduced at his suggestion. He assisted both in the building of the motors and in their installation, and much of his time at sea is put in below decks with the engineers. Appearing on deck one day smeared with oil and grease he remarked, laughing, that he was thinking of hiring a white-collar man to act as the yacht's owner in his place. Marine engines have become his hobby.

One of the finest examples of the extent to which modern mechanical ingenuity has been carried in these superyachts is Vincent Astor's Nourmahal. In the pilot house a mechanical hand—the metal mike—mans the wheel, while on a near-by chart another mechanical hand charts any variation from the course set. The gyroscopic steerer holds the ship true despite tides and currents and shows far less variation than the best human helmsman. Only in shoal or crowded waters, or when entering port, is it necessary for a man to take over the wheel. The lead and sounding line of sea tales have been replaced by mechanical sounding devices. No longer is heard the chant as a man pays out the sounding line: "Five fathoms, sir; ten, twelve, sir." An electrically actuated drum sends sound vibrations into the water; an electrical robot measures the time it takes the vibrations to travel to the ocean bottom and back, and the depth is registered in the pilot house. Even the greatest depths can be sounded in this way. When the supplementary line and lead are used, they are cast and reeled mechanically.

The direction finder with accompanying radio compass involves a still deeper science. In foggy weather lightships and stations along the coast send out into the murk a steady, unvarying rain of signals, each one denoting its source. The man in the pilot house tunes in on one of the broadcasts and manipulates the radio-compass dial, until a hairline indicator is in line with the exact direction from which the signals come. This is charted on a map, and by simply repeating the operation on the signals from two other points and noting the point where the lines intersect, the skipper determines his position accurately to the minute and the mile. A magnetic compass is also aboard, but the gyroscope compass is the one ordinarily used.

The entire operation of the Nourmahal involves mechanical control. At every important point in the vessel is a telephone that communicates instantly with every other. There is an elaborate fire alarm and automatic fire-fighting system. Without leaving the bridge, the captain can see at a glance what bulkhead doors are open or closed, and close them in event of necessity. The automatic ventilating system effects a complete change of air throughout the yacht at three-minute intervals. The stabilizer in the hold steadies the ship against rolling. On a craft of this type an elaborate refrigerating plant and electric lights are but accepted incidentals—they are deemed as essential as the cook stoves in the galley.

A Sea-Going Mansion

The first Nourmahal to sail under the red-star-and-white-field flag of the house of Astor was built for William Astor in 1884. She was a steam yacht, 272 feet over all. John Jacob Astor rebuilt her in 1903, and she remained in the Astor service until 1921. The second Nourmahal—much smaller—was then built for the present head of the family. The newest boat is the third of its name, which is from the Arabic and means "Light of my soul." She can cruise for forty-eight days on a single fueling.

One of the most magnificently furnished of the grand yachts is the Hi-Esmaro, which was put in commission in 1929 by H. Edward Manville, of Pleasantville, New York. The yacht's unusual name is a combination of the surnames of the Manville family, the "Es" being for Estelle, the daughter who is now the Countess Bernadotte of Sweden. The vessel measures 267 feet and is the largest motor-driven pleasure boat yet to be built in American shipyards. She carries a crew of thirty-eight and sufficient fuel, food and water to permit an uninterrupted cruise of 20,000 miles.

The living room of the Hi-Esmaro is on the main deck aft. It is thirty feet long and twenty-four feet wide, with a mantel of Italian Escallette marble and open electric grate. The ceiling is beamed. Paneling of harewood in an exclusive pattern and finished in dull silver covers the walls, into which are set bronze light brackets in the form of a Neptune's head backed by a seashell in dead old gold. Blue, gold and old copper is the general color scheme. The furnishings are of English style. The doors of the bookcases, filled with rare volumes, are of hand-tooled lead, with old bookmarks in the medallions. It might be a room lifted bodily out of some fine old Fifth Avenue mansion. The Neptune heads alone remind you of the sea.

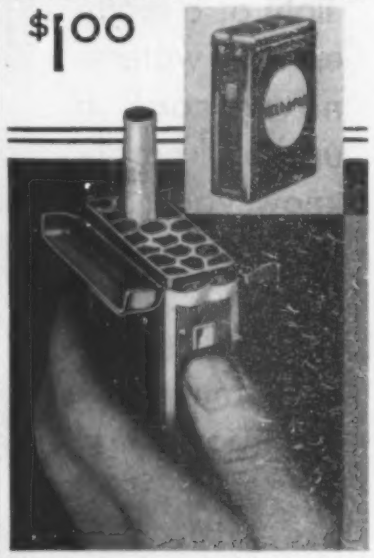
The dining room is forward, and here the scheme of color melts into soft blue and velvety silver. Again the lighting fixtures are of bronze, but as the tone of the room is that of an English manor, they are backed by old English shields, each different, but all of old silver. The woodwork is natural teakwood, the furniture of a special English-period design in French walnut. Above the massive dining table the ceiling arches into a dome. A costly old Venetian painting of the Grand Canal hangs over the sideboard—again the motif of the sea.

You go below to the smoking room down a stairway with a gorgeous rail, and it begins to dawn on you where the money goes in fitting out a yacht. An artist of no small reputation designed the rail; its spindles are slender, upright sea horses, touched

HOLD-A-PAK

The MODERN CIGARETTE CASE

$1.00



NOT just another gadget! Hold-A-Pak is the ideal cigarette protector, as well as holder. No more loose tobacco in your pocket. No more crumpled cigarettes. As simple as it is practical. Slip your package into Hold-A-Pak, tear off the foil and you're all set. Press the button, the top flies open and every cigarette is easily available. Hold-A-Pak completely protects the package on all four sides, as well as at the top and bottom. It keeps every cigarette in perfect shape—the last as firm as the first. Fits all the popular packages. Made of the finest nickel silver and is handsomely engraved.

Model No. 1273. (Above). *Retails for $1.00.*

Model No. 1275. Comes in four different color combinations—Black and Silver; Two-tone Green and Silver; Red, Black and Silver; and Brown, Beige and Silver. The colors are inlaid enamels that do not crack. *Retails for $2.00.*

The Table Hold-A-Pak

Model No. 1274

Hostesses who have diligently searched for new and different bridge prizes will find the Hold-A-Pak Table Model the perfect gift. The trim, attractive base rests conveniently on desk or table. Comes in the same color combinations as Model No. 1275.

Retails for $3.50

The Automobile Hold-A-Pak

Ever try to get at your package of cigarettes while driving? If you have, then you will appreciate this newest motoring convenience. The Automobile Hold-A-Pak keeps your cigarettes right before you at all times. Does not disfigure the dashboard in any way—no holes. On and off in a second without leaving a mark. *Model No. 1274 Retails for $1.50*

The J. E. Mergott Co.,
304-364 Jelliff Ave., Newark, N. J.

☐ Please send C. O. D.
☐ I enclose my check or money order.

No. 1273 nickel silver—Price $1.00
No. 1275 (state color wanted)—Price $2.00
No. 1274 (state color wanted)—Price $3.50
No. 1374 nickel silver—Price $1.50

Name_____

Street_____

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Note: Dealers all over the country are finding Hold-A-Pak a real money maker. Write today for discounts.

ALLIGATOR RAINCOATS—"light as a feather," *shed* water—never soak it up. You'll hardly know you have one on . . . . Yet *sturdy!* . . . They outwear heavier garments.

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Models for men and women, $7.50 to $25.00
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LEAKY ROOFS

. . . made good as new – at fraction of cost of new roof

IF you have a leaking roof, this tried-and-true method will save you money. It will save the cost of a new roof, save cost and bother of frequent small repairs and save loss by leak damage. Simply give roof an all-over coating of Rutland Roof Coating. It's as easy as painting.

RUTLAND Roof Coating is made only of asphalt, asbestos and slow-drying mineral oil. There's no tar in it. After you put it on the oil dries out and leaves on the roof a tough, mineral coating of asphalt bound together with asbestos fibres—thoroughly, lastingly waterproof.

Use on any roof except wood shingles. Red and black. One and 5 gal. cans. For factories, etc., 25 and 50 gal. drums. Also Rutland No. 4 Paste Roof Cement where paste is needed. At dependable hardware or paint stores. If you can't find it locally, write us. Free booklet, "How To Renew Old Roofs". Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vt. Makers of Rutland Patching Plaster and Repair Products for 47 years.

with gold, and in between are golden ships in full sail. Every stairway in the boat has a railing of this type.

The smoking room is distinctly a man's room, his club. The big sprawling chairs are of soft brown leather and walnut; the rubber-tile floor—of special design of course—was made for the male, and so were the humidors set in the bulkhead. The light glows softly from frosted globes before old ships' wheels; there are soft, dark colors in the heavy drapes. And over all is a marvelous ceiling of hand-tooled lead and glass through which a giant Neptune is seen rising from the sea.

There are other day rooms scattered here and there. Above the dining room is an observation parlor. It is designed as a garden room, with special bamboo furniture and painted odds and ends of wood, and from it you have a complete view of the forward end of the boat. Off the living room is a "lazy" corner in green and red, with reed chairs and fat down cushions, and a "lazy" seat that is eight feet in depth. There is a writing room amidships on the main deck that is like a cozy corner stolen from a Chinese palace. Two antique Buddhas here emit a mystic light, but each black, red, and gold writing desk has its own exclusive little lamp. An artist who had been to China painted the walls. The floor is wide planks, black as ebony.

The Corsairs' Gallant Record

The owner's suite, above deck, is in soft gray. The owner's sleeping quarters below are in the Queen Anne style. There is a special suite, done in the Swedish colors, with parchment walls, reserved for the Count and Countess Bernadotte. There are ten guest staterooms and that many guests' baths. And, of course, there is a sun deck where the yachting party may play deck tennis, shuffleboard, toss quoits, practice golf putting, dance and get the fashionable sun-tan complexion. You may be interested to know that each individual menu holder on the dining table cost no less than $150, that the china dinner service cost $10,000, that the beautiful figurehead on the yacht's clipper-ship bow was done by a famous sculptor. But these were mere details in the Hi-Esmaro's total cost, which was $1,000,000.

No tale of power yachts is complete with J. Pierpont Morgan's Corsair left out. This was true forty years ago, when the first of the Corsairs began its service. It was as true during the Spanish-American War, when the second Corsair, her paint still new, did her bit with the American Navy. Again, during the World War, a Corsair of Morgan fought for the flag side by side with others of the American fine-yacht fleet that joined the Navy. Kings and Presidents have cruised under the Morgan quarter-moon-and-star signal pennant. Aboard Morgan boats the fates of industrial empires have been decided. And now comes the fourth Corsair, most splendid of all.

All the Morgan yachts have been built in American shipyards, after American designs and traditions. Their owners have taken pride in the fact that they were all-American vessels. The present Morgan, as did his famous father, feels that the rich man's pleasure yacht is doing a tangible service for the country's shipping. With all their size and glitter, these boats, after all, are the adventurers of the ocean lanes, small beside the giant liners. Yet the same storms buffet them, the same dangers lurk in their courses as threaten the mightier commercial vessels. Hardy, alert, courageous sailors and navigators are developed on the rich man's yacht. The nation needs such sea schools is the belief of Mr. Morgan.

Sentiment has bound the Morgans and the Corsairs; it has been as if the yachts had life. The black funnel of Corsair III displayed two gold bands, significant of her service in the late war as a convoy boat for troop vessels in the Bay of Biscay. She sank at least one enemy submarine, and five plugged-up holes in her teakwood deck later showed the spot where her gun had stood. Mr. Morgan refused to have the scars removed—the "scars of war" he called them—and he hoped they would remain with the boat to her end.

A boat known in every port of the world was this former Corsair. Following a visit aboard her by the German Kaiser in 1910, she was privileged to fly the royal yacht colors when in German waters, and did. Her black hull, rich brownish-colored teakwood deck trimmed with darker mahogany, her black funnels and white superstructure gave her a distinctive appearance.

Comfort Comes Before Speed

Mr. Morgan has consistently clung to the old Wall Street tradition of silence so far as speaking for the public's benefit is concerned. He insists upon a similar silence by his yacht's crew. His officers and seamen are well paid. At least one of them—Louis Jacobsen, a seventy-six-year-old quarter-deck hand—served on the first Morgan boat. His yacht master, Capt. William B. Porter, has sailed twenty-eight years under the Morgan colors. But talkers do not remain long in the Morgan employ.

While the newest Morgan yacht was being built at Bath, every precaution was taken to keep the details of her a secret. When she was launched on April tenth, however, thousands lined the banks of the Kennebec River and watched her slip gracefully into the water, and Mr. Morgan permitted the main facts about the $2,500,000 toy that is at present the world's largest privately owned yacht to become known.

The fourth Corsair was built primarily for commodious and comfortable living at sea. Though her 343 feet of length is forty feet greater than that of her predecessor, she accommodates no more passengers. There are two owner's suites and five guest suites—that is all. But the smallest stateroom is fifteen by fifteen feet in size. Her crew—about the same as that of the older Corsair—numbers fifty-eight men. Powered by a pair of steam turbines capable of 6000 horse power, she has an electric drive similar to large commercial liners. But her top speed is only sixteen knots—two knots slower than the boat she succeeds. Mr. Morgan prefers comfort to speed.

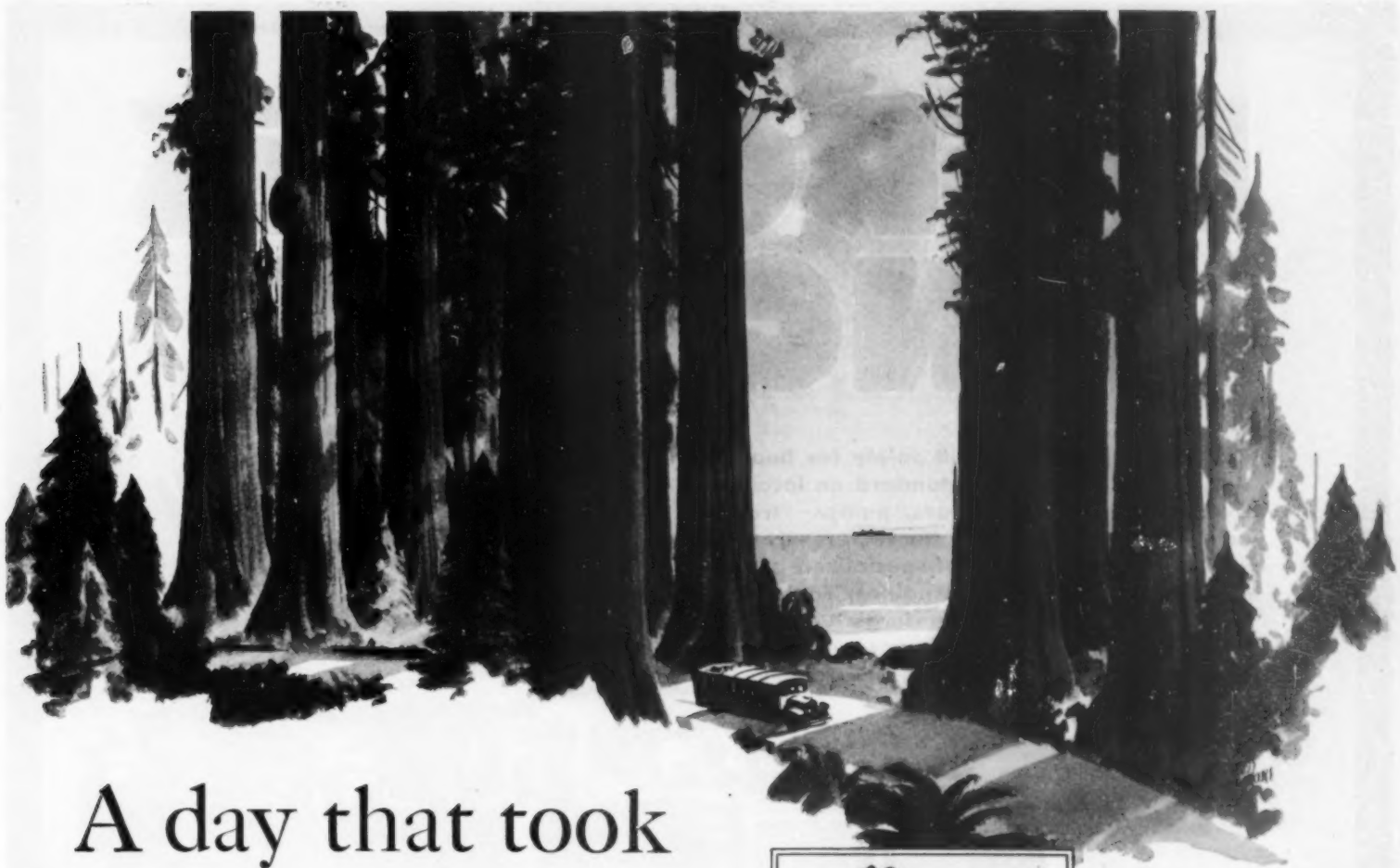
An unusual amount of free deck space is provided for exercise and walking out-of-doors. The superstructure covers only about 200 feet of her over-all length, leaving long open decks fore and aft. The boat lies low in the water, her masts and stack are at a rakish angle, she has a sweeping clipper bow, and her exposed woodwork is entirely of teak imported from India.

There are three decks below the pilot house, and they are connected by electric elevators. A huge lounging room with beamed ceiling and paneled walls that contains a massive wood-burning fireplace and some rare paintings from the Morgan art treasury is the central room of the living quarters. Except for a passageway, this room extends across the breadth of the yacht aft, which is forty-two and a half feet. In this room is displayed the one memento of the older Corsair—its wheel.

A man's yacht is this new Corsair. It rings true to its name. In other years Mr. Morgan invariably crossed the Atlantic on a regular ocean liner and had his yacht come after him, but he expects to make this yacht his liner. Its radio equipment is such that it will keep him constantly in touch with the news of the world and, what is most important, with Wall Street.

Incidentally the yacht has no bar. Whether in home or in foreign waters, Mr. Morgan is a teetotaler, and he is inclined to favor guests who see eye to eye with him on this. The Archbishop of Canterbury has long been one of his favorite cruising companions. Too, Morgan likes to take along members of his family.

It is estimated that the yacht, which has a cruising range of 25,000 miles, will cost Mr. Morgan $500,000 a year to run. And yet, bigger boats are coming—the Warrior will outmeasure it by 157 feet.



A day that took 2000 years to make

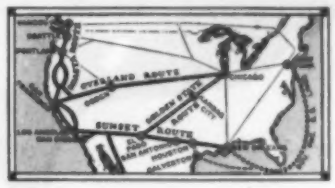
Northward from San Francisco, halfway south from Portland, a shaggy California shadow stretches into Oregon and underneath it there's a day that took 2000 years to make. It is the day en route to California, or back again, that sees you through the Redwood Empire.

Here is an empire ruled by giants. Forest giants, century-laden yet straight and tall—and haughty in the winds from that eternal sea that surges at their feet. These are trees whose branches inching skyward for 2000 years have seen Spain's Conquistador and Padre plod the Sunset Trail to found San Francisco . . . the early pathfinders struggling through the Sierra's snows to blaze the Overland Trail. They heard that startled shout *GOLD* and watched this West blaze up in a yellow frenzy, then turn to green for the nation's table; and build great cities.

From secrets of another age...an old tranquillity, these branches change to whisper of a hundred newer days, checkered here and there throughout the long Pacific Coast. Days in sparkling cities. Sport-filled days in a varied group of great resorts. Days that drowse you with the lazy song of waves from far-off oriental shores. You can crowd ten vacations into a single Southern Pacific trip along the Pacific Coast—that brave sweep from San Diego to the Evergreen Playground of the Pacific Northwest.

World-famous gardens contribute to Southern Pacific's unsurpassed dining car service

The Pacific Northwest . . . Mt. Baker, Seattle, Tacoma, Mt. Rainier, the mighty Columbia, Portland and Mt. Hood, Crater Lake—nature's thrilling mystery...all can be included in your ticket to or from California if you go one way, return another on Southern Pacific's four great routes.



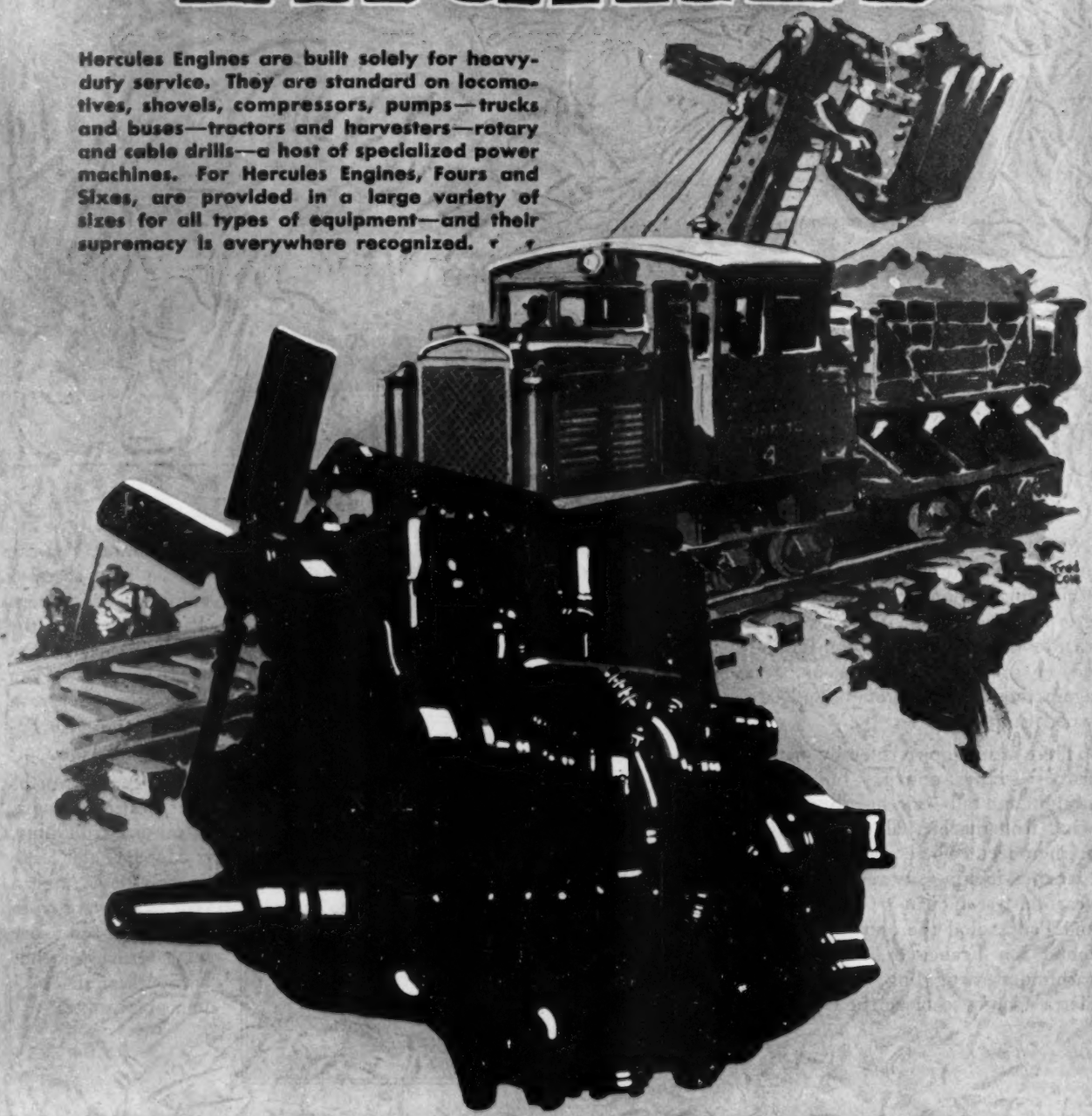
Southern Pacific

FOUR GREAT ROUTES FOR TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAVEL

WRITE TO O. P. BARTLETT, 310 S. MICHIGAN BLVD., CHICAGO, OR H. H. GRAY, 531 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY, FOR BOOK: "HOW BEST TO SEE THE PACIFIC COAST."

HERCULES ENGINES

Hercules Engines are built solely for heavy-duty service. They are standard on locomotives, shovels, compressors, pumps—trucks and buses—tractors and harvesters—rotary and cable drills—a host of specialized power machines. For Hercules Engines, Fours and Sixes, are provided in a large variety of sizes for all types of equipment—and their supremacy is everywhere recognized.



HERCULES MOTORS CORPORATION, CANTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

THEY TOLD BARRON

(Continued from Page 21)

I told him of Mr. and Mrs. William Boyce Thompson. He remembered that Thompson was with the mission in Russia and what he had done there. I started to tell him something about Mellen and Morgan, when he asked if Mellen was the man who was Secretary of the Treasury, and I said, "No, not that Mellon. That Mellon is only worth $500,000,000, but of course that is nothing to you, the richest man in the world." He said playfully, "How do they know? I will tell you something. Nobody has ever counted it. As a matter of fact, I have not increased my fortune for twenty-seven years."

As we discussed weights and health he told me the story of Balzac, who entered the theater late while a play was going on, and annoyed people with his big paunch crowding by, so that a man swore at him. Between the acts Balzac approached the man and said: "Why did you swear at me? I can't help my size." "You can help it," said the man. "You drink a lot of water and other things, and that swells you up. If you stopped drinking you would reduce." So Balzac took the advice and stopped his drinking of water and liquids, and lost his paunch.

NEW YORK, October 19, 1921.

Rode uptown with Elisha Walker, of Blair & Co. He said that he had just returned two weeks ago from Germany, and every banker he talked with in Berlin told him the same story—there would have to be readjustment under the Versailles Treaty. The Allies, he believed, would make a proposal for funding for three years on some basis of payment, with a demand that the Germans stop the printing press and put up the value of the mark and adjust things right.

PARIS, May 16, 1922.

J. Ridgely Carter said: "The bankers who are distributing securities tell me that the savings of the French peasantry are now tremendous. Where they formerly sent one bond and two shares into a village in their distribution, they now send ten bonds and twenty shares. The peasants of France are working as never before. In the devastated area, where land was condemned as being unfit for reclamation, more than 80 per cent of it has already been reclaimed and is bearing crops."

He said French investors do not bother with quotations. They look to the Bank of France and keep their eye on its pot of gold, and if their coupons are regularly paid they are satisfied.

HIGHCLIFFE CASTLE, May 20, 1922.

There are 1000 members of Lloyd's. Each must deposit £5000. He is held personally for all his obligations, and when he cannot pay and has nothing left but his clothes, the fund can be drawn upon for his debts. There is no lift. You walk up three flights of stairs, and the name of the member you want is called out through a speaking trumpet. They will gamble on anything—the weather or Paderewski's fingers.

February 13, 1923.

Sir Robert Horne talked with me for two hours. He said: "I think a German settlement is not difficult, if only France could be brought into line. She will get nothing out of the Ruhr.

"You must put hope into Germany before you can restore her trade, and the world will not be right until Germany is back in the world's industries.

"You are absolutely right in your thought that we did not want to reduce our taxation program until we had made a settlement with the United States. We believed it right to face the problem at the earliest moment, and put on the tax burden. Indeed, in my budget I had planned for £50,000,000 payment to the United States, but I am glad we have settled at £31,000,000 per annum, but I wanted to be provided against all contingencies. This is what I wanted to see you about when I arrived."

SOUTHAMPTON, April 8, 1923.

At Townhill Park, Bitterne, Southampton, with Lord and Lady Swaythling.

Lord Swaythling said: "I know of people who have to have six servants a week, because people receiving doles are allowed to serve one day a week without losing their dole, and that is the only way they could get service. They cannot inform the authorities without danger of losing all service. People leave service now, not by giving notice but by being impertinent, so they will be discharged; and then they can go on the public dole."

LONDON, April 11, 1923.

Twenty-four people attended a dinner at Lansdowne House, where Mr. Barron spoke for about forty minutes at Mr. Selfridge's request.

Sir Thomas Lipton told how Honey Fitz borrowed the King's yacht to visit Sir Thomas, who had with him as guests John D. Crimmins and his wife, and Martin Littleton and his two daughters. Sir Thomas was offshore, and when he saw the King's yacht approaching, he lined up his crew for salutes, with everything in order; the ladies made hurried inquiries as to how they should address the King and Queen, make their curtsies, and so on, and then put on their best, only to give welcome to John F. Fitzgerald and his two daughters. It appears that Fitzgerald, finding no one in London, went down to Cowes to join Sir Thomas, and there were plenty of boats for hire to take him offshore, but none of them pleased him or were good enough to take him to the yacht of Sir Thomas. But as he walked along he came to the Royal Yacht Club, where nothing but royalty was supposed to enter. He marched aboard the King's yacht and told the commander to take him out to Sir Thomas Lipton. He said to his daughters, 'This boat looks all right.' And he supposed it was for hire. The crew supposed, as he was to go to Sir Thomas, that the King had sent him, and immediately put off. The King and Queen came down and cooled their heels on the wharf for half an hour, awaiting the return of their boat. That night Sir Thomas dined with the King and Queen. The King wanted to sack the whole crew until Sir Thomas explained the incident and gave the King a hearty laugh.

April 13, 1923.

Took tea with T. P. O'Connor, Joe Devlin and others. T. P. O'Connor said: "William J. Bryan arose from the reporters' table and made the famous Cross of Gold speech which gave him the presidential nomination." T. P. said: "This is the greatest illustration in the world's history of the devastating effects of oratory.

"There are 2,500,000 Irishmen in England."

LONDON, April 10, 1923.

Lovat-Fraser, at luncheon at the New Metropole, says: "Selfridge stands well in London. His acquisition of Lansdowne House was something of a sensation in London, and before the people, has raised him in their esteem; something which could not occur in America.

"Rothermere has enormously increased the earnings of the Daily Mail, but he lives on his farm sixty miles away and has, at times, a suite at the Savoy.

"Arnold Bennett came to Lord Rothermere for £1000 to invest. Bennett said they wanted to revive an old opera and he thought the £1000 would be a good investment. Rothermere put it up as a matter of good-fellowship. But it has been returned to him more than twenty times over. Now Rothermere is backing Polly, which is paying as well."

ROME, March 24, 1923.

William Boyce Thompson told me that he had seen the contract between Hearst and Brisbane—Brisbane was to be independent absolutely in what he had to say in that first column, and to have the right to own newspapers outside. Brisbane invests in real estate up around Forty-second Street, of present small return, but of increasing value, so that his income is eaten up carrying the real estate, but he has smaller income taxes to pay."

S. S. PARIS, SAILING FOR AMERICA,
April 15, 1923.

Steadily Europe is being Americanized, all the way from straw hats to typewriters and motor cars. One who wants to see England as it was must cross the ocean quickly, for the England of old is rapidly passing. The war crushed the wealthy classes and wealth itself. Indeed, it crushed art and the society that supported art. England is no longer British when the London Times is illustrated and caters for circulation, and they are dancing at Claridge's to American jazz music Sunday evenings. But the most striking innovation in England or the Continent is the American cocktail. The war has permanently fastened the American cocktail on all Europe—Martini, Manhattan, Clover Club, and the whole line. Indeed, in London the call is for double cocktails, meaning a large glass with a double potion. In Paris they are drinking more whisky than ever. England still continues her premium of six shillings a gallon on exported whisky—whisky exported under bounty and without home tax.

NEW YORK, April 19, 1924.

At the New York Times dinner given by Mr. Ochs to the directors of the Associated Press, I was seated by Charles F. Hart, formerly associated with Northcliffe.

"Northcliffe was a genius, but crazy. Nobody knows how long before his mortal illness he was really insane.

"During my time with Northcliffe there were seven lives of Napoleon written, and I know that Northcliffe took his curl and his title of Northcliffe that he might represent the famous N."

NEW YORK, April 24, 1923.

Lord Cowdray said: "Lord Iveagh is certainly the richest man in England. Lord Pirrie ranks up very well. He accumulates and never spends. His interest could not have been large in the Times, for Northcliffe represented 80 per cent.

"The Westminster Gazette is now a morning paper, and Spender is a regular contributor, but no longer the editor. Altogether I represent in the newspaper world a circulation—morning—of 700,000 daily and 300,000 weekly, for we have more than the Westminster Gazette."

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
February 10, 1928.

Secretary Mellon had read my last Wall Street Sermon, Wealth Creation by Finance. He said to me: "Credit is the larger part of the whole structure in finance.

"Before the revolution, Russia was one of the wealthiest countries of the world. Then the Soviets thought they would grab this wealth, and they destroyed the structure of credit and found only the dregs of gold. The wealth had evaporated. It was as if you had burned down the house to get the nails."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of reminiscences by Mr. Barron, as edited by Mr. Pound and Mr. Moore. The next will appear in an early issue.

SPENCERIANS-100% WRITE
Here is the pen that will not rust or corrode. Made of finest stainless steel. It will give you almost endless service. Surely one of the many Spencerian models will suit your style of writing. The new
SPENCERIAN
EVERBRITES
are Stainless Steel Pens.
Send 6c for 3 selected Everbrites to
SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY
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ALWAYS ready to heat water, milk . . . make coffee or tea . . . cook delicious dishes without fuss or bother. Scores of other uses. Heats curling iron . . . water for shaving . . . hot meals outdoors . . . aboard boat . . . invaluable in sick room: Great for camping, picnicking, auto trips.

Sterno Canned Heat is absolutely safe . . . no sparks, smoke or cinders. Burns solid.

Ask your dealer about the new Sterno 3-in-1 Combination—improved enameled stove with door, cooking pot with cover, can of Heat and extinguisher—all for 98¢. Mail the coupon today for special introductory Sterno Stove—wonderful value—and Sterno Cook Book. Both for 10¢. Dept. 116, Sterno Corp., (Est. 1887), 9 East 37th St., New York City.

Sterno Corp., Dept. 116
9 East 37th Street, N. Y. C.
Gentlemen: I enclose 10¢ for Special Sterno Stove and new Cook Book.
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

STERNO CANNED HEAT

Licensed by U. S. Govt. for use only as fuel

Friendly five shoes

HEALTH INSURANCE FOR YOUR FEET

THE BROKER
Genuine Calfskin. Combination Last
Black No. 392. Tan No. 393

WIDTHS A TO D
OTHER STYLES AAA TO E

$5

There is a way to insure foot-health, comfort, and long wear. Go to your Friendly Five dealer. He is trained to fit you properly, and through the range of fifty fashionable Friendly Five styles, he has the exact size and width for your foot. The Broker, pictured above, is an example of the distinctive smartness that characterizes all Friendly Five Shoes. A remarkable value at five dollars.

JARMAN SHOE CO., *Manufacturers*, Nashville, Tenn.

FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

What Did He Do
To Make So Much Extra Money?

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
849 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Extra Money is what I'm looking for. Please tell me—of course without obligation—how it can be mine.

Name..... *Age*.....
(Please print name and address)

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

He First Sent Us a Coupon Like This

AND then, in spite of the fact that he was employed by a large company, Mr. Noah A. Weiner of Connecticut quickly started on a profitable career as our local representative. That was fifteen years ago. Nearly every month since he has earned Curtis subscription profits; in one day not long ago an even $12.00!

Now, *how about you?* Surely you can spare an hour now and then, to follow the simple directions we will give you. You need no experience, no capital—only the willingness to TRY. Above is a coupon—mail it today.

Profits From the Start

OUT-OF-DOORS

Little Birds

BANTAMS are scarce. Years ago these diminutive models of standard-size domestic hens were quite common. Almost every barnyard had a few mongrel bantams that were—nominally—owned by the children. The exhibitions of bantams at the poultry shows included hundreds of birds of all breeds. Gradually interest in purebred bantams faded. Newer and more exciting recreations took the place of raising blue-ribbon specimens. Now bantams are coming back, and those breeders who have continued in the field are finding times more prosperous than ever. For bantams are used as foster mothers for game birds, and the tremendous interest in game breeding, the increasing number of game farms, provide a market for every bird the bantam raiser can produce.

The back-lot poultryman has an opportunity now to use his knowledge on the smaller birds and make more money at less effort than is the case with the standard-size fowls. Bantams require less room than the latter, they eat less, need less care, and the eggs are easily marketed for hatching or the birds themselves sold to the propagators of game.

A good percentage of those who are intensely interested in game farming have not sufficient land or capital profitably to venture with the pheasants, quail or wild ducks. Wild birds must have plenty of range while they are growing, and if this is not available it is unwise to attempt such work. But, nevertheless, a profit may be made vicariously from game breeding, by supplying the bantams that are so useful for the rearing of first-class game.

Of all the breeds of bantams which can be found for sale by a thorough search of the advertising pages of farm and poultry magazines, the Japanese Silkie is supreme as a foster parent. A broody Silkie hen will set on anything that has the remotest resemblance to an egg, and she will hover and care for every baby bird in her vicinity.

Second—a close second—comes the various cochin bantams. There are a number of separate breeds of cochins, each distinguished by its color, which includes black, white, buff, and so on. Splendid little fowls, good setters and fine mothers.

Miniatures of the Poultry Yard

Other breeds are useful, too, even though they may not be so well known as those I have mentioned. The tiny, cocky little Sebrights, black rose combs, Japanese black tailed, and so on, are wonderful caretakers for little quail, which are so small and tender that a clumsy, heavy hen quickly kills her entire brood.

A price list of breeding stock and hatching eggs from one of the largest consolidated poultry farms in the United States contains the names of forty-two varieties of bantams. There are Leghorn bantams and Plymouth Rock bantams and wyandotte bantams; all identical to their larger namesakes in everything but size. Just as the bigger birds were bred for size or ability as manufacturers of large eggs, so have the bantams been developed as a pastime to create a miniature of them—to bring down the size and, at the same time, retain the type. In the leisurely days the hobby of raising bantams was adopted by a great many people. Nearly always they were fanciers who cared more for a blue ribbon than for anything else in creation. In the autumn the breeders met with their best birds at the county fairs, and later, at the poultry shows, where ancient rivals keenly watched the judging of the fowls. Good sportsmanship was as important there as at any football game. "Congratulations, Jim. That's a fine bird. Give you a hundred dollars for him. No? All right then. I'll lick you next year sure."

Bantams are as easily reared as ordinary chicks. More of them can be kept in the same space, and they do not eat nearly so much grain. As layers they are not generally so bountiful as standard-size hens, but the source of profit in bantams is not from the sale of eggs for the table. Like game birds, bantams lay best during the spring and summer. Their eggs sell well for hatching, and every breeder I know cannot fill the demand for his eggs. The game farms buy them months in advance and the annual output of stock is contracted for and deposits paid before the birds are raised.

Almost any sort of weatherproof house is suitable for bantams. Piano boxes have been used with great success, or a small house is built from inexpensive lumber. About three square feet of floor space should be allowed each bird. That gives them room for plenty of exercise. The height of the house may be from four to six feet. Where the floor of the building is somewhat extensive, it is better to have it high enough to allow for easy entrance of the workman. Some concerns sell small henhouses with runs combined that are ideal for bantams.

The Joy of Raising Bantams

The price of stock varies with the rarity or demand for the particular breed or color phase. From four to ten dollars each for ordinary stock is around the top figure. Silkies are listed at from three to four dollars each and they are not always available. Mongrel bantams bring $1.50 per bird at some farms. I have picked up mongrels ready to set on pheasant eggs at fifty cents each. Anyone contemplating entering the business of bantam breeding should start with breeding stock that is two years old, if possible. The birds themselves are always a more economical first purchase if the new owner has had no experience with poultry. Bantam eggs are less expensive than the birds, of course. Here, as with the stock, the established farms of good reputation and a high standing to maintain get the top prices. Five dollars and fifty cents for fifteen eggs or thirty dollars a hundred are the highest quotations I have seen so far.

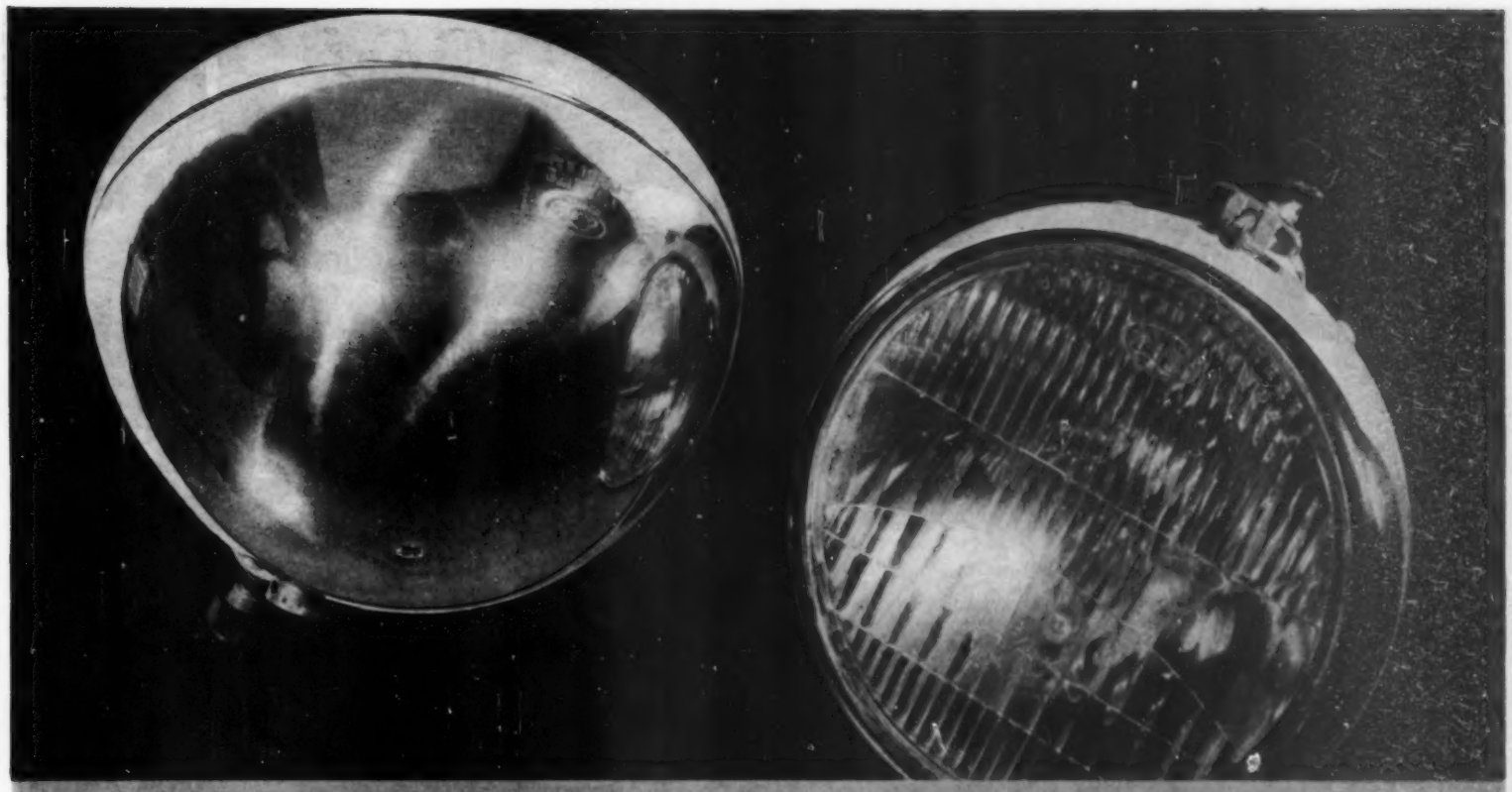
The eggs are incubated in the same way as ordinary hens' eggs—either in an incubator or under a broody hen. Full-sized hens can be used to raise bantams if it is necessary, or they may be given to a mechanical brooder and thus brought up in larger numbers at less cost. Bantam eggs hatch in twenty-one days, and as soon as the youngsters are all dried off they are placed in a coop with their mother. Commercial baby-chick food is given them according to the directions of the miller. Fresh water and grit are constantly before them.

When they are about a week old the coop is opened, so that they may range outside. The hen is held inside the coop and the babies run to her when they are cold or hungry.

So far as I know, there are no day-old bantams being offered for sale and very little attention is paid this class of bird by the hatcheries. The purchaser must depend for his supply upon the small breeder or deal with the gigantic organizations of poultry farms that offer a variety of breeds.

Aside from any utilitarian purpose, there is tremendous joy in keeping bantams. The roosters are always so full of life. They flap their wings and crow at the slightest provocation, and the best ones will do their puny best to whip all comers. Some of the breeds are beautifully colored, others are merely odd, but all of them contribute to the joy of living and also to the number of wild game birds in our woods and fields. Bantams are bully little pets. There should be more of them.

—HORACE MITCHELL.



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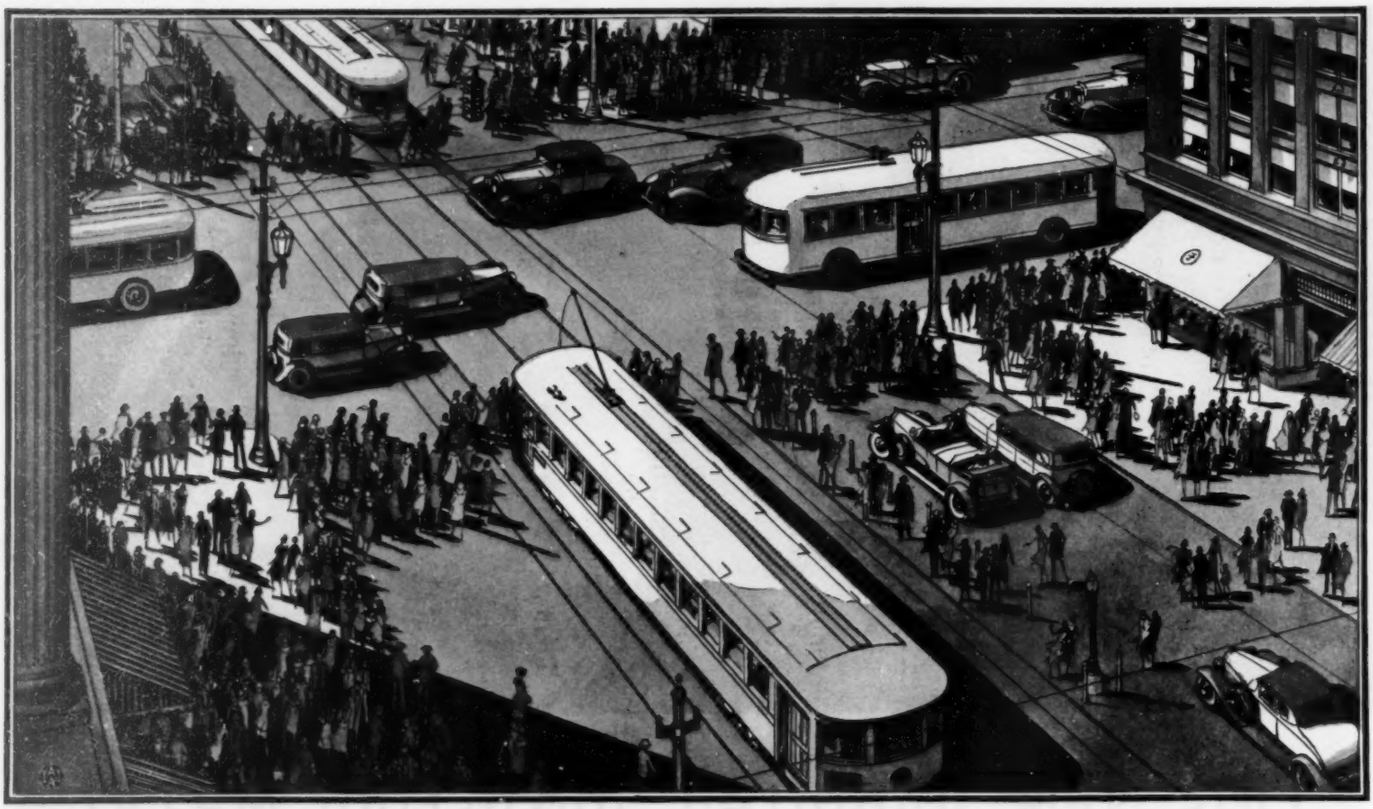

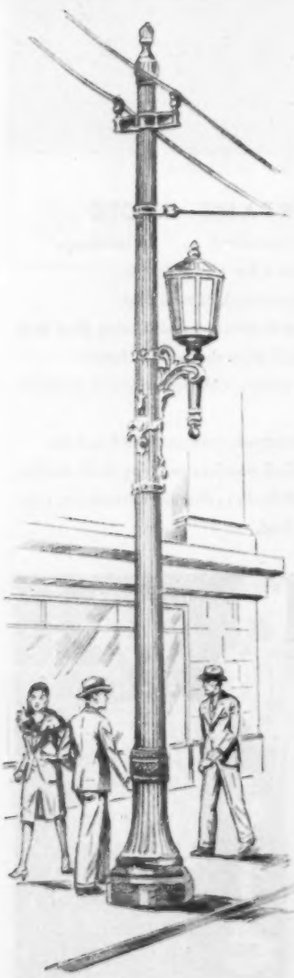

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THE PRIMROSE PLANT

(Continued from Page 42)

hotel as they were going in, and Posy introduced him to the Contessa.

"Not much to look at, Posy," said Hoad when the Contessa had moved on, "but still rich. Lunching anywhere today?"

"I've been sick, Hoad. I'm a sight," said Posy.

"You're Cleopatra to me," said Hoad. "Stopping here?"

"Temporarily," said Posy. "They say the bungalows in Reno are all right, and one can always go over to Tahoe for a week-end. The Contessa doesn't approve."

"Have you left Bill for good, Posy?" asked Hoad, staring.

"Look at me," said Posy unnecessarily. "Of course I've left Bill for good."

They lunched together that day in town, and the next day out of town, and the next day in town again.

And each day Hoad proposed marriage to Posy. Each day Hoad sent flowers to Posy—orchids to wear, and lilies of the valley to smell, and great sprays of flowering peach to look at. The primrose plant was completely outclassed. It looked everyday and diminished in its blue earthenware pot. It looked humdrum and not very thrilling. Posy didn't bother with it. It stood in a corner. Stratton watered it each day and set it in a sunny window. The primrose plant bloomed.

Hoad, by the end of the week, had gone lyric. His pale eyes ate Posy up. His plain face was an open, illuminated book. His ears were crimson tinged by his general inward excitement.

"If you marry me, Posy," said Hoad, "you can whistle for trouble and it won't come to heel. I'm lousy with money and sick of blond women and absolutely mashed on you. I'm cuckoo. I wake up in the night and stretch out my arms and groan. If you marry me, all you've got to do is twiddle your little fingers with the red lacquer on them, and say, 'Papa, I want,' and the world is yours."

"Who is that in the red hat, Hoad?" said Posy.

"Who cares?" said Hoad. "How'd you like to go to the South Seas on a yacht, Posy? Big red moons, plenty sweet smells, waterfalls, heat? The South Seas are calling you, Posy."

"It's Millicent Day," said Posy. "Who's that with her, Hoad? It's somebody in a brown suit."

"We could dip lazy into China if you liked," said Hoad, "and walk on the wall and buy white jade. You're like white jade yourself, Posy. You're so hard and cool and smooth-looking. You're modeled right and colored right, and you haven't any heart. . . . We could drift along to India if you liked. We could forget New York and everyone in it, couldn't we, Posy? We could hold hands and kiss and—and laugh."

"It's Bill," said Posy, turning white, standing up suddenly. "I've got to get out of here, Hoad."

"Why?" said Hoad. "I've ordered the lunch and you're with me and it's a free country. Bill isn't going to throw you through any windows. One more marriage has gone on the rocks, and what of it and who cares? Bill doesn't give a wet dish-cloth, and neither do you. Everybody's doing it. Be sensible, Posy. Bill won't even see you if you sit down."

"Everything is whirling," said Posy.

"Sit down and it won't whirl," said Hoad. "Give Bill a bottle," he added, "and Bill's all set."

"No, no! Please!" said Posy inadequately, but she sat down again. When Bill came along the aisle between the rows of tables he looked as big as ever. His hair was the color of ripe corn. Bill hated his hair. His eyes were blue, and when he was pleased they had blue sparks in them, and when he was excited the sparks would turn hot and white. Bill hated his eyes. Bill had on his brown suit, and the brown suit looked bigger than ever. It looked too big for Bill. Bill stopped beside their table and stared down at Posy over Hoad's head. His hands on Hoad's shoulders held them down.

"Hello, Posy," said Bill pleasantly.

"Hello," said Posy.

"Going about a good deal with Hoad these days, aren't you, Posy?" said Bill.

"Yes," said Posy.

"Want to get married to Posy sometime, don't you, Hoad?"

"Yes," snapped Hoad, "and what if I do? You may as well get it first as last, Ballard. Everything, except for a few formalities, is arranged."

"Fine," said Bill pleasantly. "Am I a formality?"

"Get out, Ballard," said Hoad. "See my lawyer. We can't talk to you here. Posy has her reservation for Reno on the eighth, and when we get married we're going around the world on a yacht. We're all set."

"Great," said Bill. . . . "The goldfish with the bulging head died, Posy."

"No," said Posy.

"But the rest are all right. I feed 'em every morning," said Bill. . . . "Three of my shirts didn't get back from the laundry. Where is the laundry, Posy?"

"On Third Avenue. The second door from the corner of our street. The man has a drooping eyelid, but he's very obliging. What—what shirts were they?"

"Blue, I think," said Bill. "I missed a striped one the day you left. And I can't find the key of the clock."

"You never can find anything," said Posy. "The key is under the clock, stupid."

"Not really," said Bill, pleased.

"Of course," said Posy. "Pull your tie straight, Bill—and what's the matter with your suit?"

"You tell me," said Bill.

"It's too big. It hangs on you. Are you—are you thin, Bill?"

"You tell me," said Bill.

"You're thin," said Posy. "You're a sight. What's the matter with you anyway, Bill?"

"Nothing," said Bill. "It's been great to see you two. I'll be getting back to my table."

"Millicent Day is a cat, Bill," said Posy.

"Sure," said Bill, "but she's pretty. By the way, I'm off the booze and on the wagon, Posy."

"No," said Posy.

"I am," said Bill. "Just like that. . . . Well, good-by, Posy."

"Good-by," said Posy.

"So long, Hoad."

"Tootle-oo," said Hoad.

"Call me up if you need anything, Posy. By the way, I've gone over to Hall & Welland, Posy. Scouting around for someone remarkable, they found me."

"No," said Posy.

"A thousand a year more," said Bill.

"No," said Posy.

"And maybe a partnership. . . . Well, good-by, Posy."

"Good-by," said Posy.

When the Contessa came back from the opera that evening, she found Posy curled up on her chaise longue, waiting. Posy unclasped the Contessa's pearls and locked them away. She took down the Contessa's hair and brushed it carefully. She hung the Contessa's dress over a chair. She fetched and carried. She brought the Contessa's negligee, her slippers, her cold cream, her glass of milk. It had appeared that Posy had sent Stratton away because she was restless, couldn't sleep, wanted to talk.

"About marriage," said Posy shyly, curled up at the foot of the Contessa's bed. "About your marriage. Not—not mine."

"I am honored," said the Contessa gently, sipping her milk. "Proceed, my pigeon."

"Well—well," said Posy, breathlessly, clasping her hands together for courage. "When you had been away from your husband for a time—for a very long time—and then you saw him suddenly—without any warning—did—did everything whirl?"

"I shall have to think back," said the Contessa.

"Think back," said Posy.

"Giacomo was not beautiful," said the Contessa. "He was short in the legs. He was much better on horseback. I think I must tell you, my *mariposa*, since you are so interested, that Giacomo was not faithful to me."

"And you—you didn't leave him?"

"No," said the Contessa. "I had my place, my position. I was his wife. Giacomo was perfectly well-bred. Nothing was flaunted. Nothing was said. It was his gambling which distressed me most. That and his blowing of the nose."

"His gambling?" breathed Posy. "His nose?"

"Like a trumpet," said the Contessa. "And even when he had no cold. Rich as I was, there was never enough money because of his gambling. But men are men and I was his wife. I had my position, my place. I think I must tell you, my *mariposa*, that Giacomo, poor dear, bored me. His story of getting the best of the farmer in the matter of the colt; his story of the three eggs—it is rather sad, thinking back."

"You were so unhappy?"

"Oh, no," said the Contessa, "I was not at all unhappy. It was a good marriage as marriages go. There was the great house party each Christmas at Turin—forty to fifty guests, huge logs ablaze in all the fireplaces, dancing, cards, hunting. I had my children, my name, my homes, my jewels, my friends. I had all I deserved. I was great lady. My hearth. My family. Marriage is a matter of balance, compromise, good sportsmanship."

"Over here," said Posy, "usually it isn't. Over here we believe in freedom, individuality, expression."

"Marriage is not a cage," said the Contessa. "Within it one may have these things."

"Over here," said poor Posy, "we believe in—in love."

The Contessa shrugged. "Children," she said, "crying for the moon."

Posy had made all her preparations for departure. She had a little money of her own, and all that was ready of it she turned into travelers' checks. She bought an overnight bag and a white-tasseled hammock, and she meant to lie in her white-tasseled hammock on the porch of her bungalow at Reno and rest and get ready for what, in life, might turn up next. She would shed her marriage as lightly as a boa constrictor sheds its skin. Or was it a jaguar? Posy was not sure. Grumpy had been so averse to snakes that she had turned over the pages very quickly whenever they encountered one. The jaguars had followed the snakes in the book, but Grumpy had hustled Posy along so fast that they were among the polar bears almost immediately, and pretty soon it was lunchtime.

Posy had bought a discreet, dark, little suit, and a hat which might have been made for a widow and yet exactly wasn't. Posy read herself to sleep at night with poetry bound in vellum, but pretty soon she would wake up again. She shopped, ate, drove, looked out at the tulips, listened to the Contessa in a sort of dead calm, a sort of suspended animation. She moved through a twilight dusk of her own. Posy had heard *Götterdämmerung*, but she had taken it gently. She went with Hoad to a jeweler's and looked over some rings, but the rings didn't shine very brightly in the dull, dusky light which surrounded Posy; so she didn't choose any of them. Everything was ready. Everything was packed. And on the afternoon of the last day, Posy was trying to rest when Stratton came in, carrying the primrose plant.

The primrose plant looked queer. Some of its leaves had turned yellow. Some of its flowers had turned gray. It had been

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well watered, sunned, tended by Stratton, but the primrose plant drooped.

"What shall I do with it, Mrs. Ballard?" said Stratton. "It's dying."

"It isn't dying," said Posy sharply. "It can't die. It was the first thing we bought after we were married. We came out of the justice of the peace's house, and on the corner was a florist's, and there it was, in the sunshine, and we bought it. We—we set up housekeeping with it. Primrose plants live for years."

"In gardens," admitted Stratton, "they may."

"In apartments, on fire escapes, on window sills, unless they are pushed off. I can make my primrose plant live anywhere. . . . What time is it, Stratton?"

"Twenty past three, Mrs. Ballard."

"Give me my clothes," said Posy.

She dressed in a whirl—her new suit, her new hat. She didn't stop to powder her nose or put red on her mouth or think.

"There's some stuff at the apartment that I put on my primrose plant when it droops," said Posy, tearing into her clothes. "It's on the second shelf of the kitchen cupboard. The train doesn't leave until eight. Give me my primrose plant, Stratton. You are such a comfort to me."

"In what way, Mrs. Ballard, if I may ask?"

"You watch out for me. You don't forget anything. You arrange. Perhaps you like me a little, Stratton?"

"I like you very much indeed, Mrs. Ballard."

"Did you ever have a daughter of your own, Stratton?"

"I have never been married, Mrs. Ballard."

"Oh, well —— If I should ever have a daughter of my own, Stratton, I think I should want you to be her nurse, if the Contessa permitted it. . . . Where is my purse? . . . Oh, thank you. It's such a shabby old purse, isn't it? But I like it! . . . Would you be my daughter's nurse, Stratton, if I had a daughter?"

"I am not a children's nurse, Mrs. Ballard."

"But you could be, Stratton. We could look into the matter of bath temperatures and things together. You could bathe her and I could keep her darling head above water—a hand at the back of her neck—and she'd kick. . . . Rose-colored organdie at the nursery window. . . . I'll be back in half an hour, Stratton. I'm just running around to the apartment for a moment."

Posy took a taxi to the apartment and let herself in with her key. When the door was closed behind her, she stood for a moment in the little hall. The apartment smelled close. There didn't seem to be any air. There was just staleness, flatness, dearth. Posy had meant to go straight to the second shelf of the kitchen cupboard and straight out again, but the living room stopped her. The chintz curtains across the studio window hung untidily and one of them had been jerked loose from its rings. The pillows on the black satin sofa were all at one end—crumpled, mashed down, sodden, hopeless. Newspapers had been thrown down on the floor and left, cigarette ashes had been scattered, dust was over everything. Posy set down her primrose plant on the window sill and gathered up the newspapers. She plumped up the pillows. She jerked back the chintz curtains and opened a section of the studio window. Cool air from the river blew in over Posy. A wedge of afternoon sunshine shone down on her best rug and across her walnut end table, revealing the fact that her photograph in the square tortoise-shell frame—the photograph of Posy dressed in black velvet—the one that made the best of her nose—the dignified, married-looking one that Bill scoffed at and kidded and adored—was gone.

It wasn't on her little red-lacquer piano, or on the bookshelves, or on the desk in the bedroom. Posy spent some time looking for it. The bed hadn't been made, but Posy's best orchid taffeta bedspread had been folded off carefully and hung over a chair. The sheets hadn't been changed for a long time. Nor the pillow slips. The bathroom was a mess. Towels everywhere—towels in a storm. The medicine chest was a sight—tubes of tooth paste mashed flat, no bath soap left, no absorbent cotton, no adhesive tape. Bill must have used it all up. He must have hurt himself somehow and bound himself up. Bill was so big, so clumsy and helpless.

Posy looked dogged as she walked out to the kitchen, carrying her primrose plant. She braced herself to meet her kitchen. She pushed open the swinging door and looked at her little orange-and-cream kitchen and groaned. Posy could not remember ever having groaned before in her life, for groaning was not part of her code. People who took life gently, lightly, easily, who skipped into life and through it and out of it, who played about and shirked and frisked, didn't groan. Cream-and-orange kitchens didn't matter to them. Homes didn't matter. There was always a hotel to go to. There were always Palm Beach, Cannes, California. There was always Reno to go to.

It depended—thought Posy, really thinking for the first time in her life, looking at the wreck of her little kitchen—upon what you were out for. If all you wanted of life was to escape, to shirk, to save your skin, to follow the sun, then work, worry, suffering, love didn't matter. Homes, husbands, children didn't matter.

All such excess baggage could be pitched overboard, must be pitched overboard in order to reach Nirvana, for reaching Nirvana took all your time, effort, strength. You could only reach it alone—one by one, not two by two. Posy's mother hadn't reached it quite. Bill's mother hadn't reached it quite. But they were still on their way. They were still traveling, hurrying. They were still—hoping.

When Bill came in at 6:30, he stood in the hall for a moment before coming into the living room. He stood in the hall and sniffed, for Bill thought he smelled mushroom soup. The hall was warm, fragrant, dimly, duskily lighted. Bill put down his hat and gloves very carefully on the hall table, for his big hands were suddenly trembling. Bill was pale when he came into the living room. He looked bigger than ever, younger, more helpless, more at one's mercy.

"Hello," said Posy, looking up from the evening paper.

"Hello," said Bill.

Posy turned a page of her paper and Bill sat down near the door in the first chair at hand—a ridiculous little antique French chair that always creaked beneath him. It creaked now. Bill looked around the living room vaguely, mistily, for Posy never turned on the high light in the center and Bill's eyes seemed suddenly to be less good than usual. The living room looked great. There weren't any cigarette ashes. There wasn't any dust. The chintz curtain which Bill had been meaning to fix for weeks was fixed. There were fresh flowers on the walnut end table before Posy's photograph in the square tortoise-shell frame. The clock was going. The goldfish were swimming. The primrose plant stood on the window sill. And Posy was there—Posy without any hat or coat or rubber sandals—Posy in her old rose-print dress, which Opal had overlooked, which Bill for weeks had been meaning to send over to the hotel. Posy was there.

All at once Bill rose up from his unsteady little antique chair and wavered across the room to Posy. He reached her and his big hands came down on her shoulders, gripped her shoulders, slid down over her bare arms, caught at her hands. After a minute Bill crumpled up and went down on his knees to Posy. He was biting his lips, and they were bleeding. He was sobbing. Bill. The sun god. Rocking himself back and forth like a kid. Posy couldn't stand this, of course, so she pulled Bill's head down on her breast and rocked back and forth with him.

(Continued on Page 161)

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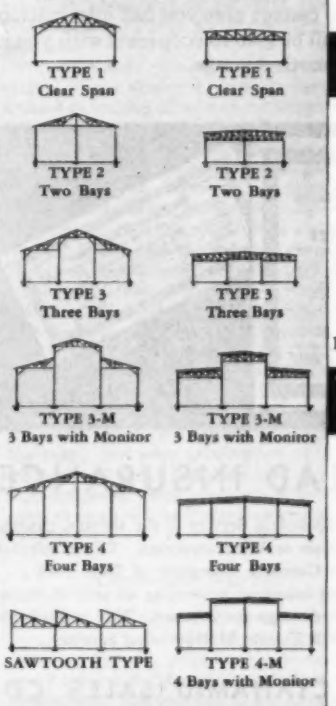
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TYPE 2 Two Bays
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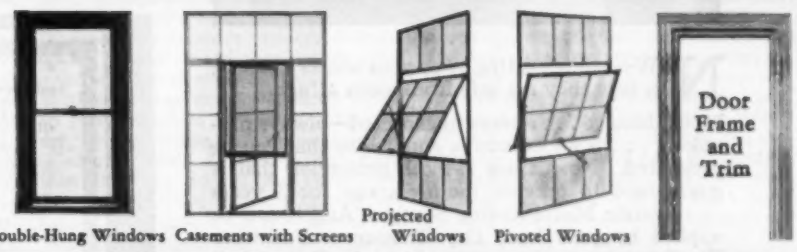

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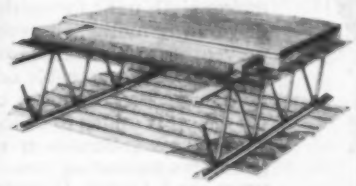

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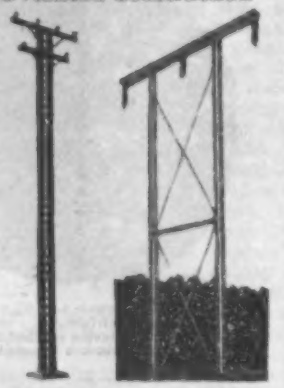

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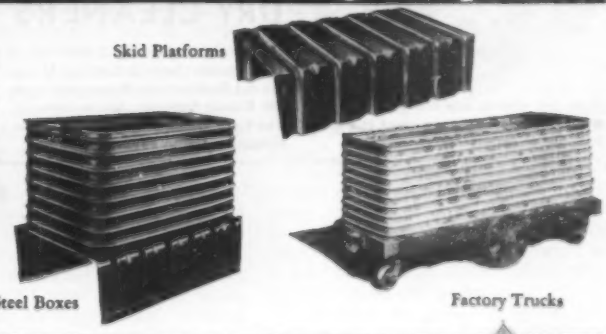

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NOW—before putting away your winter woolens, be sure they are safe from moth attack.

Moth-damage . . . always unexpected—always provoking . . . is an expensive annoyance that can be prevented. Now, there is moth protection that is guaranteed to prevent moth-damage for 3 years . . . Konate Mothproofing Service. And it can be applied by your local Dry Cleaner or Furniture Warehouseman, relieving you from all effort and all worry over moth-damage. What a cheering prospect! And what a challenge to other forms of moth prevention!

Konate Mothproofing Service is the result of a new type of moth preventive . . . Konate . . . that makes cloth unfit for moth food. Konate does not drive away moths; it accomplishes its purpose by preventing moth worms from eating Konated cloth. There is no disagreeable odor . . . no shrinkage . . . no damage to trimmings or to fastenings . . . not the slightest injury to delicate fabrics. But Konate Mothproofing Service is applied under a written guarantee protecting you from moth-damage for 3 years, and Lloyds Casualty Company backs this guarantee to the limit.

24 moth larvae were kept for 6 months on this piece of fabric . . . then they died without having touched the part at the right, which is Konated.

Your lovely woolens should have the fullest possible protection against moth-damage—should have the *insured* protection provided by Konate and Konate Mothproofing Service.

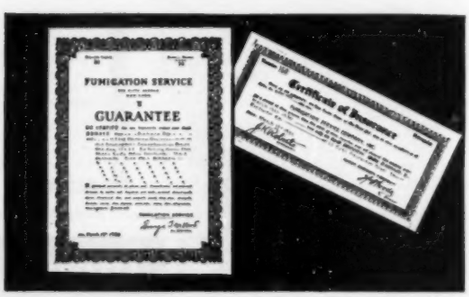
Not only woolens, but *everything* liable to moth attack should have this guaranteed service.

Your Dry Cleaner can apply Konate Service to draperies, rugs, carpets, personal clothing, upholstered furniture, and many other articles, without changing their feel or appearance . . . and can give you insured moth protection for 3 years.

Furniture Warehousemen can bring Konate Mothproofing Service into your home at any season of the year. Whether the Konating is done there or at the warehouse, tapestries, wall and door hangings, rugs and carpets, upholstered furniture and cushions can be made proof against moth-damage for 3 years . . . guaranteed and insured by highly reputable companies. In neither case do you have any worry—any bother.

Konate was developed at the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research in Pittsburgh. Millions of moths were bred for test purposes. After many failures, the scientists found a material that made fabrics unfit for moth food . . . moth worms could not eat it. That material is the active ingredient in Konate. A $50,000,000 corporation sponsors Konate.

Telephone your local man about Konate Mothproofing Service. If he cannot give you full information, write to us. We will be glad to coöperate with you in eliminating your moth-damage.



IRON-CLAD INSURANCE

Behind Konate Mothproofing Service is the written guarantee of your Dry Cleaner or Warehouseman. This guarantee is backed by Lloyds Casualty Company of New York . . . double-tight, iron-clad insurance protecting all your Konated articles against moth-damage for 3 years. This is available only in connection with Konate Mothproofing Service.

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Your dry cleaner can Konate your garments and other articles without changing their feel or appearance.

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Konate Mothproofing Service is a valuable asset for your business. If you are not familiar with Konate and with the Konate franchise, ask us about it. The facts will be given to you without obligating you in any way.

In your home or at the warehouse upholstered furniture and other furnishings may be readily protected from moth attack.

FURNITURE WAREHOUSEMEN

Konate Mothproofing Service is a valuable asset for your business. If you are not familiar with Konate and with the Konate franchise, ask us about it. The facts will be given to you without obligating you in any way.

Rugs and carpets, together with many other valuable articles, may have Konate guaranteed moth protection.

Konate

A NEW SERVICE FOR GUARANTEED MOTH PROTECTION

(Continued from Page 158)

"I put your picture—under my pillow—every night, Posy, but it wasn't—you. I—wound up the clock for you, Posy. I fed the goldfish for you."

"Yes, darling. Yes," said Posy, stroking his hair.

"I—I tried to make myself into a man for you, Posy. I went over to Hall & Welland and worked like hell for you, Posy. Some day we'll have money, Posy. Some day we'll have a garden and a house and kids."

"Yes, darling. Yes," said Posy, wiping his eyes with the back of her hand.

"Being married to each other is the only thing in life for us, isn't it, Posy, when we're in love like we are—the one woman for the one man? Being married for keeps, Posy—a life sentence—from now on."

"Yes, darling. Yes," said Posy.

"I'm just a big hunk of cheese, Posy, but how I love you! Nobody ever loved his girl better than I love you, Posy! Why, you're my own kid. You're my baby. You're my crown jewels, the flag of my country! When you left me, Posy, did I let out a holler? What am I, to tie down a girl like you—a girl that can have yachts and everything? What am I? What am I?"

Bill's beseeching, tortured face looked up at her like a little boy's. Bill, crying! Posy was crying herself, but she didn't know this, for she was laughing too. She loved him so. She would always love him so. And Posy didn't want Nirvana. She wanted life and love and the apartment and Bill. She wanted to be cold and sleepy and tired and cross. She wanted Bill to splash in from the bathroom and kiss her and pull her out of bed and stand her up like a doll and yell into her ear, "Where's my boiled eggs? Opal hasn't come!" And she wanted to stagger out into the kitchen and boil them.

The twilight dusk through which she had been wandering so long was outside the studio window, but here within the lamps were lighted, the goldfish were swimming in their bowl, the clock was going, the primrose plant was on the window sill. Posy laughed as Bill pulled her close, gripped her, crushed her mouth beneath his; for Bill didn't take things gently. Bill was young and violent and rough, and her husband, and she adored him. And Opal was smiling duskily in the doorway.

"Dinner is served, Mrs. Ballard," said Opal.

"Yes, Opal," said Posy gently.

WE HAVE DONE IT!

(Continued from Page 59)

the very color and texture of our existence, inside and out; perhaps I don't need to; most parents know how we felt. But I wish to say this: One of the things my wife and I resent most deeply is for people to tell us what a fine, noble, charitable thing we're doing. 'Noble!' Bunk! We did it to please ourselves. And what we have done for that child is not a drop in the bucket compared to what it has done for us—the experiences, joys, emotions, new interests it has put into our lives. It made us over, gave us a broader, deeper viewpoint, revivified all the little daily contacts of life. Before that we had no roots. I had been content with a shop. What makes me laugh now. But we got right down to first causes with that baby, grappled with realities.

"Just to show you what a revolution it caused in our existence, how life revolved around it instead of around us grown-ups, let me tell you about our first Thanksgiving dinner after the baby arrived. She came on Sunday and Thanksgiving was the following Thursday. We were accustomed to honor the day in the usual fashion by gorging ourselves like boa constrictors and then sleeping it off. But the baby's formula, as I have said, was complicated; part of it consisted of beef juice. And I remember that our Thanksgiving dinner consisted of that beef out of which all the essences had been extracted for the child. We sat down to that tasteless, unsavory stuff without even a thought that we were doing a strange, extraordinary thing. The baby had pushed the outer forms of Thanksgiving right off the map. We were so wrapped up in its welfare, and those first days held so many unaccustomed tasks, that we were quite content to chew iron filings if only the baby thrived."

Character Sources

"Another incident will reveal how the focus of our lives had changed. The Airedale pup fell sick with double pneumonia and I nursed it through, but that was the final straw. The pup had to go; it complicated things too much, underfoot all the time, requiring attention. By this time I had learned something about myself. It wasn't a pup I'd wanted at all; it was a baby, only I didn't know it. So we found a good home for it. You see lots of couples contenting themselves with dogs. But we were real parents now. We'd graduated from the dog class.

"Then another change came. We began to realize that there were few advantages in our community for a growing child; so we talked it all over and decided to move back to the environs of New York, where we could have doctors and schools. So we moved and bought a home in the suburbs of New York, and eventually we adopted another child—a boy—for we didn't intend to have just one lonely child growing up without companionship of its own generation.

"I'd like to add a few words about heredity at this point, and that thing we call intelligence. I've specialized a bit along these lines and even written a book on mental equipment, superior intelligences, morons, and so on. And as a result of my studies I wasn't afraid of a dull normal child. It's not the brilliant people, intellectually, who achieve the greatest success in life; in fact, they're likely to be emotionally unstable, erratic, unable to get along with their fellow men. Some of our most successful men, if you'd pin them down to an I. Q. test, would show up mighty poor. But other qualities—handling men, for example, getting the best out of them—come into play.

"It's the all-round set-up in nature that counts. As a matter of fact, my children have average intelligence, and that's all I want.

"As to heredity, I read a little book written by H. S. Jennings, professor of zoölogy and director of the zoölogical laboratory of Johns Hopkins University, which gives the exact scientific dope on this subject. Briefly, Professor Jennings sums up the matter thus: Research shows us that the substances passed from parent to child which produce inheritance consist of a great number of chemical packets. The number of these chemical packets which go into the making of every individual is very great, running into the hundreds of thousands. Half of these packets come from the father and half from the mother. But these packets, or genes as they are called, which contain the raw materials of heredity—hundreds of thousands of hereditary traits—are by no means like hard little marbles that cannot alter and are passed on intact from parent to child. On the contrary, they are literally packets of chemicals, and these chemicals are constantly changing, interacting with other packets, with other cells, with oxygen, food and many other conditions of environment; so that into the production of any set of characteristics has gone the activity of hundreds of packets, and new combinations and alterations may occur anywhere along the line. In fact, says Jennings, the characteristics of the adult human being are no more present in these germ cells than an automobile is present in the metallic ore out of which it is ultimately manufactured. These chemical packets are the raw materials of heredity; each individual has hundreds of thousands of them; and the way they interact and what they finally produce in the way of characteristics depend on conditions, on environment. So you see the whole business of heredity is much more plastic, and environment plays a more important part in shaping characteristics, than we ever used to dream.

"Our children, for example, do not resemble us physically, but I can see my girl growing more and more like her mother—not so much in superficials as in the deeper characteristics of my wife. For example, one of my wife's salient characteristics is a kind of serene philosophy, an optimism which makes the best of adverse circumstances. And I note that our girl is developing the same philosophic spirit. She said to me the other day, 'Oh, daddy, don't you just love it when it rains? There are so many nice things to do about the house!' It was so like my wife that I was startled. So environment has a great deal to do in shaping the ultimate characteristics of a child. The raw ore is there in all of us, hundreds of thousands of germ traits, but which ones will finally emerge, come forward and dominate depends on conditions. One reason why our children have fused so completely with us and seem actually bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh is that we took them so young."

And now let us look at the inner experiences of a woman, wife of a manufacturer, who adopted two children.

Putting Dannie on a Schedule

"My husband and I had been married eleven years," she said, "and we had no children. Our decision to adopt a child was very normal. We both felt that no home, no married union, is really complete without children. Personally I intended either to have a career or to have children. I am very active by nature, and I just couldn't get used to spending all my energies on fiddling little tasks about the house, shopping, giving teas and playing bridge or serving on committees. All those things are very enjoyable as recreations, but I couldn't see myself spending my whole life on them; so it was either a career or children, and the latter won out. I didn't have to persuade my husband in the matter; he agreed with me from the first that if you don't have babies of your own, the sane, sensible thing to do is to adopt them.

"First of all we adopted Dannie, three months old. I didn't specify boy or girl, but I did wish American parentage, native stock, and a suitable family history, health and otherwise. When, after considerable correspondence and investigation, we finally got word that a baby with our surname on it was in town, I went out, hurriedly bought some clothes and brought him home. I was doing all my own work then, and that first day was thrilling and exhausting.

"That night I threw myself down on the bed, aching in every limb, and I groaned out, 'Oh, Lord, are all the days going to be as hard as this?' and I pitied from the bottom of my soul poor mothers with two or three.

"Well, I worked out a schedule with Dannie and got the daily routine on wheels. The war was on then, and I chafed that I couldn't do more outside work, like my friends, but it was physically impossible; Dannie and the housework tied me down. My husband was putting all of our surplus earnings right back into the business; every cent counted, and even at that we were sailing pretty close to the wind. Without Dannie, I could have afforded a servant and done war work. But we were contented.

"Everything—our thoughts, our plans—centered around our son. My husband rushed home every night from the office to see what Dannie was doing; he forgot his worries as he laughed and romped with that child, until I used to wonder which of the two was the bigger baby. I never realized what a kid my husband was until I saw him with Dan. We used to laugh our heads off at night over the silly performances those two put on.

"Then, when Dannie was nearly three and our financial situation was still rather wabbly, the problem suddenly arose of another child. There was a marvelous woman in New York, a connection of an eminent physician, who always had a little waif baby in her house, 'fattening it,' as she laughingly said, 'for adoption.' She was crazy about children—her own were grown; and so she'd take those little strays, sent to her by the physician, into her home, keeping the crib right beside her bed, and fatten the babies until she could find a suitable home.

"She rang me up one day and said she had the world's champion little girl, sweet as they come, and with a good family background. This happened at a time when there was a financial depression; our budget simply couldn't stretch to include another baby. I speak of this merely to show how our experiences paralleled those of parents with children of their own. It's a shame to have babies tied up with finances, but it is a very practical question which many young couples are forced to grapple with. 'Can we afford another baby?' And sometimes the budget seems stretched to its utmost limit, so that it just can't extend to take another little stranger in. That's the way it was with us.

"Every time we looked at our budget, common sense said flatly 'No,' and then we'd go on talking just the same. For we both felt fundamentally the same way about children. If home wasn't complete without children, it still was not complete with only one child; that child must have a companion. And life, you know, doesn't wait; you have to catch opportunity on the wing if you're going to catch it at all; and I never was the sitting-down kind. We talked practically all that night; we'd doze off, and then my husband would nudge me or I would nudge him. Budgets. And then babies. We rang the changes on them. Finally my husband made a deciding remark: 'Well, let's go over on Sunday and see the kid anyhow. That won't cost us anything but a little gas.' It has cost us a great deal more than that—but never mind about that.

"The following Sunday we took Dan and drove over in our old rattletrap of a car to see the little girl. She was a champion all right, a regular little dream rosebud. Dan marched over, inspected her soberly, touched softly a rose-petal cheek.

"'Do you like her, old man?' asked my husband.

"'Is she my little sister?' demanded Dan.

"'She is if you say so. It's up to you. What do you say? I'll tell you one thing, young man. You won't be the whole cheese.'

"Dannie was nearly out of his head with delight. That settled it. We took the baby home. Budget or no budget, we had to have her. She made the family circle complete. But driving home that day, I said to my husband very firmly, 'Now, this is the end. No more babies.'

"'We have our quota,' he agreed, and I knew he was thinking of how to make ends meet.

"From that time on my life was doubly complicated, for the children were just far enough apart in ages so that neither of them did anything at the same time. The hours

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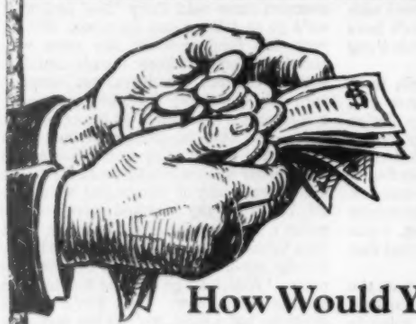

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of eating and sleeping were different; when one was up the other was down; and for me there were no rest interludes. We couldn't afford to hire a nursemaid, so I was elected; but we did manage to squeeze in a general houseworker. Even so, I lost touch with outside interests, which was a real sacrifice. I had to give up lectures, concerts, club meetings and friends; and tending babies, say what you will, isn't exactly an exciting life.

"But there was never a question of regret; we knew what we wanted and we did it; we were deeply, profoundly satisfied. Financially we were doing pretty well, but now we were putting all we could rake and scrape together into a new home; for that was the next thing we'd decided on—a background for the children, for their childhood associations, an agreeable meeting place for their friends."

And Now There are Three

"And then what do you think happened? Give you three guesses, as Dannie always says when he's bursting with big news. Life is the darnedest, contrariest thing, a dark mystery at best. Here I was, a woman of thirty-eight, married fourteen years without a chick or a child, longing for them, praying for them—and none had come. And now, after fourteen years! I remember stamping home from the doctor who confirmed my fears, in a perfect fury of rage; I felt as if Nature had played a shabby, low-down trick on me. It was fantastic, absurd. My husband and I had resigned ourselves to our childless estate; we had done what seemed to us the sensible thing; we had gone out and chosen children to make up for our own lack. I think we loved them even more deeply and responsibly than if they had been our own, for we had made a particular sacrifice to obtain them. And here, at thirty-eight, Life, that old practical joker, calmly pulled out an extra ace which she'd been hiding all the time up her sleeve.

"At first I was mad clean through and through, but that mood didn't last long. Now we have three children—the youngest another boy—but I don't feel that he is any more mine than the others; they all belong to us and we belong to them.

"I told my first two children that they were adopted, in order to protect them from outside chance remarks. I told them that, wanting babies and having none of our own, we'd gone out and chosen them to be our own. Adopted meant 'chosen' in their case. But being adopted made no impression on them; I think they really didn't take the fact in. For sometimes Dannie asks, 'Say, mamma, was I born in this house?' or Dulcie says, 'Was I born, mamma, when Uncle Will came to visit us?' But I had an amusing experience with Bert, my youngest, over adoption. When he was about five he rushed into the house one day, all fired up over a story he'd heard from his playmates about Dannie and Dulcie not being my children at all but 'dopted,' as he called it. And he wanted to know what 'dopted' meant. I explained very carefully, stressing the idea that we had gone out and chosen them particularly from all the babies on earth to be our own; for I didn't want my small son to feel that he was superior or that they were inferior or different in any way. At the close of my explanation, to my astonishment, Bert burst into tears.

"'Then you didn't go out and choose me!' he wailed. 'I want to be dopted too! I want to be chosen too! Boo-hoo!' I back-paddled in a hurry, but they all firmly believe that it is a special honor to be a chosen child. Bert feels that way too. His father fixed him up.

"'Sure, we chose you, son,' my husband said. 'But, golly, you were so darned long on the way that we just couldn't wait. Next time you hop an airship, young feller, don't take a slow freight.'

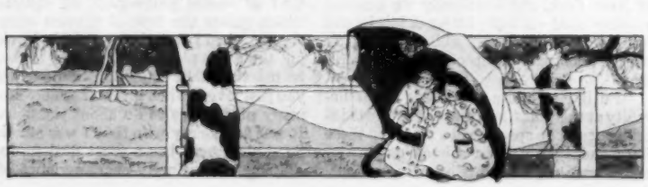
"My life now is very full. And I enjoy the outside pleasures more because I have to sandwich them in. As I look around at my circle of friends, especially those without children, I see how few roots they have; one woman is always fussing about her health, another about her husband's health; or they're bored to death with their husbands, or their husbands are bored with them; the first romantic love has vanished and they've put nothing in its place. One or two have gone into business, but most of them have no real talent or they don't wish to tie themselves down to an all-day job; they're drifting, restless, dissatisfied, turned in upon themselves; the inner fountain has gone dry. And I think to myself, 'Thank God for children, who keep married life from going stagnant, who keep it sweet, outflowing, stirred up.' We've had to worry over money, over sickness, bad school reports, childish misbehaviors—for our children are no plaster saints—but it seems to me that those are the natural, normal worries of life, they're practically universal and I have sometimes thought that crafty old Nature knew what she was about when she made these common, universal experiences so satisfying, so deep. There's no stagnation where children are. Always something to talk about at the dinner table. It's a great relaxation for a man to come home from the office and forget his business cares in the happy foolery, monkey pranks, of a bunch of live kids. I've watched my husband in this respect; we've been through several rather desperate crises, when it seemed as if everything we'd built up was about to fall down. He'd come home, silent, touchy, his nerves on edge, but with a lot of lively kids boiling around him, asking his opinion and help, he'd soon become absorbed; the harassed look would disappear. And, of course, talking of his own childhood days is, to the children, just like talking of prehistoric times!"

The Fullness of Life

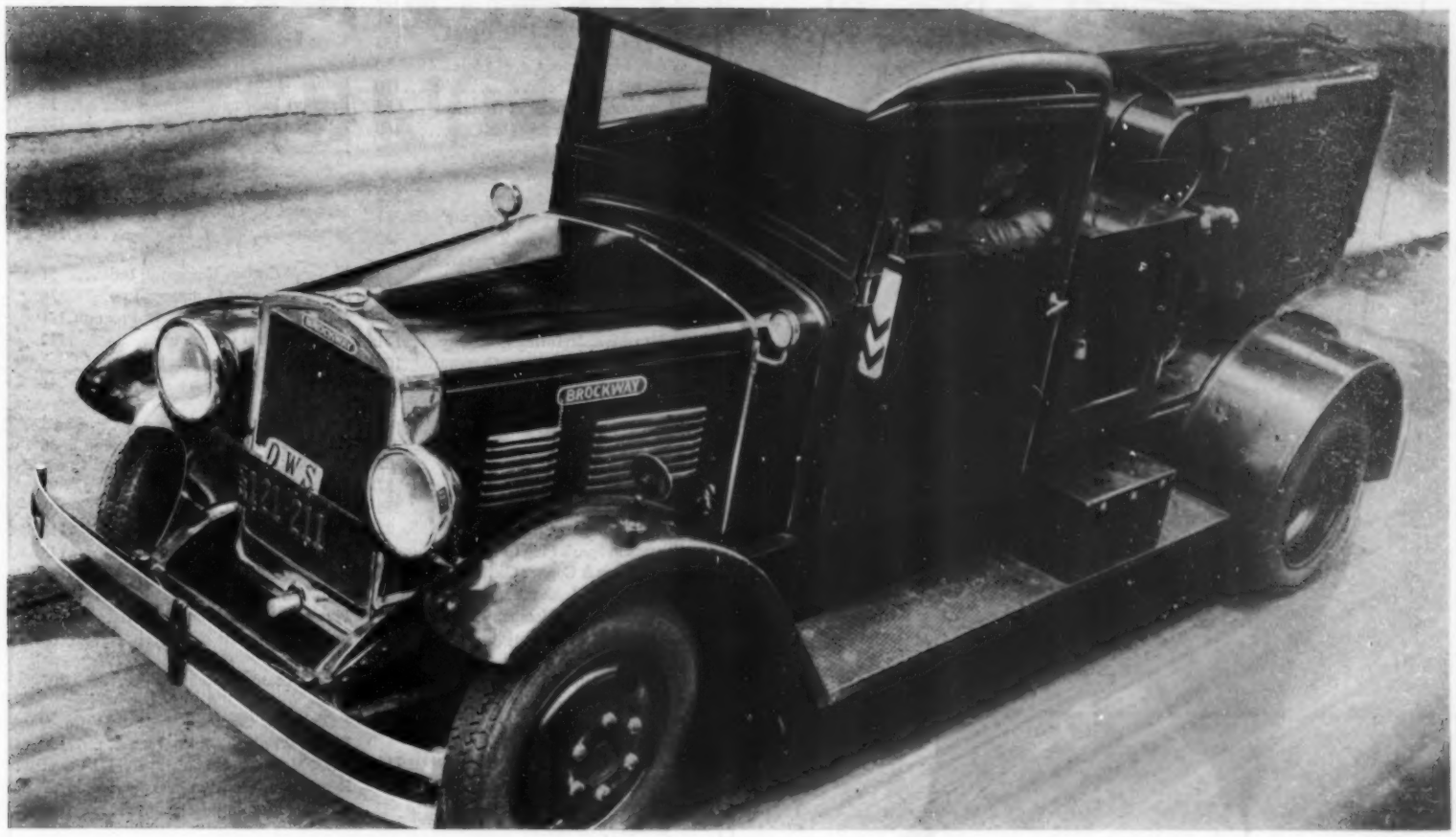
"And that's another thing. Foster parents, just like other parents, are rejuvenated in their children; they relive their own youth; they are dragged out of the backwaters of middle age into the broad, swift-running current of youth. You don't hear many parents with growing children giving vent to all this venomous criticism of flaming youth. Why, bless you, it's the normal business of youth to flame! If it doesn't, something is radically wrong. And we oldsters who have children are thankful to warm our middle-aged hands at the blaze and to get in on the fun. We help them, yes; but they help us infinitely more by keeping us plastic, open-hearted, alive, instead of slowly moldering away in the cocoon of middle age. And adopted children give you exactly the same fullness of life that your own children do. In fact, I don't see any difference, except perhaps that you feel an even deeper sense of responsibility toward your children by adoption because you have gone out and sought them, instead of letting Nature seek you."

I might record the history of a lawyer, or of the wife of an architect or of a fireman; their intimate adventures, grave and gay, are set down in my notes, each a bright little fragment, a symbol of democracy itself; but as a brief tailpiece let me relate

(Continued on Page 166)



BROCKWAY-INDIANA TRUCKS



One of the fast Brockways serving the City of New York — Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity

■ RUGGED, HANDSOME, ECONOMICAL AND EXACTLY FITTED TO THE JOB

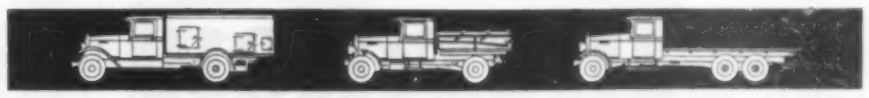
THE modern city is up against maintenance problems as complicated as those of any industry. A gas or water main breaks . . . squads of men, pneumatic tools, ponderous excavators must be concentrated there on the double-quick. Between emergencies the same equipment extends and renews city facilities, often under the most difficult road and load conditions. Here, as well as for the collection and disposal of waste or the maintenance of public safety and health, those trucks serve best which are *matched*, not merely adapted, to the job.

Brockway-Indianas, through *flexible standardization* and without price penalty, are exactly matched to the carefully analyzed haulage needs of every industry. That's why so many cities and states and some of the largest fleet operators in the petroleum, telephone, food-products and other fields are adopting them — 10, 20, 50 or more at a time.

Whether you are buying one truck or a hundred see how the Brockway Motor Truck Corporation's close and more permanent alignment with foremost parts manufacturers effects mass-production economies, controlled continuity of design and a minimum obsolescence over a long period of years. There are one-to-ten-ton Fours and Sixes, Four-wheelers and Six-wheelers. Into each of them Brockway-Indiana engineers build reserve power, *relaxed performance*, equal to any emergency — but so balanced that economical operation is secured at all times.

This 21-year-old organization is one of the three largest devoted exclusively to motor trucks. Through 350 points of sales and service it has a national hook-up. It also serves 85 foreign countries through 135 distributing centers. Stop in at the nearest branch or write *Eastern Division*, Brockway Motor Truck Corporation, Cortland, N. Y.; *Western Division*, Indiana Truck Corporation, Marion, Indiana; *Executive Office*, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City; *General Offices*, Cortland, New York.

POWER



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CONTROL

makes the good driver—and the RIGHT Brake Lining makes Control

Thermoid Brake Lining Service

No amount of driving skill can take the place of good brakes. Yet no brake can function at its best unless the brake lining is perfectly adapted to its requirements.

The Thermoid Brake Lining Chart shows the type of Thermoid Lining specified by our engineers for that car of yours.

Let a Thermoid Service Station install that right lining right. Ask for "Thermoid" by name.

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY

Factories and Main Offices: TRENTON, N. J.

Brake Lining Transmission Lining Radiator Hose Clutch Rings
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Thermoid

"T·M·L" (FLEXIBLE MOULDED LINING) and "C·A·L"
"HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED" and "INTERWOVEN"
BRAKE LININGS

CONSULT A THERMOID "BRAKE-ANIC"

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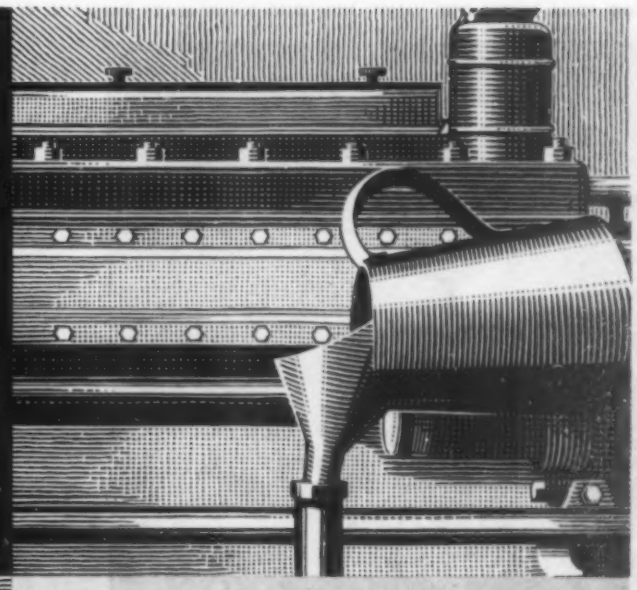
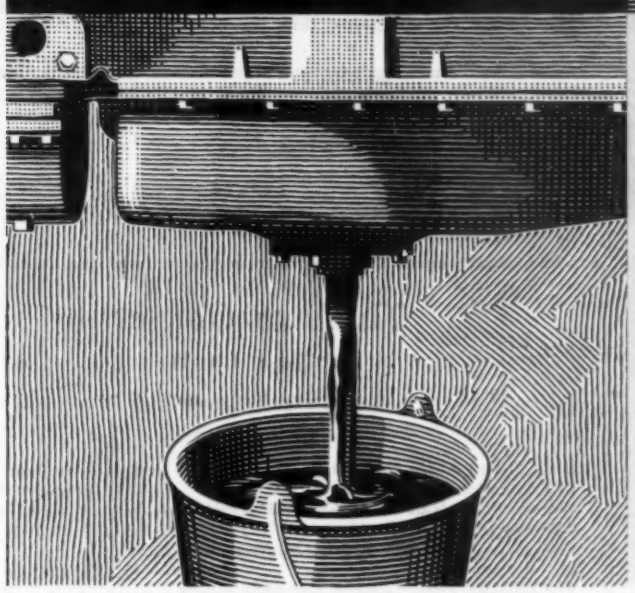
ALL OILS LOOK GOOD GOING IN





HOW THEY LOOK COMING OUT IS A DIFFERENT STORY

The drain plug on your crankcase
can tell you all you need to know about your oil

The next time you have your oil changed, watch the operation. If the oil drains out thin and watery, lacking in body and oiliness, your motor has not been properly protected. If it still retains both its smooth texture and its oily body, your motor has been safe. ▲ Accept this friendly challenge. Drive into a filling station, garage or car dealer's service department marked by the HYVIS sign with the "Little O-I-L Man" in the center and have your crankcase filled with HYVIS. Drive 1000 miles. ▲ Then drain. If you do not find the used HYVIS in better condition .. cleaner and more oily .. than your previous oil, the station attendant will refund your money without argument.

35c per quart, slightly higher in Far West and Canada

HYVIS MOTOR OIL

super-refined from the choicest selected
PENNSYLVANIA
crude, the highest grade oil in the world, stands pre-eminent for quality, even among its neighbors

Permit No. 4
100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

FRED G. CLARK, INC.
ESTABLISHED 1882 · HOME OFFICE: CLEVELAND
REFINERIES AT WARREN, PENNSYLVANIA
BRANCHES AT: NEW YORK, ATLANTA, CHICAGO, MINNEAPOLIS, TORONTO and LOS ANGELES

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

THE CHEMIST SAYS "OK"

VALET steel must win the chief chemist's okeh—meet highest known specifications—prove itself in test tube and crucible. Quality is checked and re-checked. In one department after another accuracy is a creed. Standards are rigid in this scientific laboratory. From a ribbon of untempered metal to the finely finished, triple-hardened Valet blade, comfort is guarded for millions of discriminating shavers.

Held at a friendly angle by the Valet AutoStrop Razor—the marvelously keen micro-edge glides smoothly across your face—leaves it cool, clean and refreshed. The AutoStrop is the only razor not requiring removal of the blade before or after stropping, cleaning or shaving.

Every Valet shave is uniformly excellent—balmy, quick, kind to the skin. Quality is unvaried because manufacture is automatic, precise—inspection unfailing. Magnifying mirrors single out microscopic flaws—prevent the packing of any but perfect blades.

The new Valet blade has won the definite and outspoken preference of the world's most severe critics. It is used and recommended by leading metallurgists—prescribed by dermatologists to prevent and correct skin troubles commonly caused by inferior razors or harsh shaving.

Learn why this blade is the first choice of professional men. Face your mirror with a smile. Use the Valet and enjoy matchless shaving comfort.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

(Continued from Page 162)

the experience of an Americanized Italian couple, little people of the old country. The husband, Tony, was a molder. They lived in the slums. Pretty bad slums. Both loved children and had none of their own. But one day they heard that in America there was a law whereby people were permitted to adopt children if none of their own showed up, a kind of Twentieth Amendment to tricky old Dame Nature, so to speak, and truly most convenient. So Tony and his wife concocted a letter and sent it to the agency. The letter read: "Please give us an Italian baby. We want it to love." Just that. But the congested district in which they lived was not deemed a fit place in which to bring up a child, and so, after investigation, they were refused, with due explanations. Whereupon they moved out to the Bronx into fresh, sunshiny quarters overlooking a park. The park was for the Italian baby to play in. And they wrote again: "Please come see us. Nice place, much sun, nice park for baby." In time they achieved their desire—a little Italian boy whom they named Anthony. "And now," explained the radiant little Italian mother, "always something to do for make Anthony clean and happy. Papa stay home all nights for play with baby, Sundays he take Anthony in park; talk all time, laugh; sometimes Anthony sing; he sing tenor; papa say maybe Caruse. Papa send letter to agency for thanking for beautiful son." The letter reads:

We are very glad at present time for perfect condition in health of Anthony. He is very happy boy; now he walk alone, and his face is beautiful red face. He sing time to time, he talk few words. As for good-morning, he say By, he call mamma and papa,and other words. Anthony is smart boy, and everything that we do he soon give imitation. Strong in health, lovely in heart, red in face, quiet in the life, inteligent, beautiful—it is the boy that God give us. We are very glad to have him and also we are happy that this boy God send to our home. All our attention we give him, and he is very thankful for all thing that we make for him. He kiss very nice mamma and papa, and his joy is our joy. We are sure that sometime that you will be here you shall find the truth of my words.

You're a wise guy, Tony; you have the right answer; go to the head of the class. The adopted child, he kiss very nice papa and mamma, and his joy is their joy. That's it. Check.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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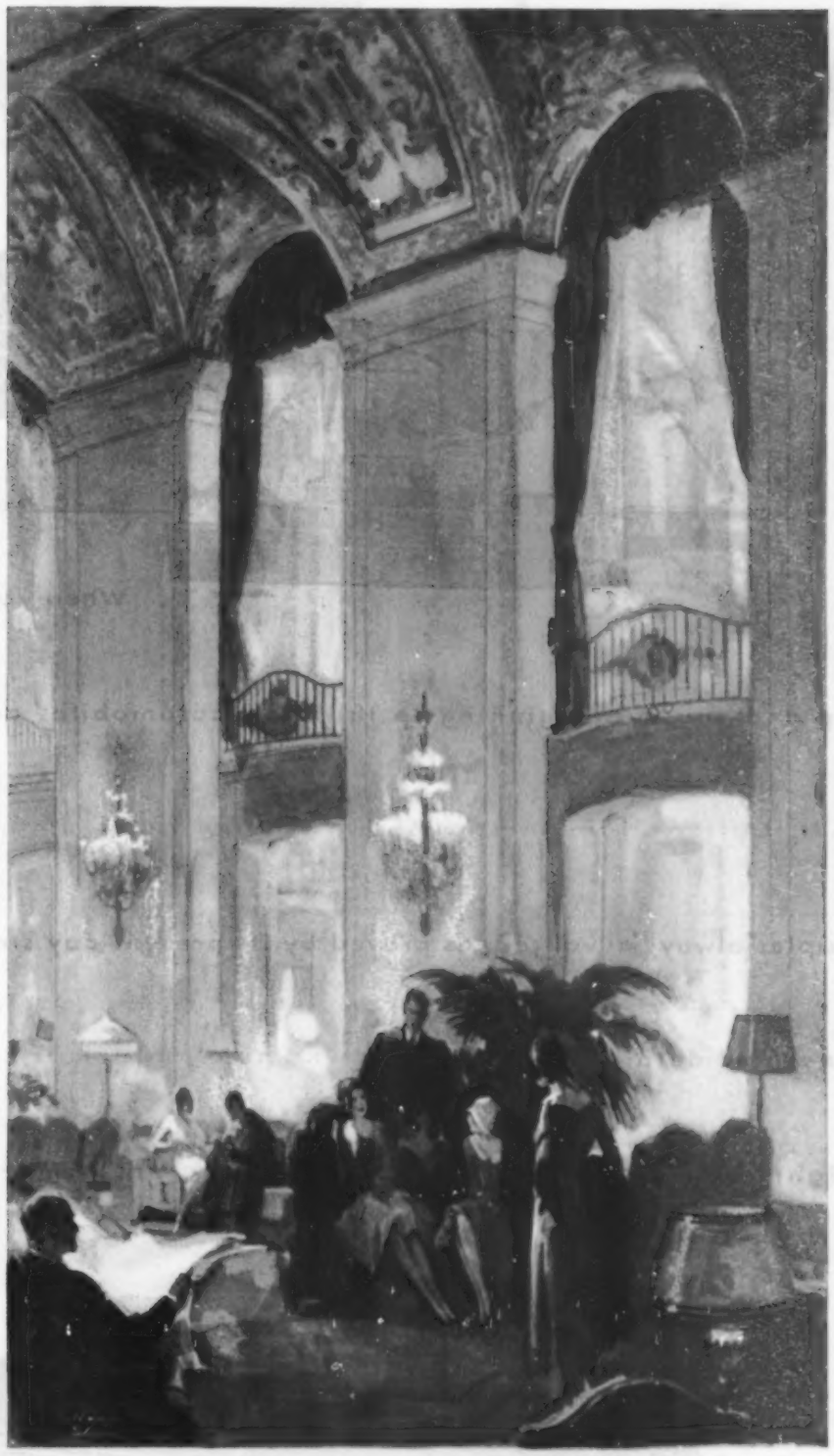
WHERE HOUSEKEEPING IS A BUSINESS *the Eureka way has been proved* THE·BETTER·WAY



Painting from photograph of the Great Hall of the New Palmer House, Chicago

IN hundreds of fine hotels, the Grand Prize Eureka is the preferred electric cleaner. Every morning a small army of maids, each with a Eureka, goes through these hotels, room by room, and in an amazingly short time the all-important work of cleaning is done . . . and done *thoroughly*. Every evening, in thousands of office buildings, Grand Prize Eurekas whisk away the dirt accumulated during a busy day.

The men and women who manage these great buildings and hotels have chosen to do their cleaning the Eureka way, because careful tests and long experience have proved it the *better* way.

Better . . . because Eureka "High-Vacuum", the powerful suction that draws air *clear through* a rug, cleans gently but completely, getting the deeply embedded dirt as well as that on the surface. Better . . . on account of the ease and speed with which cleaning is done. Better . . . because of the simple design and quality construction that keep these Eurekas working smoothly after ordinary cleaners have worn out.

The next time the Eureka Man calls, ask him to demonstrate the thoroughness and ease of Eureka cleaning. Or visit the nearest Eureka dealer, where you can see all three Eureka models—the Standard, the Special and the handy little Junior, which replaces attachments and cleans upholstery, stair carpets, car interiors and scores of other hard-to-reach places.

You will find the Eureka way the better way to clean your home . . . as two and a half million women have already found it.

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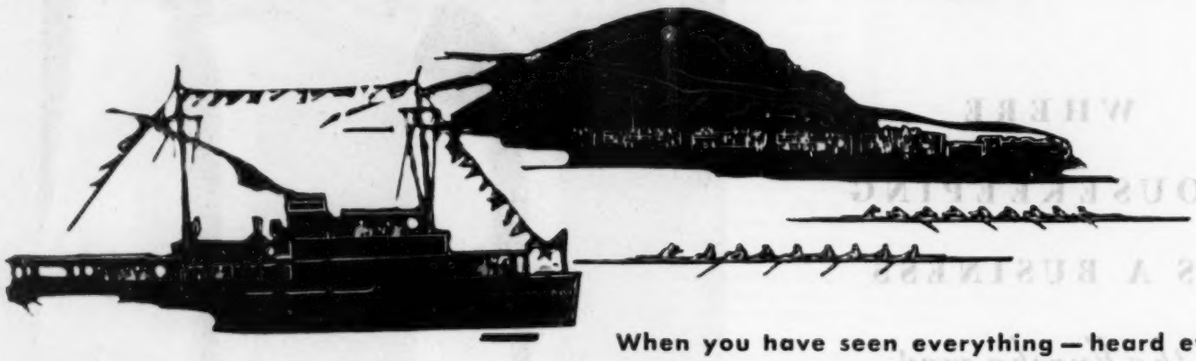
EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER
GETS · MORE · DIRT

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO., DETROIT, U.S.A.
Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World
Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ont. Branches: 8 Fisher St., London, W. C. 1, England; 299a-301 Castlereagh St., Sydney, Australia.

THE EUREKA STANDARD IS PRICED AT $56.50. OTHER LATEST MODELS ARE THE HIGH-QUALITY, FULL-SIZED EUREKA SPECIAL, $39.50; THE EUREKA JUNIOR, $16.50 (ELECTRIC HEATER HAIR-DRYING ATTACHMENT, $3.00). ALL OBTAINABLE ON AN EASY PAYMENT PLAN.

MARMON



When you have seen everything—heard everything and you are beginning to think all automobiles are alike—give a thought to Marmon + + + It is after all the most different and individual motor car in America + + + In engineering principles always advanced, as proved by its present-day straight-eight leadership + + + In manner and details notably of its own unique pattern + + + This year—four new straight-eights: the Big Eight, Eight-79, Eight-69, Marmon-Roosevelt + + +

Marmon Big Eight Seven-Passenger Touring

Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis

MORE THAN 250 ITEMS

Minds alert....muscles active—these healthy young Americans require good food. It's a good turn every meal if Monarch Foods are served.....and when your boy's camp is supplied with Monarch Foods, you may rest assured he is getting pure, nourishing food to eat.

The Monarch Way:
See it in glass;
buy it in tin.

Sold only through Independent Merchants

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New York - Boston - Wilkes-Barre - Tampa - Jacksonville - Pittsburgh **REID, MURDOCH & CO.** Chicago - Los Angeles - San Francisco - Phoenix - St. Louis

What the RCA Victor Company is doing

Here are facts of first importance to everyone who owns, or eventually will own, a radio

THE RCA Victor Company has been formed for the orderly, progressive and economical development of radio and its allied sciences. The fundamental steps toward that end have been completed, or are in active progress.

The group of engineers who have given to radio nearly all its major developments, has been concentrated in the RCA Victor laboratories at Camden, under unified direction and control. No other engineering group, equal in talent or number and devoted solely to radio products, exists in the world today. Thus the public may with assurance look to RCA Victor for future developments and improvements in home entertainment devices.

The radio activities of the famous firms which have pioneered in radio manufacture from its beginning, have been centralized in the RCA Victor plant at Camden. This plant, by far the largest of its kind in the world, is being further expanded and improved, so that the Company can build radio instruments so well that everyone will want them, and so economically that everyone can have them.

The entire RCA Victor enterprise is under the direction of a group of men whose names are synonymous with leadership in American industry and finance, and are in themselves a guarantee of the soundness and progressiveness of the Company with which they are associated.

RCA Victor has assumed the responsibility for radio progress. Its scientific, manufacturing and material resources qualify it for that responsibility. The Company will not, therefore, experiment on the public . . . nor will such experiment ever be necessary. For with scientific resources of such extent and number at its exclusive command, RCA Victor products can and will be so advanced in design that frequent changes in models will be unnecessary. When new models *are* presented, they will have had rigorous trial and test.

The RCA Victor Company establishes this policy for the stabilization of the radio industry, which has been disturbed and hindered in its progress by frequent unproved experiments and uncertain values. Thus, the public will buy RCA Victor instruments knowing that they represent radio's most advanced achievement; that their investment is protected against obsolescence, and is backed by an organization whose scientific, manufacturing and material resources are without equal today.

RCA Victor Company, Inc.

CAMDEN, N.J., U.S.A.